Dec. 7, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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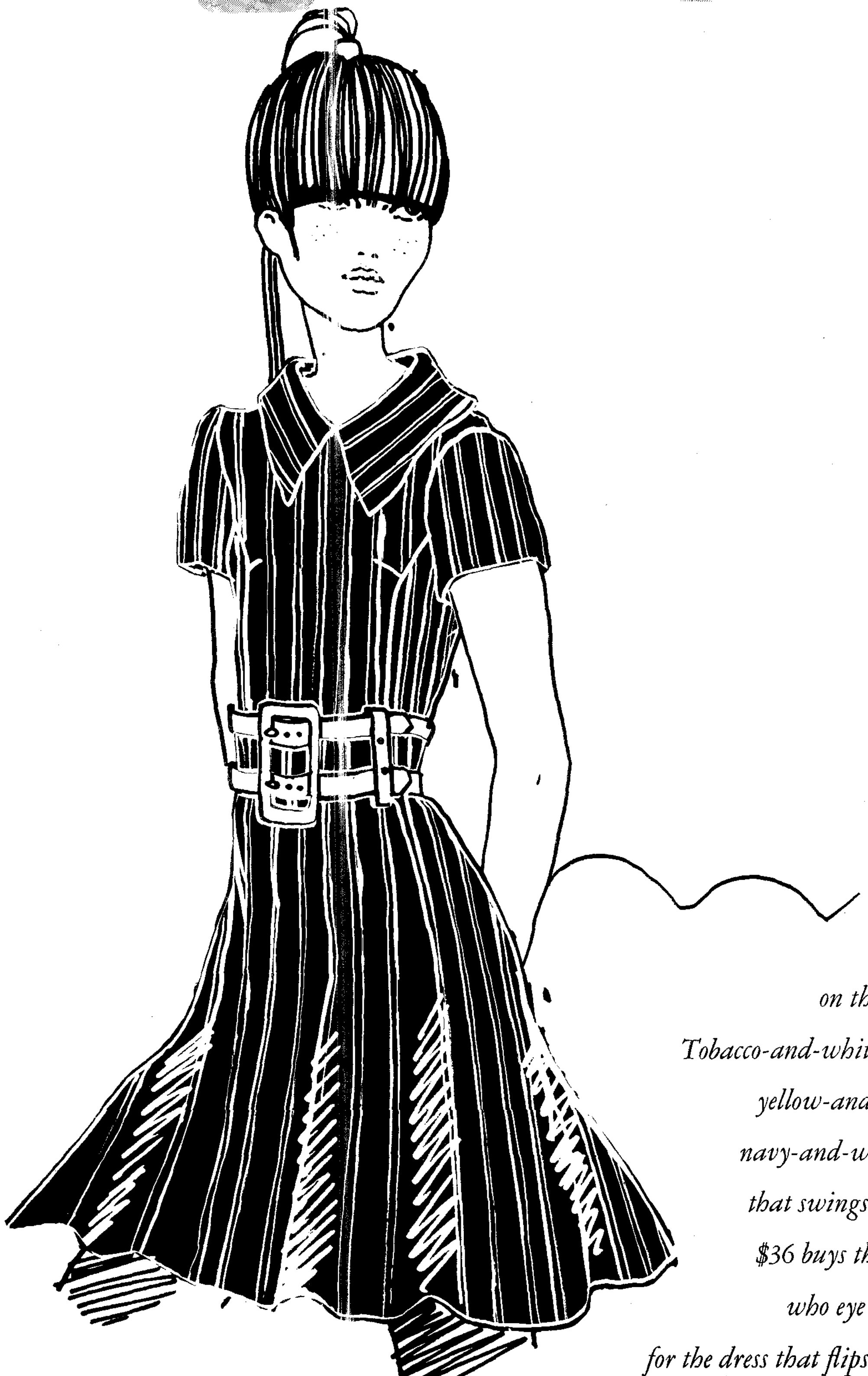

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's THE MISANTHROPE (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Thursday and Friday, Dec. 5-6, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 2; Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY: Monday through Thursday, Dec. 9-12, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Goodbye People—Milton Berle, Brenda Vaccaro, and Bob Dishy in a play written and directed by Herb Gardner. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A dreary synthetic about the woes of an extremely neurotic young man. In the leading role, Barry Primus at least prevents the bogus hero from becoming a bore, and Margaret Linn and Sharon Laughlin do well, too, as a pair of ladies in his life. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in a play by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Donald Driver. Opens Thursday, Dec. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Morning, Noon, and Night—Three playwrights from Off Broadway have come to Broadway with three fairly rubbishy one-act plays. By far the best thing about the evening is the cast: Sorrell Booke, John Heffernan, Robert Klein, Charlotte Rae, and Jane Marla Robbins. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Papers—A play by Hans Ruesch. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Possibilities—A play by Arthur Pittman. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 5-7, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2. . . . William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 7-8, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John White's BANANAS: Opens Thursday, Dec. 5, at 7:45. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2. . . . Charles Dizenzo's AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH: Previews Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, at 8. Opening on Thursday, Dec. 26.

Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men, and James Coco is truly funny as the window washer. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A curious mongrel of a play by Joseph Heller, attractively performed by Jason Robards, Diana Sands, and an expert company. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 29.)

Long Runs—PLAZA SUITE: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE PRICE: Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE: An adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. Zoe Caldwell is Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.) . . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING: A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Eddie Bracken, Michaele Myers, and Robert Elston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carnival!—A four-week holiday revival presented by the City Center Light Opera Company, with Leon Bibb, Victoria Mallory, Pierre Olaf, Karen Morrow, and Richard

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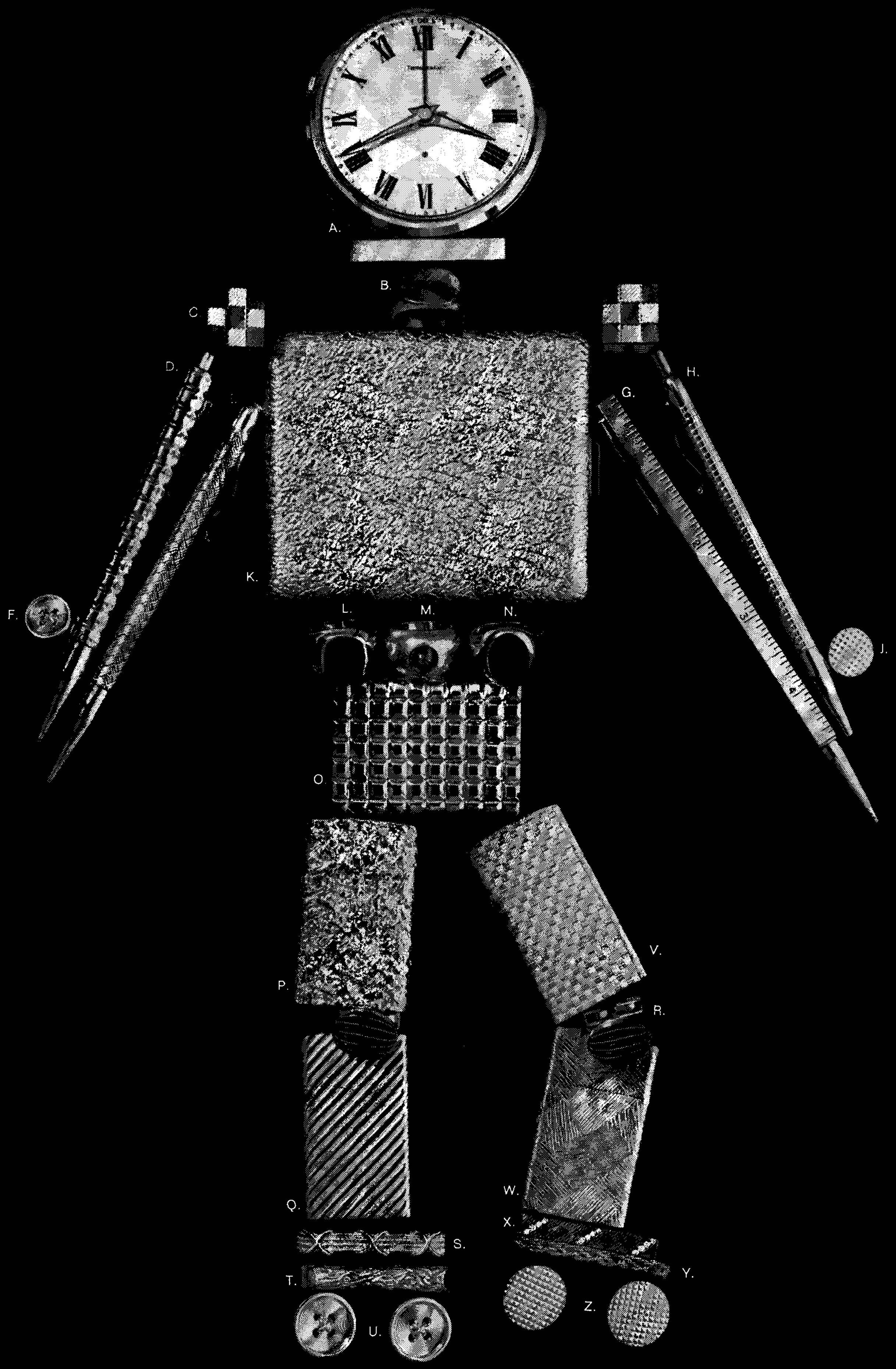

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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France. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10-11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 8.)

How to Steal an Election—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially bright. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy giving their all to an over-plotted and not very tuneful account of the Civil War draft riots here. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A musical from Israel, mostly in Yiddish. The performers tear into their corn with mysteriously high spirits. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 3rd Printing (Egoist Press, London): January 1923. 500 numbered copies of which 499 seized by Customs Authorities, Folkestone. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan (who has just replaced Janis Paige) is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual rôle of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 6, at 4:15 and 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 10-13, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 5. **SWAN LAKE** will be presented through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 11-13, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Chad Mitchell's Counterpoint—A one-man show of songs. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 475-7804. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Oxford-Cambridge Shakespeare Company—Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 11:15: A late-night satirical revue. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

ANTA Program—Viveca Lindfors in "Guns of Carrar," by Bertolt Brecht, and "Cuba-Si," by Terrence McNally, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the second program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 9, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

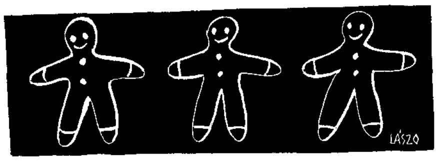
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Folk is the dominant genre, with Patrick Sky leading the current show. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 11, folksinger Tom Paxton will be the main performer. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.



Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Through Sunday, Dec. 8, the entertainment will come primarily from a rock group known as Silver Apples.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. Kai Winding's trombone is the central instrument in a smoothly run quartet. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 10, Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca will lead a quintet. Bill Takas' nimble bass enlivens both these groups.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

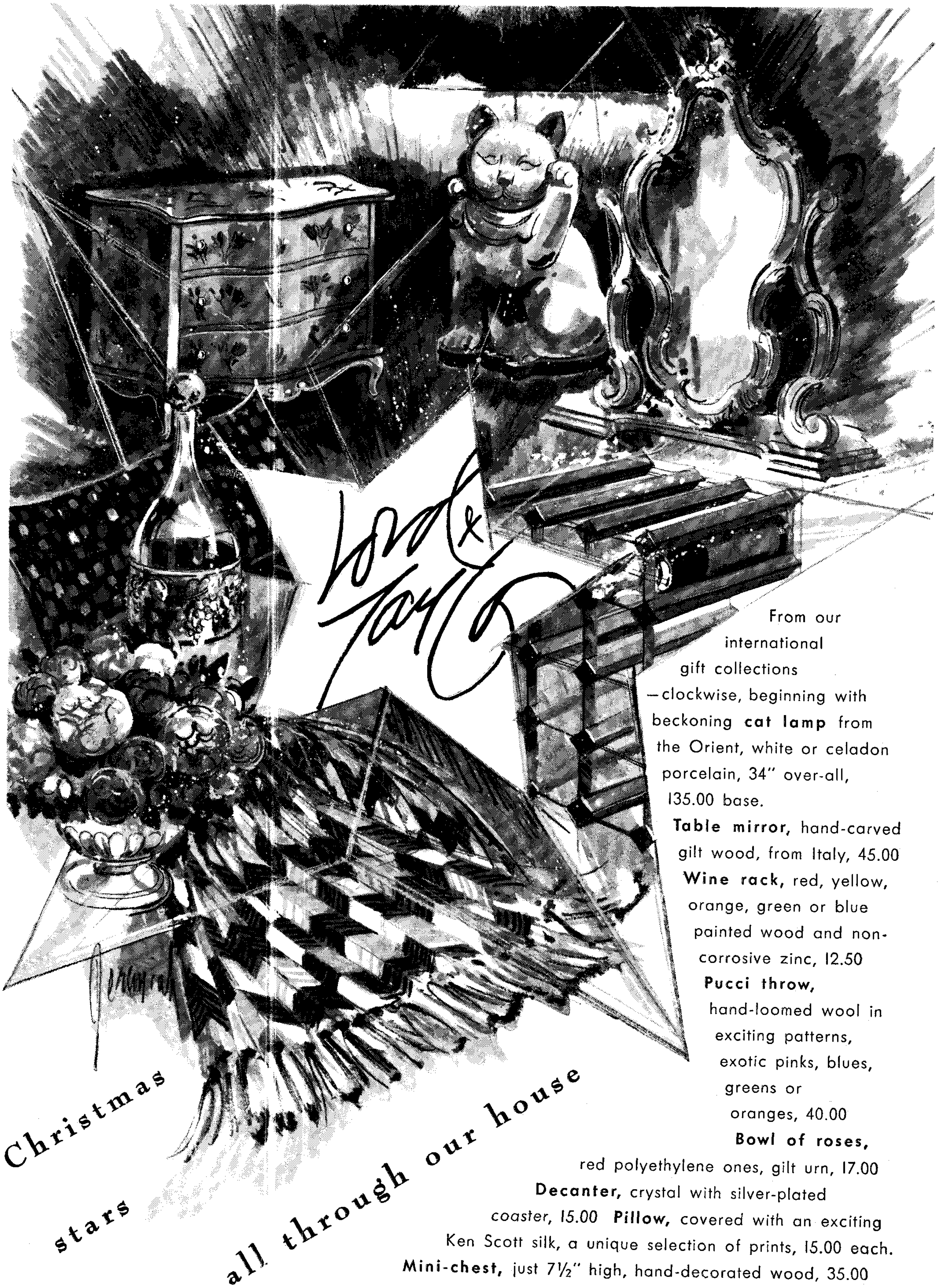
Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Yusef Lateef quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 10, Harold Vick's quintet will move in. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are turned over to various jazz groups. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Dec. 7, from five to nine, a six-piece, ad-hoc outfit that involves three alto saxophones; Sunday, Dec. 8, from five to nine, the Frank Foster concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio is carrying on with its usual aplomb. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, comic Slappy White takes turns with singer Gloria Lynne. Sunday, Dec. 8, from four to eight, the New York Hot Jazz Society and the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club will present a special, one-shot performance by Franz Jackson's Chicagoans, a seven-piece band with Lil Armstrong on piano, Preston Jackson on trombone, and Ike Robinson on banjo. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, the Modern Jazz Quartet will share the stage with Slappy White.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, a caustic political cabaret, precedes the music. At about ten every night, the Gabor Szabo quintet takes the stand, and on Sunday, Dec. 8, it will play a five-to-seven session in addition to its regular one. On Tuesday, Dec. 10, the Bill Evans trio will relieve the Szabo group. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, blues singer Novella Nelson will also be around. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from



From our international gift collections —clockwise, beginning with beckoning **cat lamp** from the Orient, white or celadon porcelain, 34" over-all, 135.00 base. **Table mirror,** hand-carved gilt wood, from Italy, 45.00 **Wine rack,** red, yellow, orange, green or blue painted wood and non-corrosive zinc, 12.50 **Pucci throw,** hand-loomed wool in exciting patterns, exotic pinks, blues, greens or oranges, 40.00 **Bowl of roses,** red polyethylene ones, gilt urn, 17.00 **Decanter,** crystal with silver-plated coaster, 15.00 **Pillow,** covered with an exciting Ken Scott silk, a unique selection of prints, 15.00 each. **Mini-chest,** just 7½" high, hand-decorated wood, 35.00

Ninth Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, everyone has a grand old time from four-thirty until closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of the Unspoken Word. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing. Earth Opera alternates with recorded rock over a vigorous system, until Tuesday, Dec. 10, when Quill will start alternating. Closed Mondays. No alcohol. Shazam.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambiance of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by Pat and Barbara, who play and sing. On Monday, Dec. 9, an octet known as the Carl Roberts Swingers will succeed P. & B. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of E Pluribus Unum. On Tuesday, Dec. 10, the Elephant's Memory will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Grand manoir, grand manner: that's the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Now and then one of the Druids drops in, but it's not really the same old Stonehenge; modernity has had its way and sway. Music all the time, some of it taken from life and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Oh, sure, dancing, and dining of a sort, but the real thing is just listening to the World's Greatest Jazz Band, a varsity team among whose punters and contrapunters are Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. They begin at eight, another group begins at six, and silence begins well after midnight. No sound Sunday evenings. On Wednesday, Dec. 11, the World's Greatest will be succeeded by the Count Basie crew, now augmented by a band chick, Marlene Shaw. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Antidisestablishmentarianism is the word; no venturings from the classic simplicities of the foxtrot and such are permitted. The scenery is simplistic, too, and so is the menu, but the music is ample. Argueso's set of Latin bandsmen is supplemented by a pair of Up North orchestras. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The last will and testament of Jackie Vernon is read aloud by his autobiographer, who is in fine and witty shape, considering what he has been through. At ten and twelve during the week, and three times (starting at nine-thirty) on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

GIFT
WRAPPING

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—United Nations East; i.e., Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eyeing the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre.* The jokers are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has been undergoing physical and mental therapy at the hands of Ronny Graham, and something should soon come of that. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Nothing but the best is all you can get for dinner and supper in the Royal Box, because that is when Ella Fitzgerald sings it like it is. Tommy Flanagan's trio follows through for her, and the dance band led by Lee Evans, as neat as we're apt to get anywhere this season, chips in for her, too. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's a true copy of life in the Madrid *boîtes* when Mariquilla comes in off the gypsy trail and stomps across the stage against the background of her flamencan claque. Los Chavales de España, mellifluous and jolly, provide an even-tempered marching-and-chortling afterpiece to her fury. All hands tune out on Wednesday, Dec. 11; next evening, José Greco and companions check in. The dance music for the customers clings mostly to idiomatic Latin. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the small Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both repositories are in service every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Le Grand Charles, whose first name is Ray, singing—in a voice frank and earnest—not at all like anyone else in the world. Every night, and twice, or even thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—It's either feast or famine here. The feast, the longer part of the evening, is girly-girly and unwitting but outgoing extravaganza—namely, "Les Belles de Nuit." Gloria De Haven—yes, Gloria De Haven—is there, too, and singing away for dear life. The famine is a European ballet troupe that models itself on touch football. Twice a night, without cease.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The newest voice in town belongs to Gloria Loring, who performs during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Mongo Santamaria's sextet (the sound involves seashells from West Indian shores) descants for thinking/drinking, and Mousie Alexander's triad descants sedately for dancing. The Saints go marching out on Sunday, Dec. 8, but on Tuesday, Dec. 10, Dizzy Gillespie's band and The Evolution (a boy-and-girl singsong) move in. Tee-off time is eight; dinner is served, and supper is not; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, likewise except Sundays. Sandu Marcu draws the long bow at teatime here and in the Edwardian Room; Gunnar Hansen draws it even longer (eight to one in the Palm Court) and more languishingly, lovingly. Tuesday through Saturday is Mr. H.'s curriculum.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The course of Empire, and the seven-course dinner of Empire. Billy Eckstine,

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We told you. Promise her anything
but give her Arpege.
Perfume from 8.50
to $500. Eau de Lanvin
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

looking the part of a jolly Machiavelli, sings (at dinner and supper) his own form of *bel canto* before a band paced by Bobby Tucker's superlative piano, and Joe Cabot's crew, arriving at seven, turns out presentable dance music. On Monday, Dec. 9, the young and bouncy New Christy Minstrels will replace Mr. E. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Earl Wilson, Jr., who has the floor in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, sings his last song on Saturday, Dec. 7; Wynne Miller, niece to Glenn Miller, starts singing on Monday, Dec. 9. The bands of George Cort and Quintero never let up, once they've settled in, early in the evening, until long past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—These nights, at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen, the Empire Room affords the light-tongued, birdsong voice of Anna Maria Alberghetti, who suffers that old feminine failing of being a truly beautiful girl. The intermissions between the ministrations of the Charles Turecamo orchestra, which stays the evening long, are filled, and full, by the ululations of the Redells, a hard-core crew from the rock-and-roll pile. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Young Lochinvars out of the East, and their young consorts, and the piano of Dan Ruskin, which believes in self-expression rather than conformity. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In his late-watch tower, Bobby Short sings his night-blooming songs almost until the dappled dawn doth rise. His piano and his aides, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, are powerful concomitants. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is no place to be caught dead, or alive, yet it is where Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a simulacrum of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged December in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore,* because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

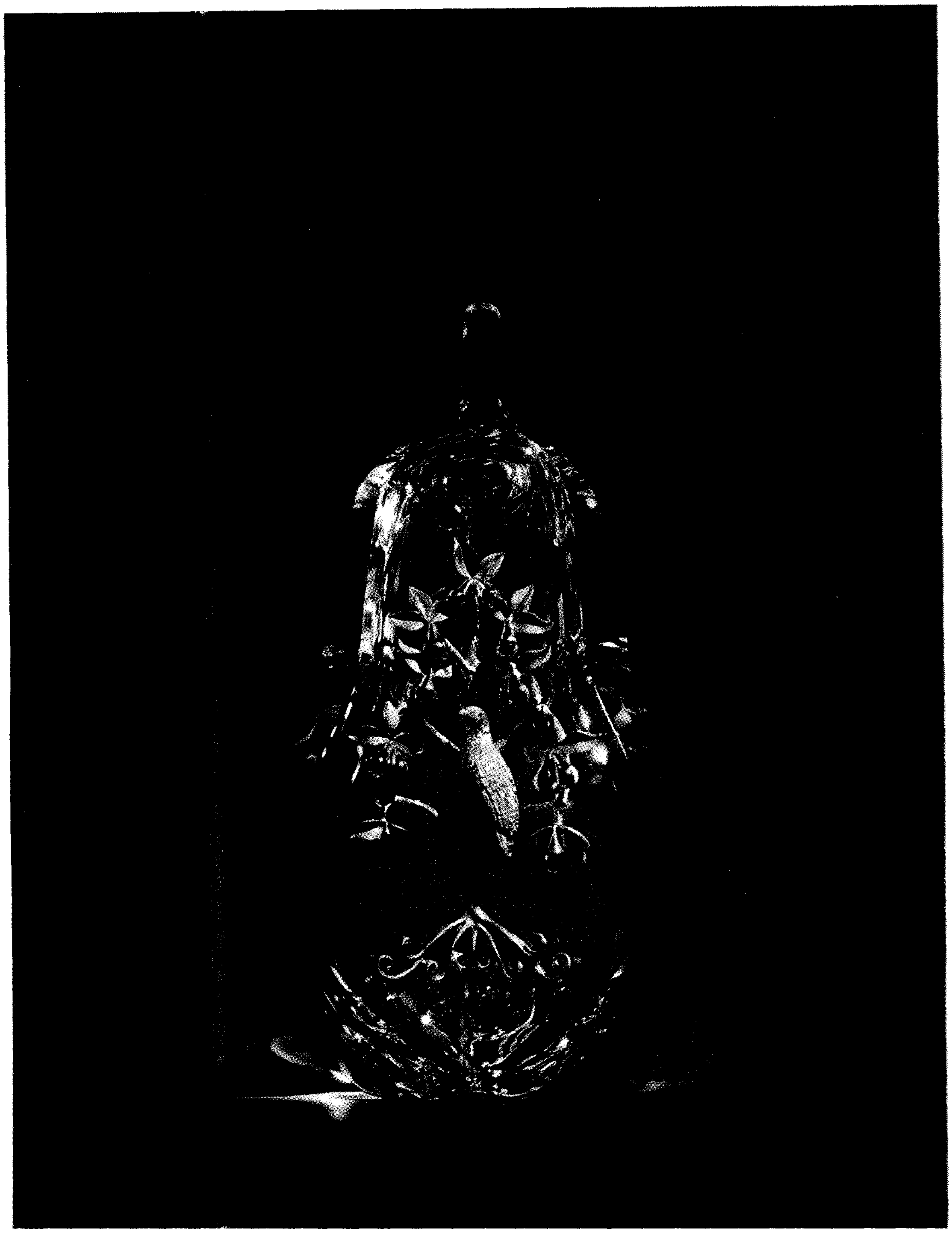
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The glittery Park Avenue showroom now puts out supper, too, from ten to one, while Joel Shulman produces, within the compass of a single pair of hands, crisp sounds on both piano and electronic harpsichord. He is absent Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Parked at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, will



Crystal pear with 18 karat gold partridge and pear tree • Designed by Lloyd Atkins • 5¾" high • $725
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"On the first day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
a Partridge in a Pear Tree."

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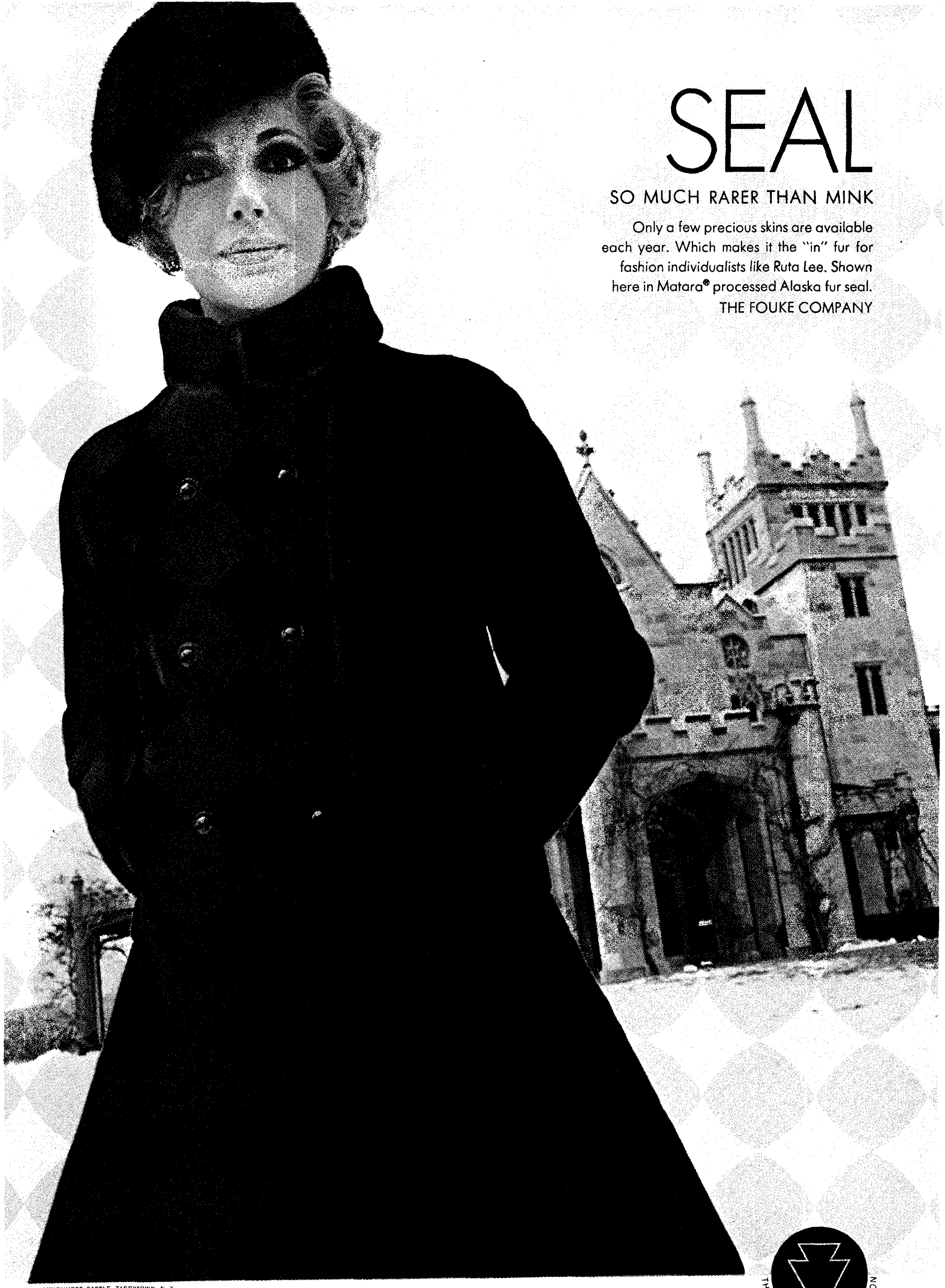

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GALLERIES

Lee Adler—Paintings inspired by machines and mechanical drawings; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Bacon—Twenty new paintings by the British artist celebrated for his distorted figures in enclosures; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jo Baer and Alfred Leslie—Abstract paintings by the former and detailed nudes by the latter; through Dec. 21. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by one of Germany's outstanding twentieth-century artists; through Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandre N. Benois (1870-1960)—Watercolors of landscapes, monuments, and interiors by an artist who is associated with ballet and was a friend of Diaghilev; through Dec. 20. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Hart Benton—Paintings and drawings, primarily of the twenties through the forties, by one of the leaders of American art of that period; through Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

J. Jacques Besner—Abstract sculptures, some on pivots, by a Canadian; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings of the past three years; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Semi-abstract paintings of figures; through Dec. 21. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Two showings of works by a much-admired American individualist often compared to the Douanier Rousseau—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lewison, 3[illegible] E. 64th St.)...¶ Twenty-eight oils; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Ernst—Graphics and sculptures from various periods; through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus studies for the paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes, interiors, and still-lifes; through Thursday, Dec. 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jill Gill—Watercolors and ink-and-collage compositions by an artist who, for some reason, has chosen the geranium as her motif; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Hawthorne (1872-1930)—Oils and watercolors, mostly of Cape Cod personalities, by an artist long associated with the Cape; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Erwin Heerich—A German artist presents forty-two cardboard constructions; through Dec. 21. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Watercolors and drawings of the human figure by an organizer of the Armory Show; through Jan. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Lechay—Portraits of friends and travel impressions by a veteran New Yorker long displaced in the Middle West; through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A joint exhibition covering various phases of the work of the French modernist—Oils; through Dec. 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ Gouaches, watercolors, and drawings, from 1910 to 1953; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sven Lukin—Lacquer paintings on formed wood shapes that push out from the wall; through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Thirty-five paintings, plus gouaches, drawings, and two sculptures, dating from 1928 to 1966; through Dec. 2[illegible]. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McCracken—A sculptor known for his colored planks fills the gallery with a piece consisting of fourteen painted plywood units; through Dec. 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—One of America's leading artist-designers offers adaptations of Japanese lanterns as light sculptures; through Jan. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Owens—Outdoor sculptures assembled from junked metal and wood, and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

María Luisa Pacheco—Paintings and drawings by a Bolivian artist who works in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zegri, 152 E. 79th St.)

William Pachner—Landscapes combined with human anatomy; through Dec. 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—This distinguished American painter's work of the past thirty years; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Geometric sculptures in translucent Plexiglas by a Colombian artist known for his architectural reliefs; through Sunday, Dec. 8. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Anton Refregier—Recent paintings by a social realist prominent in the thirties; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Dec. 20. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vjenceslav Richter—Abstract sculptures in aluminum by a Yugoslav who is also an architect; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Salvatore Romano—Sculptures in plastic, which consist of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—A prominent Pop sculptor's lifelike plaster figures in everyday situations, plus pastels; through Jan. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Carl Sprinchorn—Watercolors and drawings that record theatre, dance, and café life from 1910 to 1930; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Julian Stanczak—Paintings of straight lines and overlapping planes; through Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—This artist's characteristic scribbles in oil, pencil, and crayon, on neutral backgrounds; through Dec. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Vollmer—Geometrical abstractions in bronze and aluminum; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

York Wilson—Paintings composed of striped planes; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

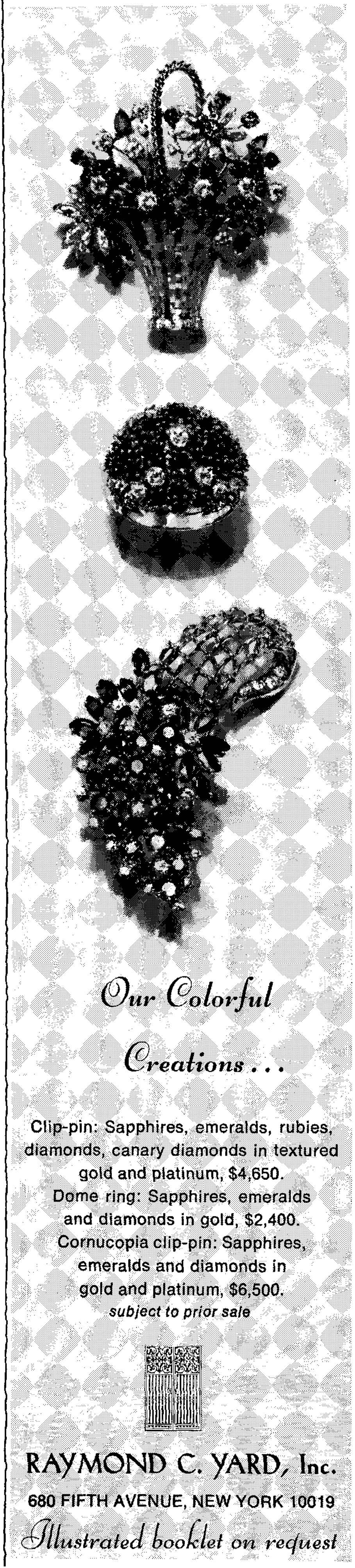
Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Stained-glass panels and windows designed by the celebrated architect; through Dec. 15. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

William Zorach—Fifty sculptures and twenty watercolors by an artist who is also having an exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum; through Dec. 28. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

American Society of Contemporary Artists—Their annual exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics; through Dec. 17. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—At the **chalette**, 9 E. 88th St.: Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **gibson**, 27 E. 67th St.: Eighteen examples, some of them by well-known younger contemporaries; through Friday, Dec. 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **bykert**, 24 E.



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81st St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Marden, Van Buren, and Gourfain; through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by turn-of-the-century artists, all but one of them members of the National Academy; through Dec. 31.... LANDAU-ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works from the nineteenth century to the present emphasizing illusionism in American art; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent are some of the artists represented in a show of paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850; through Dec. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of a wide variety of works, from primitive to Picasso, following no particular concept of selection; through Dec. 28.... WISE, 50 W. 57th St.: Optical specialists, including Agam and Le Parc, supply tricks with lights and mirrors; through Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by, for instance, Monet, Pissarro, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... HAMMER, 51 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings by Bonnard, Gauguin, Matisse, and Modigliani (to name a few); through Saturday, Dec. 7.... LOEB & KRUGIER, 12 E. 57th St.: About fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Italian Futurists, among them Carra, Severini, and Balla; through Dec. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Dec. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... SHICKMAN, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish paintings, including an oil study by Rubens, and paintings by, among others, Salomon and Jacob van Ruisdeal and Jan Steen; through Saturday, Dec. 14.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive collection of etchings and drawings by the seventeenth-century printmaker Stefano della Bella; through Dec. 29.... ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing in the Auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9.... ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26.... ¶ An exhibition of twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11.... ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Jan. 19.... ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer, from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty-seven works, many of them animated and "environmental," exemplifying current collaborations between artists and engineers; through Jan. 5.... ¶ Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 16. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to the Zorach exhibition is his show of sculptures and watercolors at the Danenberg Gallery, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-seven works in various modes by such artists as Rosemarie Beck, Robert Gwathmey, John Hultberg, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 22.... ¶ Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5.... ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years;

(a) Wire ring, $65. (b) Diamond-pavéed ball ring, set in gold, $5,000. (c) Gold earrings, [illegible] (d) Cabochon emerald ring, $775. (e) Link earrings, $245. (f) Disk bracelet, $75. (g) Ball ring with a pavé of diamonds, $1,375. (h) Gold ring, $110. (i) Sq[illegible] wire ring, $35. (j) Steel ball and yellow gold ring, $95. (k) Oval lapis ring, $175. (l) Link circle ring, $165. (m) Double bead ring, $195. The "cage" is m[illegible] yellow, red or white gold bangles, $50. each. All in 18-karat gold.

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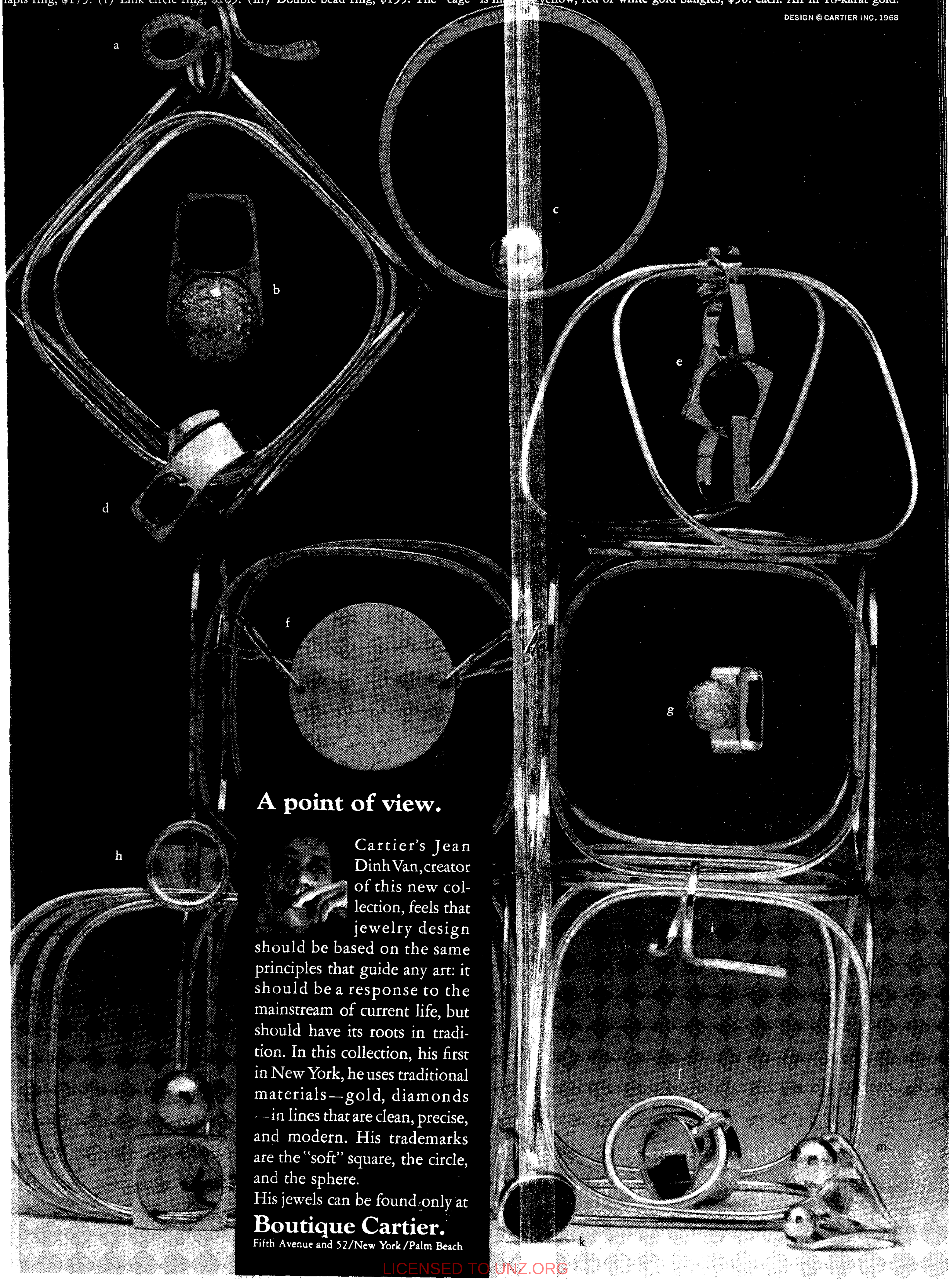

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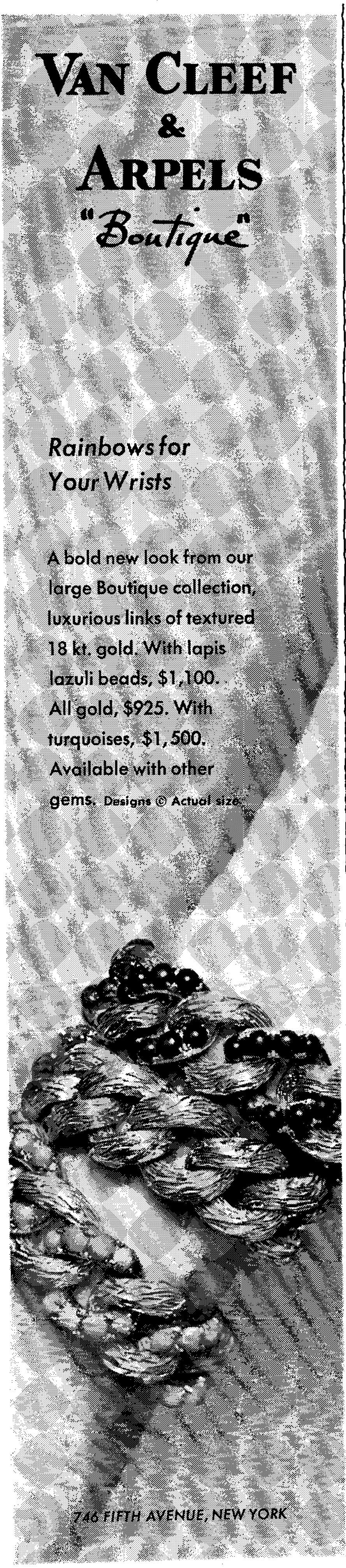
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through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—The largest and most representative exhibit of modern Persian paintings ever assembled in the United States; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 7.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni located in Verona, Italy; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, *Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.*—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ Prints from the fifteenth century to the present, having in common the subject of urban life, by Canaletto, Hogarth, Reginald Marsh, Will Barnet, and others; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Jan. 5. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "La Bohème," with Milka Stojanovic, Clarice Carson, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, William Walker, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 9: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, George Shirley, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 10: "La Bohème," with Jean Fenn, Clarice Carson, Barry Morell, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, John Macurdy, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 14: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "La Bohème," with Milka Stojanovic, Jean Fenn, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Robert Goodloe. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Staged by Tito Capobianco, with members of the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:15, in Italian; and Thursday, Dec. 12, and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:15, in English. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—The first performances here of Mozart's "Lucio Silla," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 13-15, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 (all with Alexis Weissenberg, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30 (with Grant Johannesen, piano, and David Nadien, violin). . . . ¶ Carlo Maria Giulini conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 16, at 7:30 (all with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola, and Raymond McAfee, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Columbia University and Marymount College Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with Bailey Harvey and Wolfgang Schanzer directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3093.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Möller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.)

Sing-In at Philharmonic Hall—Handel's "Messiah," directed (seriatim, fortunately) by eighteen directors, including Ralph Hunter, Newell Jenkins, and Martin Josman. Adele Addison, soprano, and Kerry McDevitt, bass,

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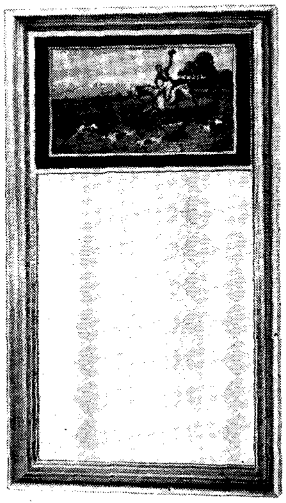

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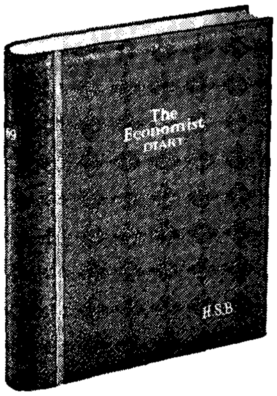

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. Those eighteen directors are going to have their hands full. (Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Columbia University Concert Band—A joint concert, with Daniel Paget and David Josephson directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3550.)

RECITALS

Bernard Kruysen—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the second of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Aaron Rosand—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Dorian Quintet—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guarneri String Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 7, and Saturday, Dec. 14, both at 8:30.)

Peter Frankl—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Anthony Goldstone—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Anna Moffo—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8:40.)

Ned Rorem Songs—Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, singing various poems by W. H. Auden, Elizabeth Bishop, Frank O'Hara, Emily Dickinson, and others, as set to music by Mr. Rorem. He will act as piano accompanist. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Barry McDaniel—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:40.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Debussy concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Claremont Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Barrow Poets—Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.

Country Joe and the Fish and Fleetwood Mac—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.

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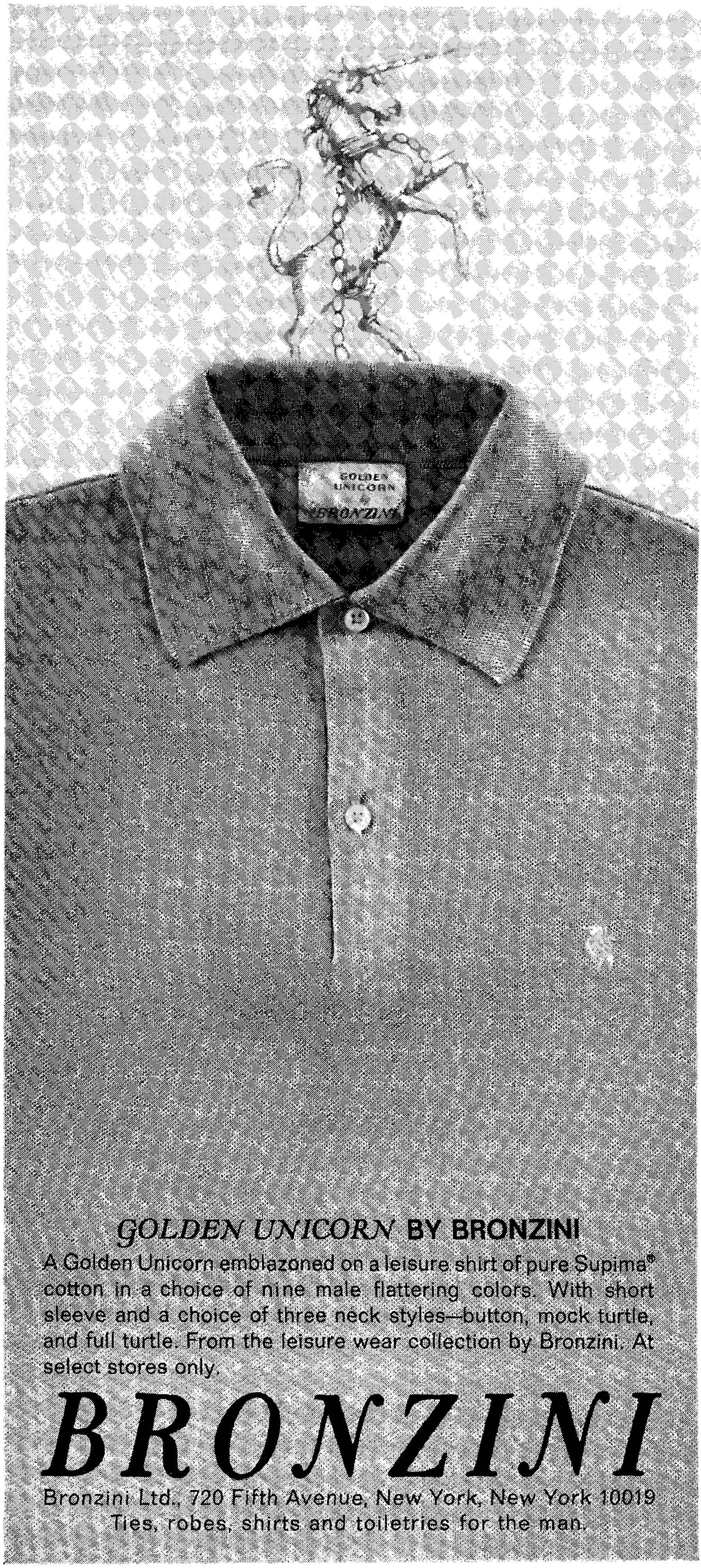

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

OPERA—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—The second in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by an ensemble conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, from the Monday Evening Concerts of Los Angeles. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 6:30: San Diego vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:35: Knicks vs. San Diego.

BOXING: CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV—Joe Frazier vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 15 rounds, and Sonny Liston vs. Amos Lincoln, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 9:30.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 7.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Penn State vs. Syracuse. (University Park. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 12:05.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 1:30.). . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 10. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2:30.)

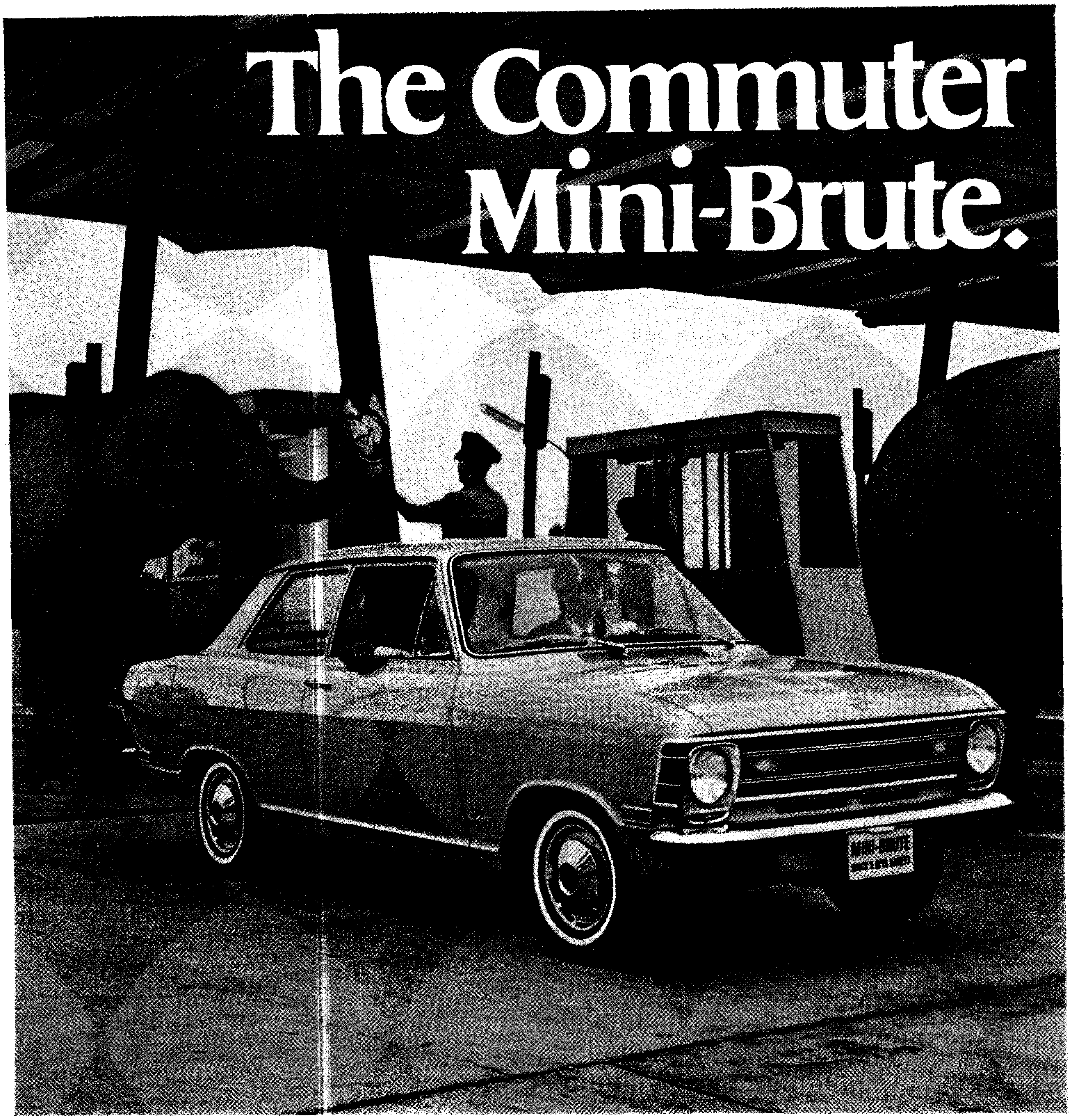
DANZAS VENEZUELA—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians from Venezuela. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **HUCKLEBERRY COMPANY**: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Puss in Boots." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2, and Sundays at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is "Stars of Christmas Past." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have



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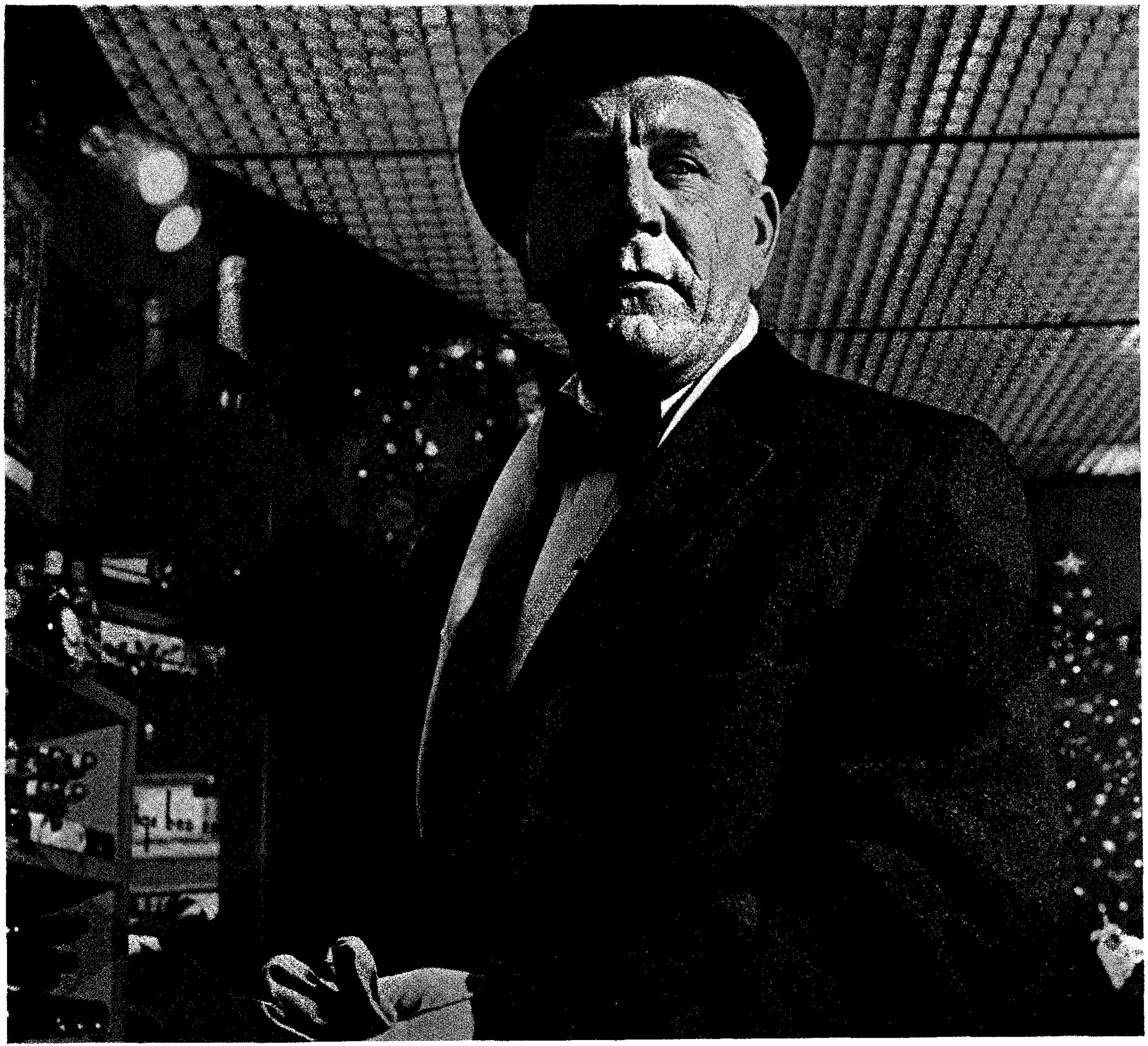

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—W. H. Auden reading from his own works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at [illegible]:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ George Starbuck reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 13, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

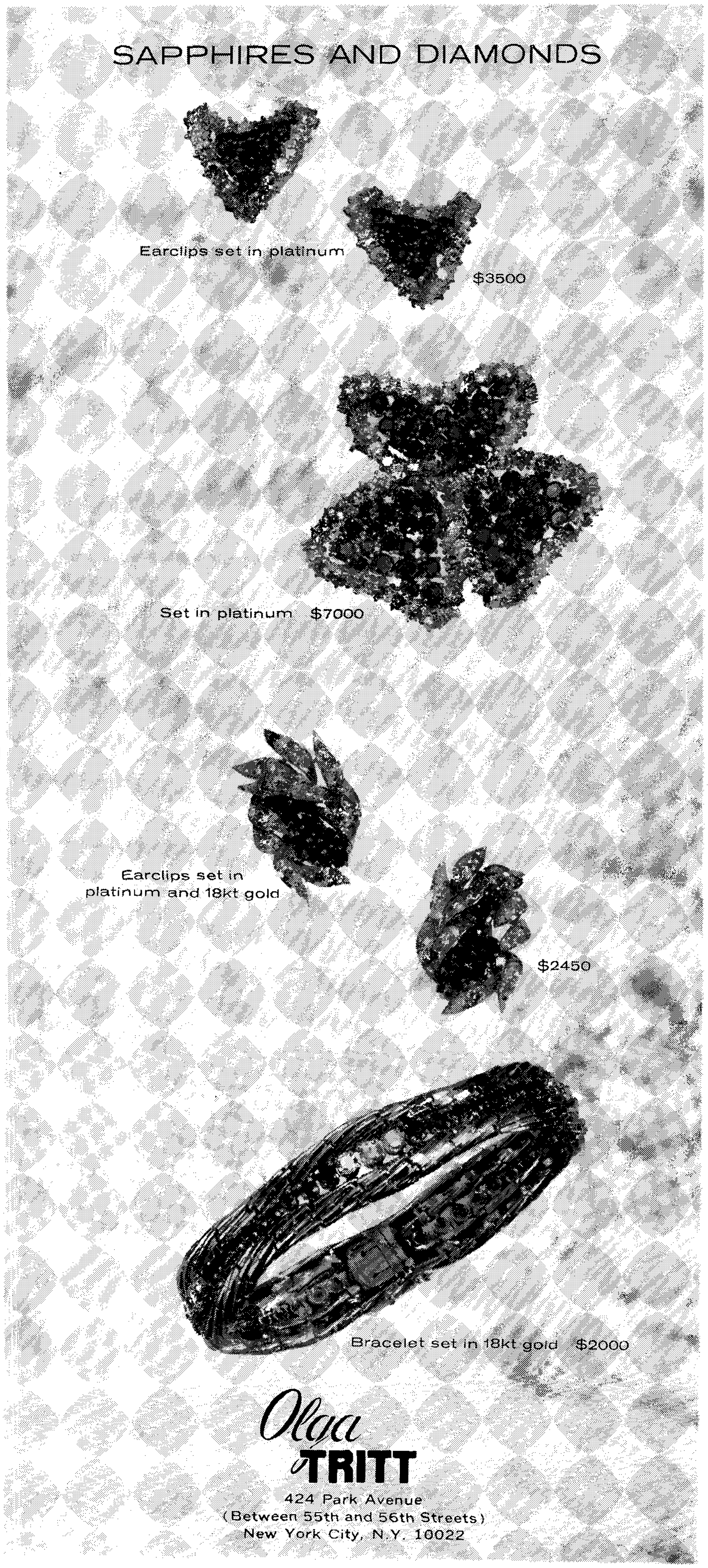
Lectures—At the **frick collection**: "Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Symbolist Criticism," by George Heard Hamilton, Thursday, Dec. 5, at 5:40. . . . ¶ "Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: The Iconography of the *Horae*," by Jethro Hurt, Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 3, and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 5:40. (1 E. 70th St. Admission is free . . . **parke-bernet galleries**: "What *Did* George Washington Look Like?," by Edgar P. Richardson, President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Rubens as a Collector," by Michael Jaffé, Professor of Art History, King's College, Cambridge University, Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Expanding and Disappearing Work of Art—A Note on Changing American Aesthetics," by Lawrence Alloway, former curator of the Guggenheim Museum, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 6:30. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. For tickets, call 581-6[illegible]0, Ext. 233.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 11, from 12:30 to 4.)

Coliseum Antiques Fair—A plethora of bibelots, and then some. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, Dec. 7, through Sunday, Dec. [illegible]5. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Dec. 7, at 10:15: African and Oceanic art, belonging to Henri Lecler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 1:15: French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, which were formerly in the inventory of French & Co. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 1:45: St. Louis, Clichy, Baccarat, and other paperweights; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as André Derain, Maurice de Vlaminck, Man Ray, and Jacob Epstein; the property of Mr. and Mrs. David Lloyd Kreeger and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 7.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Dec. 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Platinum Blonde" (193[illegible]), with Jean Harlow and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), with Barbara Stanwyck. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 11:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 3 and 5:30: "A Man's Castle" (1933), Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Whom the Gods Destroy" (1934), with Walter Connolly and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "She Married Her Boss" (1935), with Claudette Colbert and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Hotel Imperial"



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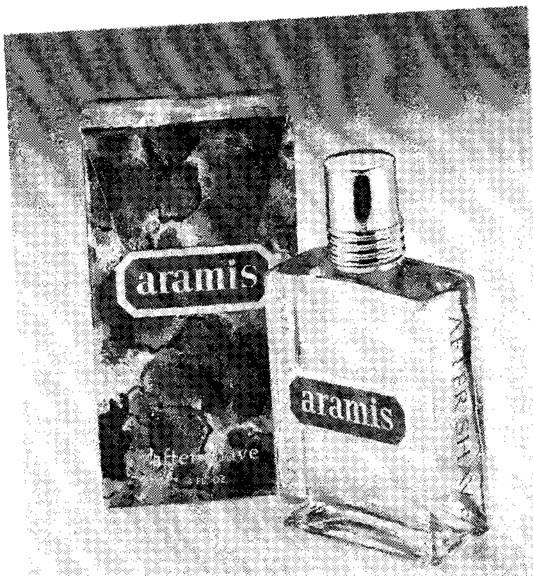
Christmas 1968: Aramis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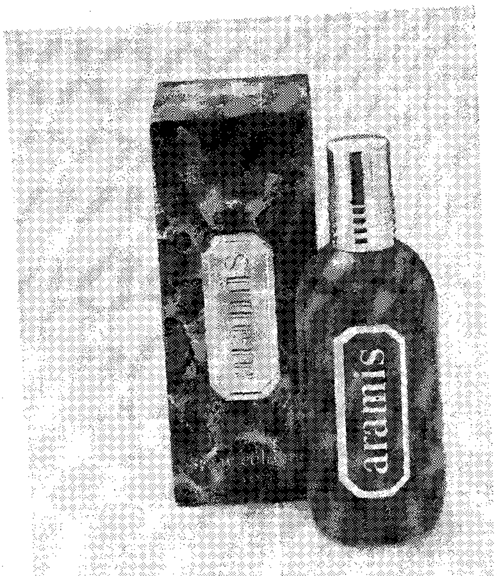
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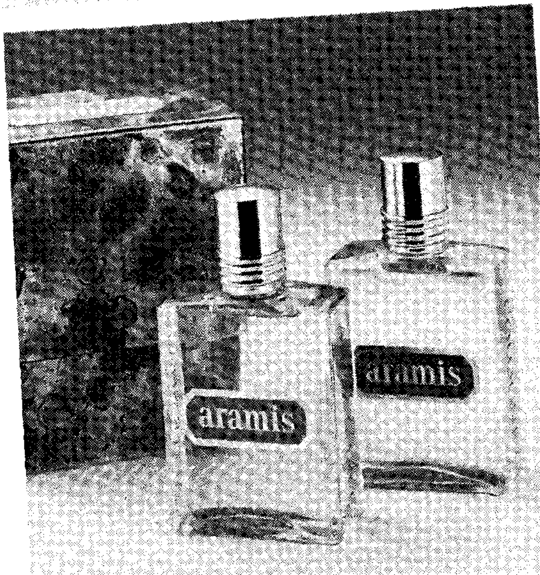
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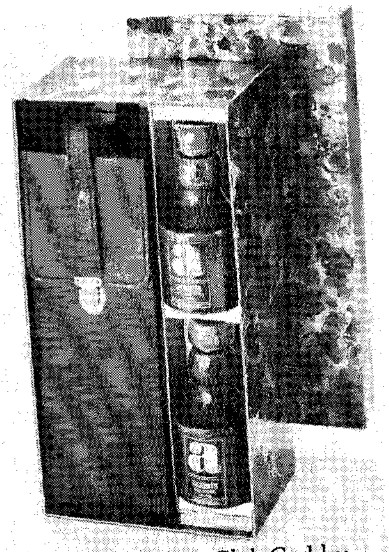

The Aramis Club Caddy:
2 Grooming Agents $37.50

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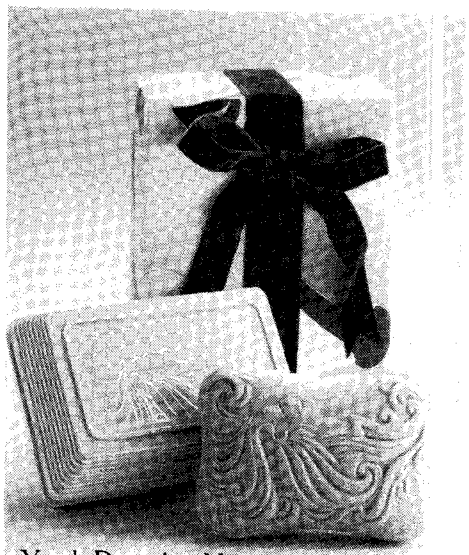
Christmas 1968: Estée Lauder



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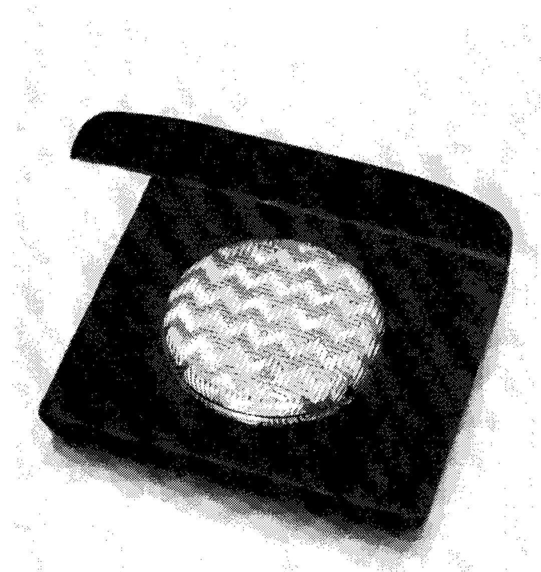

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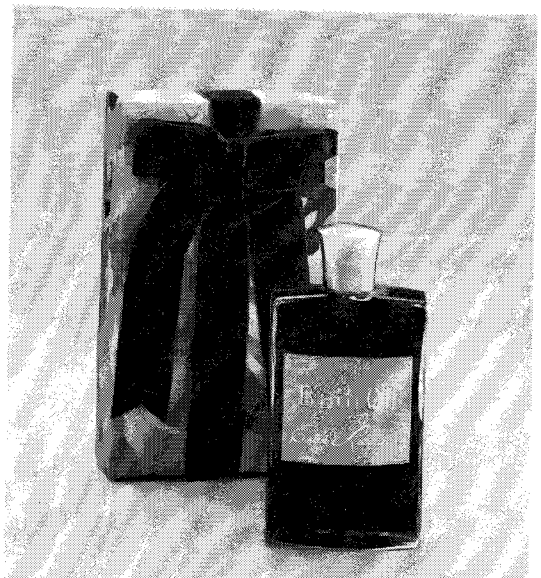

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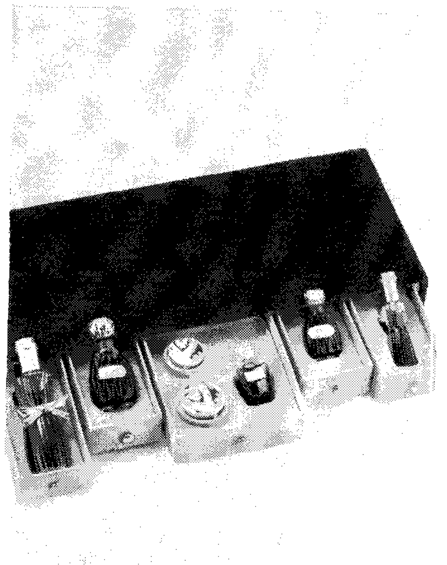

Youth-Dew Boutique Jewel Chest $50.0
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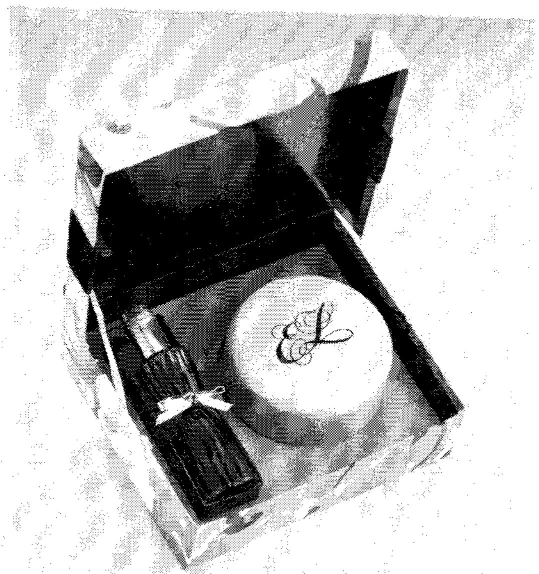

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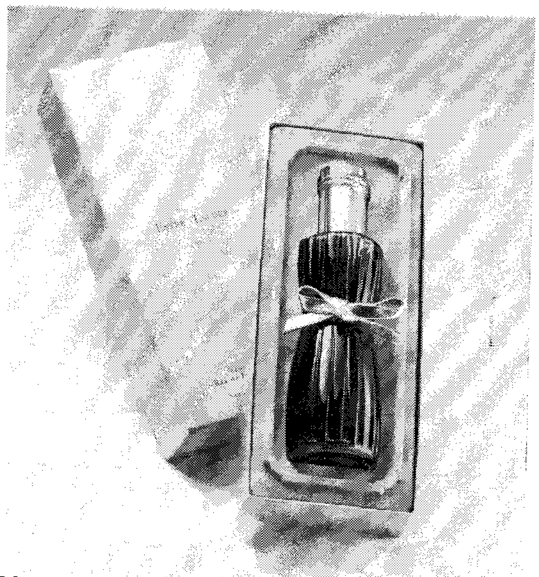

Youth-Dew Boutique Parfum Spray $6.50
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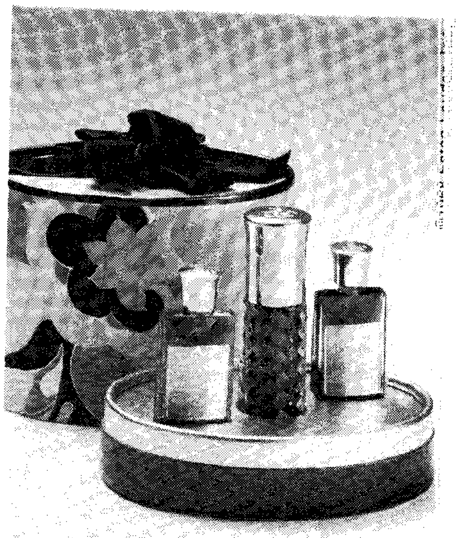

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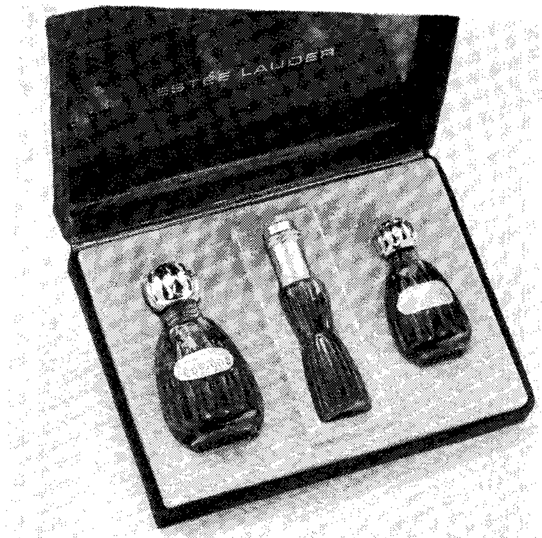

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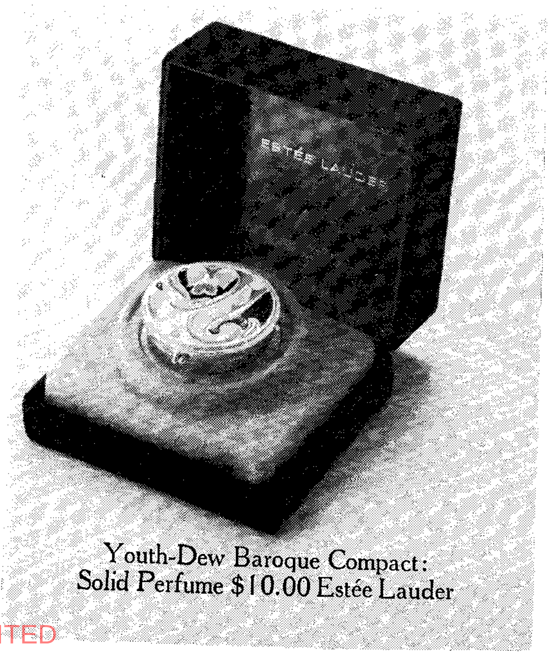

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1927), with Pola Negri. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its six thousand lights and eight hundred red, gold, green, and blue illuminated bells, and ready to be lighted at about 5:45 on Thursday, Dec. 12.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center: Dec. 17, 21, 25, and 31, and Jan. 4.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 15.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on Dec. 15, 18, 22, 26, and 29, and Jan. 2 and 5.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 21-22.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Jan. 15.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Jan. 3-March 4.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 18 and 20. . . . ¶ Claude Frank, piano, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 22 and 27. . . . Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone, Jan. 5. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Symphony of New York, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 22-23. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, Dec. 24, 27, and 29. . . . ¶ Igor Oistrakh, violin, Dec. 29. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Grete Sultan, piano, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Jan. 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): New York Chamber Soloists, Dec. 21. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Janos Starker, cello, and Menahem Pressler, piano, Dec. 21.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Sudden and Accidental Re-Education of Horse Johnson," a comedy by Douglas Taylor, in which Jack Klugman and Kathleen Maguire will appear. . . . ¶ A three-week repertory by the Minnesota Theatre Company of "The House of Atreus," adapted by John Lewin from the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus, and Bertolt Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," translated by George Tabori. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Forty Carats," adapted by Jay Allen from a French original by Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy, and starring Julie Harris. . . . ¶ Angela Lansbury in a musical, "Dear World," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and a book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, based on Jean Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot.". . . ¶ "The Fig Leaves Are Falling," a musical with Barry Nelson and Dorothy Loudon. Allan Sherman wrote the book and lyrics, and Albert Hague the score. . . . ¶ A London import, "Hadrian VII," by Peter Luke, taken from the novel of the same name by Frederick William Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the title role.

OTHER DATES—The first day of winter is Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Wednesdays. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden Center, Jan. 7-19. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Jan. 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11			

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 5.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Bride Wore Black—A thriller about a lovely woman (Jeanne Moreau) who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 11.)

Bunny Lake Is Missing (1965)—A thriller from the hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 5.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 8-9.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in Southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 10.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this the most enjoyable movie musical in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 10-11.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Dec. 7.)

Hot Millions—Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov wrote this ridiculously funny English film, which has Ustinov as a cheerily criminal money-maker and Maggie Smith as his gutsy, drably dressed girl friend, egging him on in his life, his work, and keenly practicing the flute. Miss Smith is quite something: a very serious as well as very funny actress, out of no English tradition known abroad—spunky, non-booming, non-grand, secretly frail, and insistent on a sensible capacity to cope. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 11.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 11.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 8-9.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 8-9.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 8-9.)

My Sister, My Love (1967)—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 6-7.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 6-7.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 10.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and beautifully played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 10.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Star!—The heart of this musical is dead: the seventeen numbers are poorly staged. Trying to be Gertrude Lawrence, Julie Andrews confuses acting cold and unpleasant with sophistication. Ineptly directed by Robert Wise. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thunderball (1965)—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 10.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 11.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 10.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Warrendale—A record of time spent observing a progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, made with stirring comprehension of their spirits by Allan King. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189. . . . ¶ Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325; starting Dec. 9.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 10.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 10-11.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through Dec. 8: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.
From Dec. 9: **WEEKEND** (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
HOT MILLIONS.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 10: **PATHER PANCHALI** and **THE WORLD OF APU** (both in Bengali).
From Dec. 11: **TOM JONES**; and **THE KNACK.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 10: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
From Dec. 11: "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom," Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough; and "Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Flea in Her Ear," Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 7: "Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.
From Dec. 8, at 7:30: "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call 581-6360.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Girl on a Motorcycle," Alain Delon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 7: **THE GRADUATE.**
Dec. 8: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 9: "The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 11 (tentative): "Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Touchables," Judy Huxtable.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
WEST SIDE STORY.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 5: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "Marnie" (1964), Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery.
Dec. 6-7: **ONE-EYED JACKS**; and "The Killers" (1964), Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.
Dec. 8-9: **DUCK SOUP**; and **THE LADY EVE.**
Dec. 10-11: "Nevada Smith" (1966), Steve McQueen; and "Wind Across the Everglades" (1958), Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 10: "Revolution," Today Malone; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Dec. 11: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and **HOW I WON THE WAR.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 10. **PRETTY POISON.**
From Dec. 11: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Dec. 10: "Corruption," Peter Cushing; and "Payment in Blood," Edd Byrnes.
From Dec. 11: "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom," Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough; and "Danger: Diabolik," John Phillip Law.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 10: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HOT MILLIONS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 9: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
From Dec. 10: "The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
WARRENDALE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

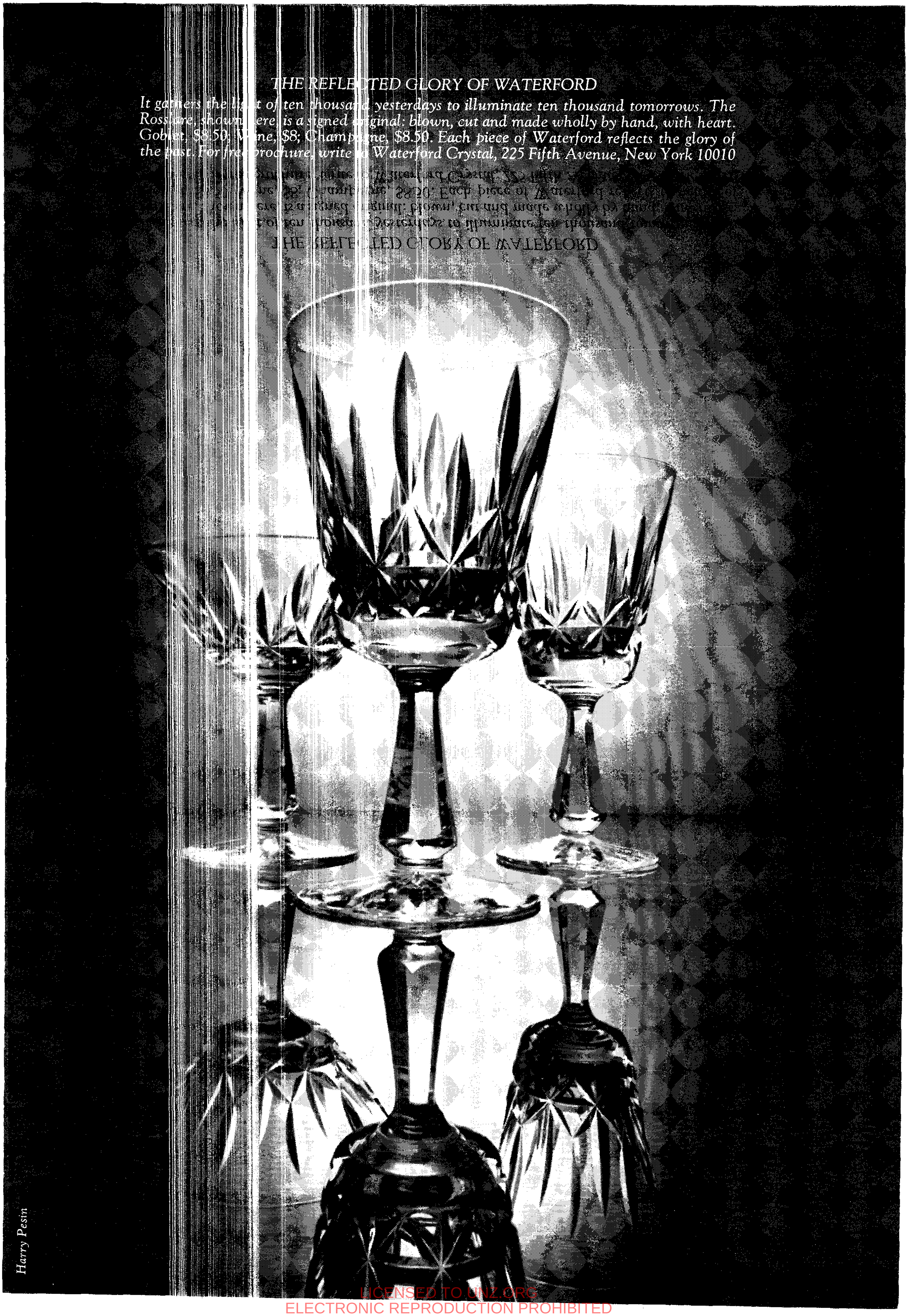
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
WEEKEND (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 10: **THUNDERBALL**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From Dec. 11: "Head," the Monkees; and "Love-Ins," James MacArthur, Susan Oliver.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 5: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**
Dec. 6-7: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and "A Stranger Knocks" (1965; in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
Dec. 8-9: **MORGAN!**; and **THE LEATHER BOYS.**
Dec. 10-11: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**; and **THE WRONG BOX.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 10: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
From Dec. 11: To be announced.



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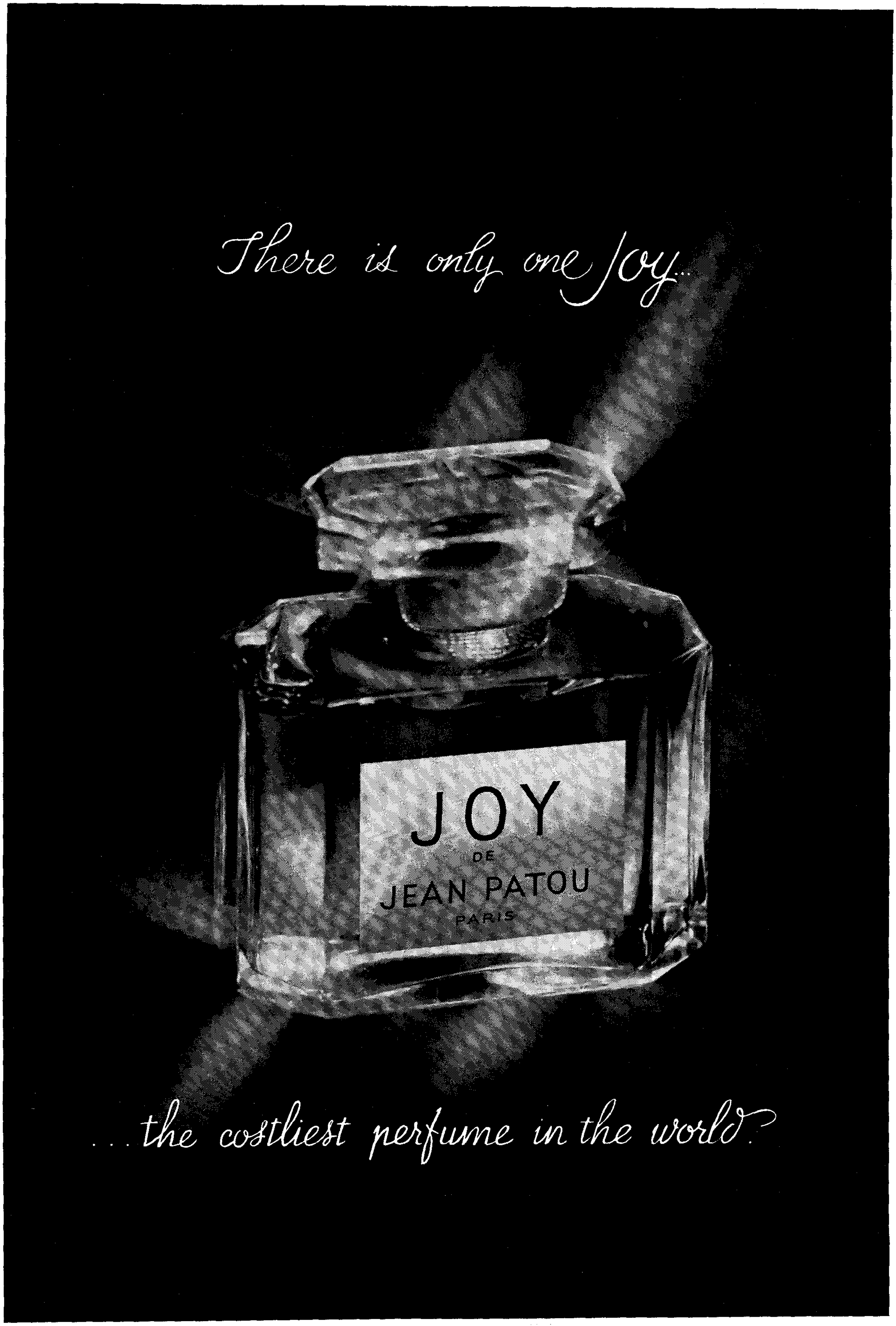
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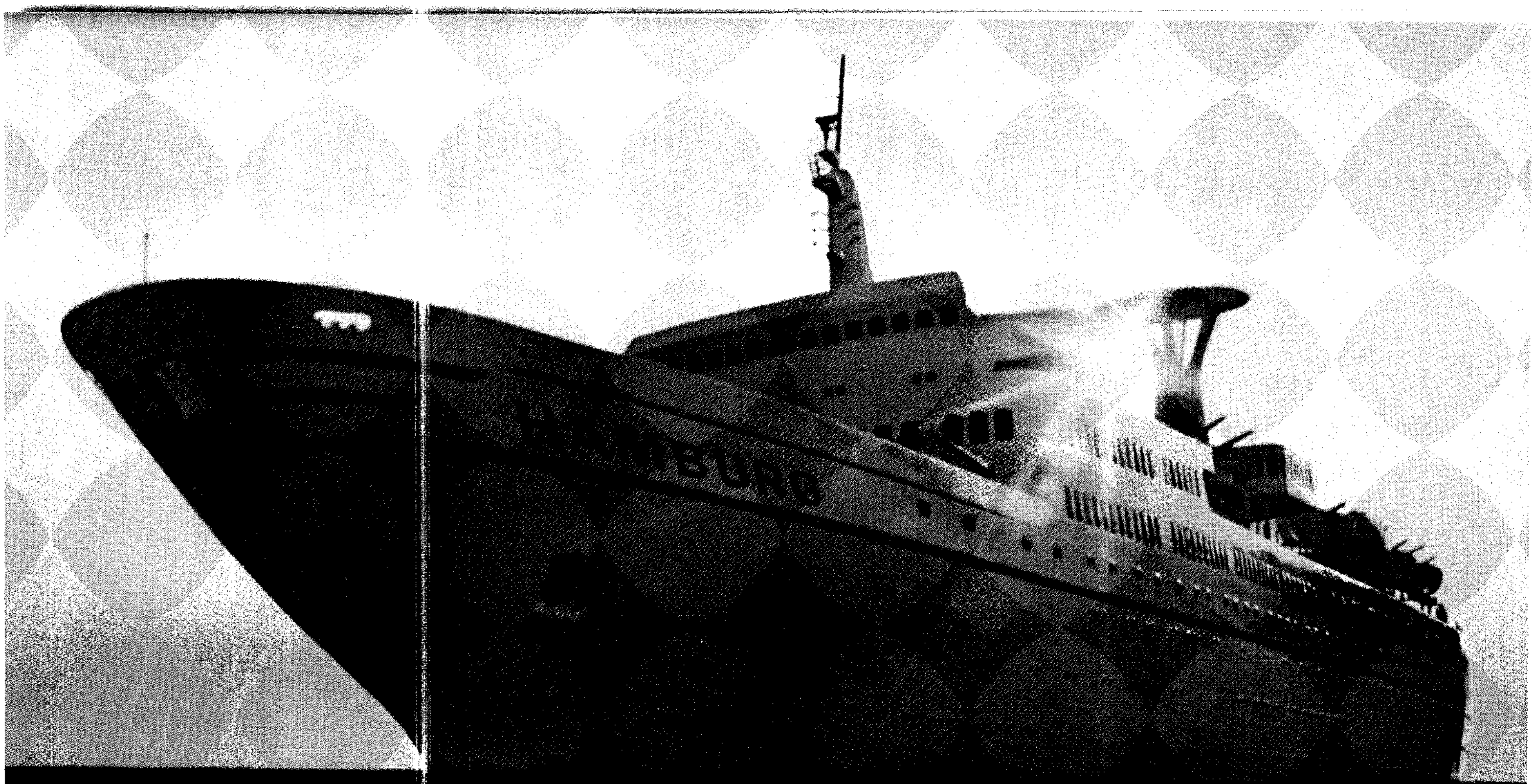

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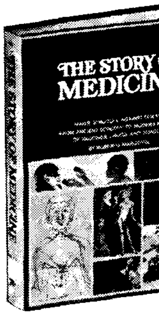
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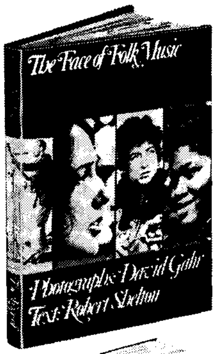
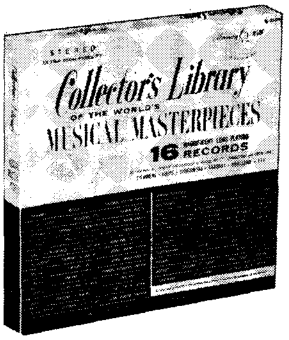

The Face of Folk Music
Photographs David Gahr
Text: Robert Shelton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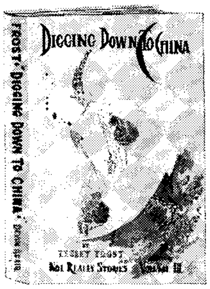
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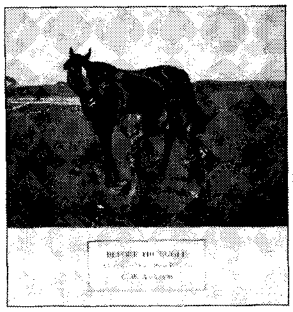
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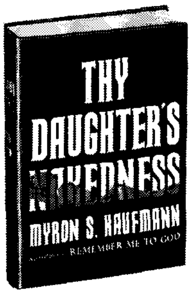
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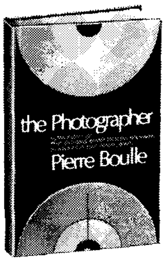
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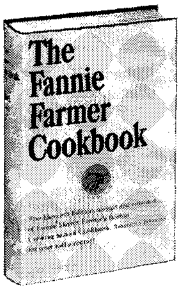
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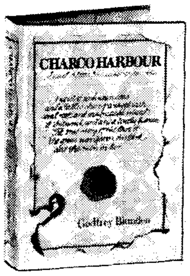
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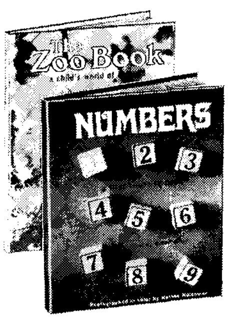
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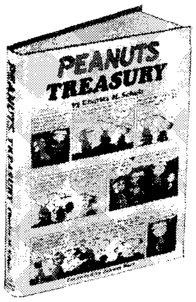
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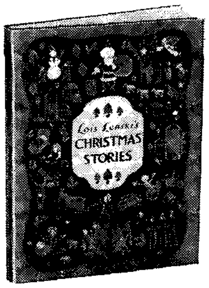
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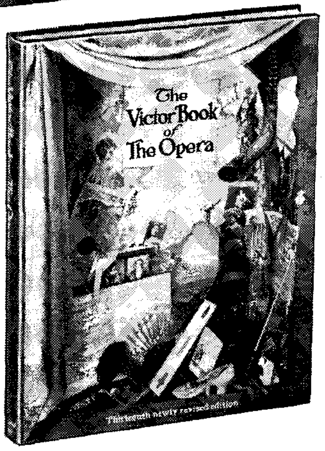
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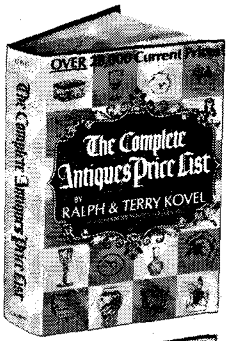
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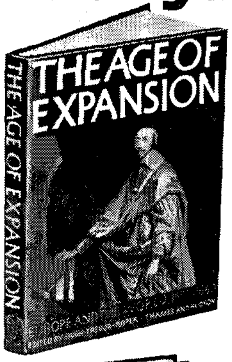
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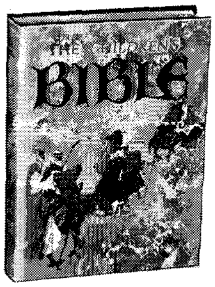
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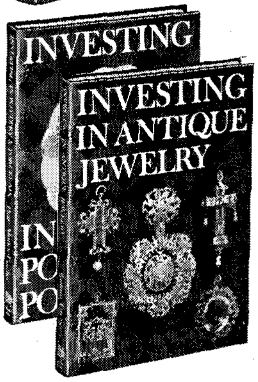
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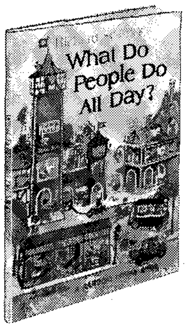
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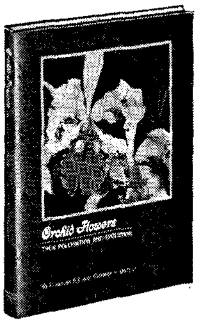
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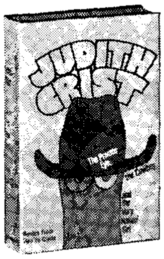
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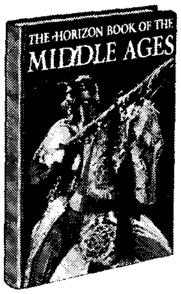
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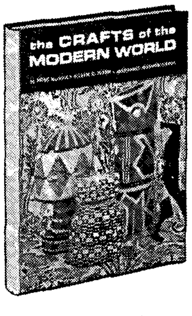
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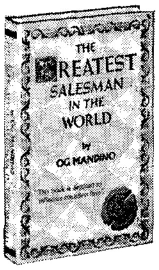
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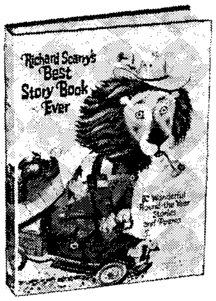
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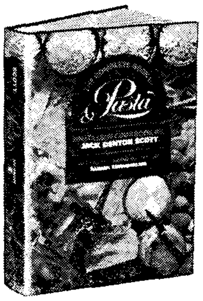
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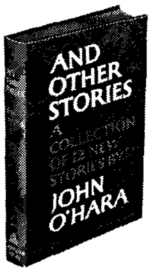
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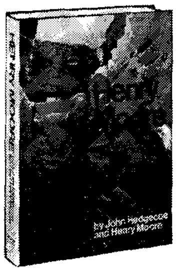
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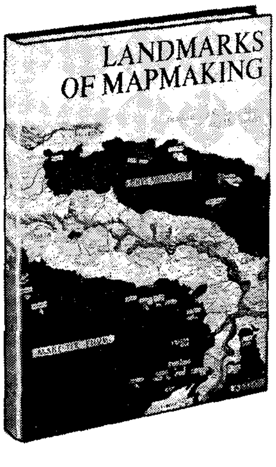
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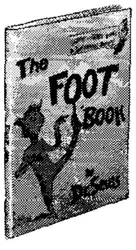
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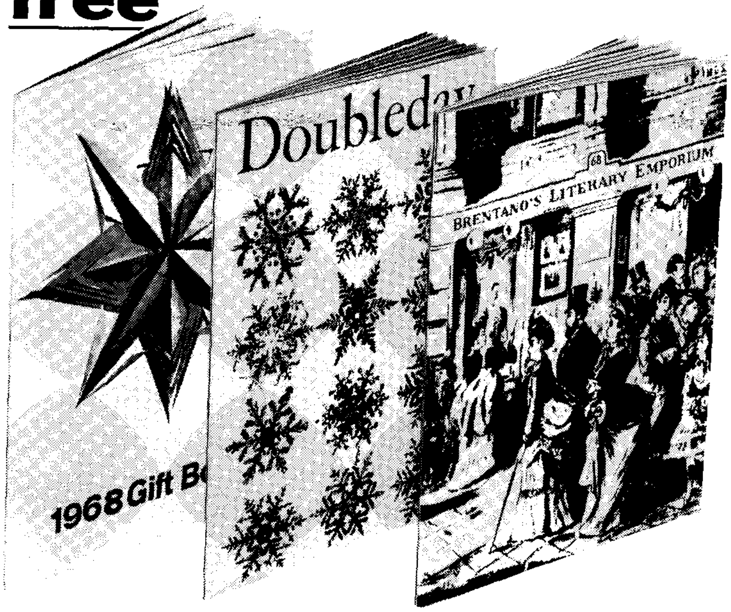

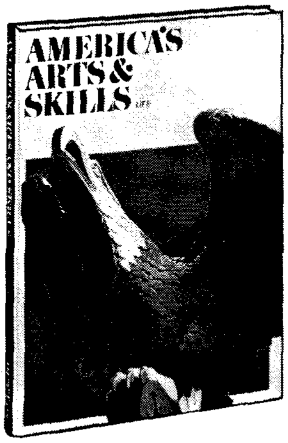

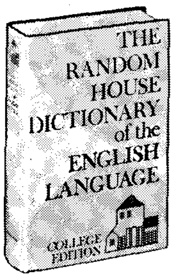

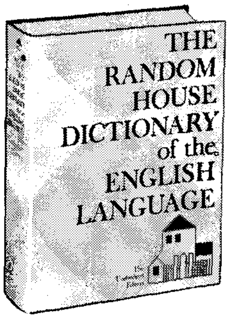

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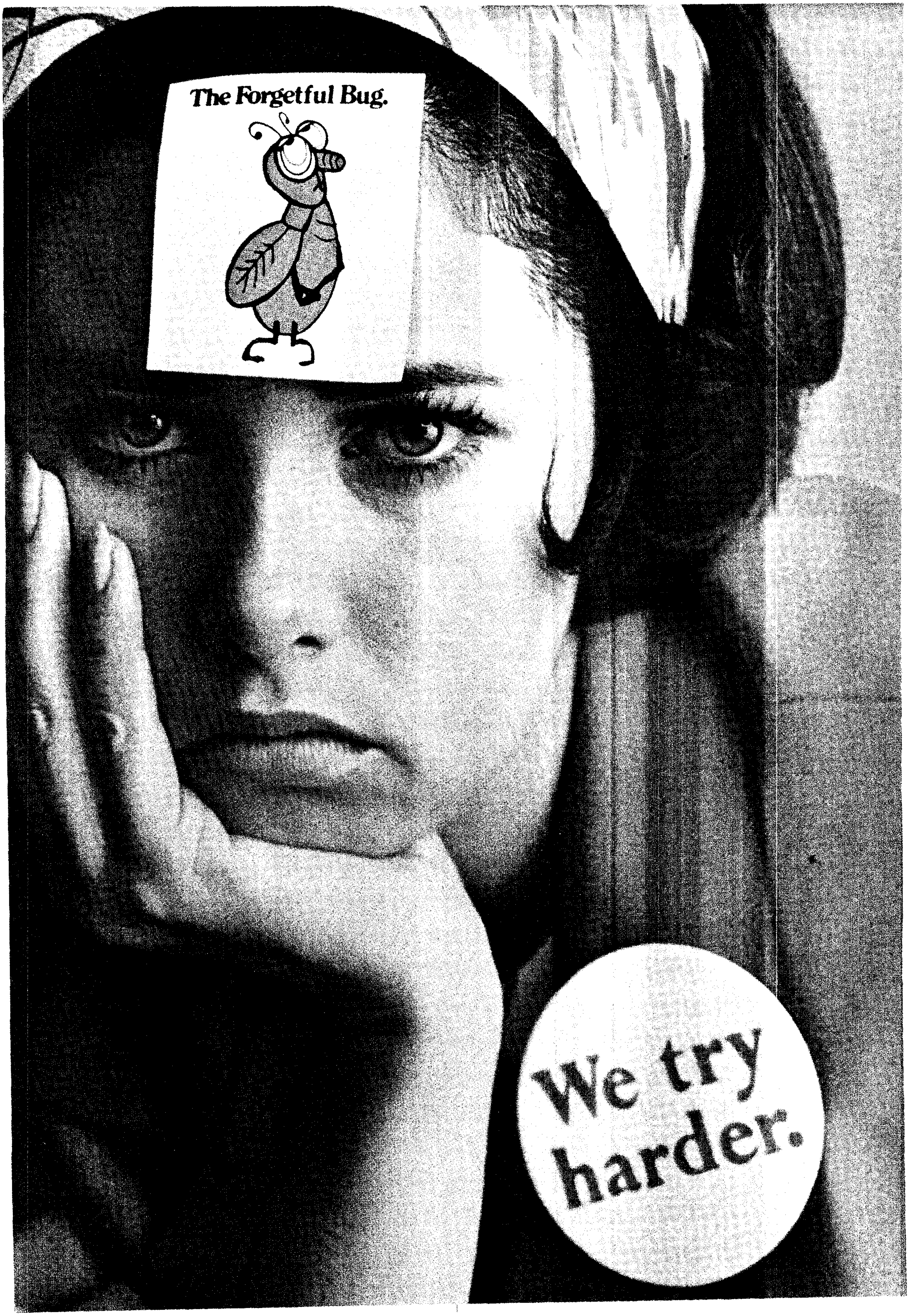
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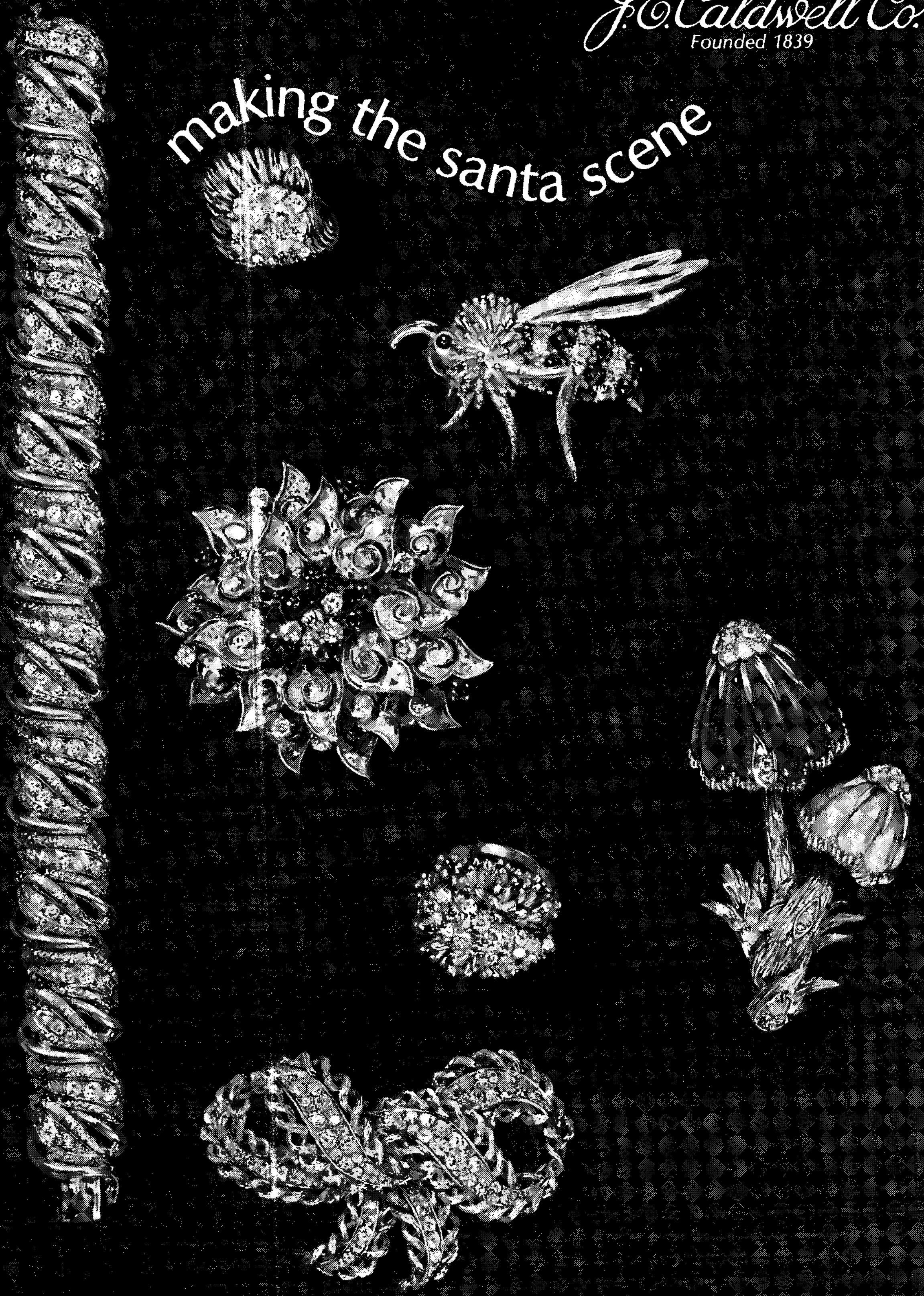

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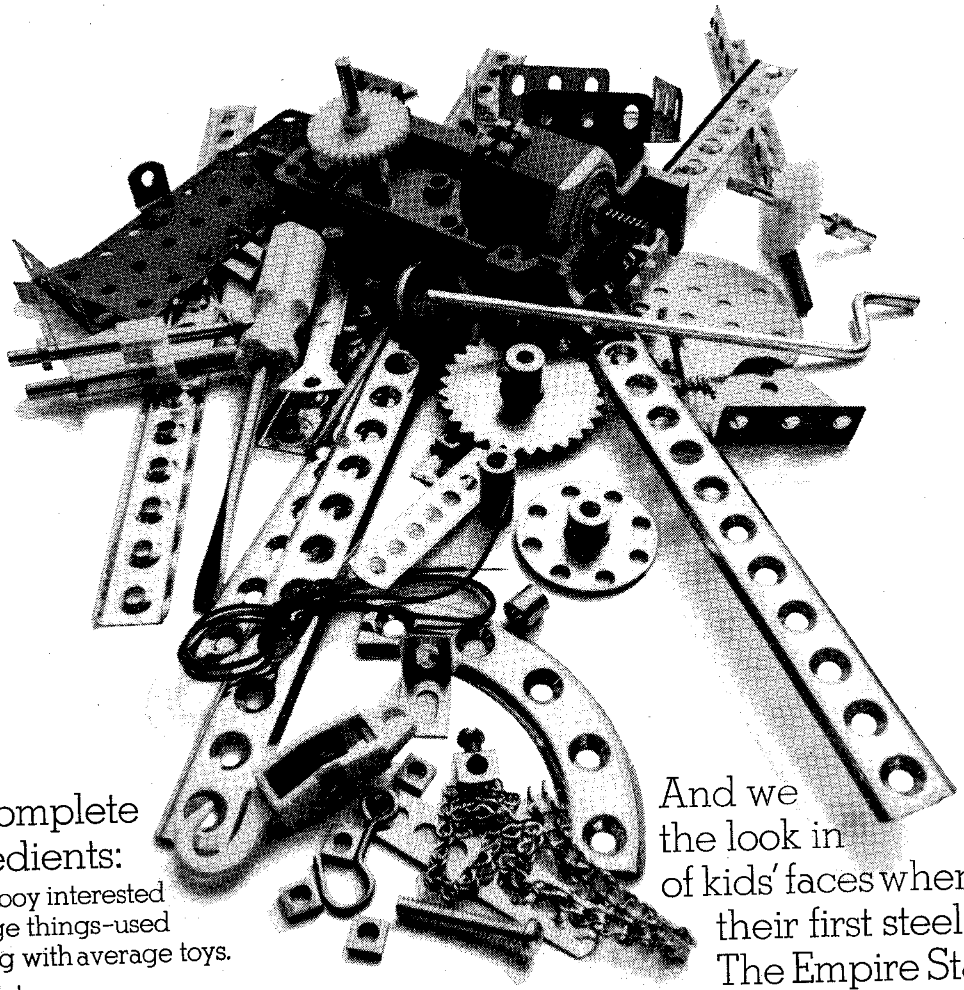

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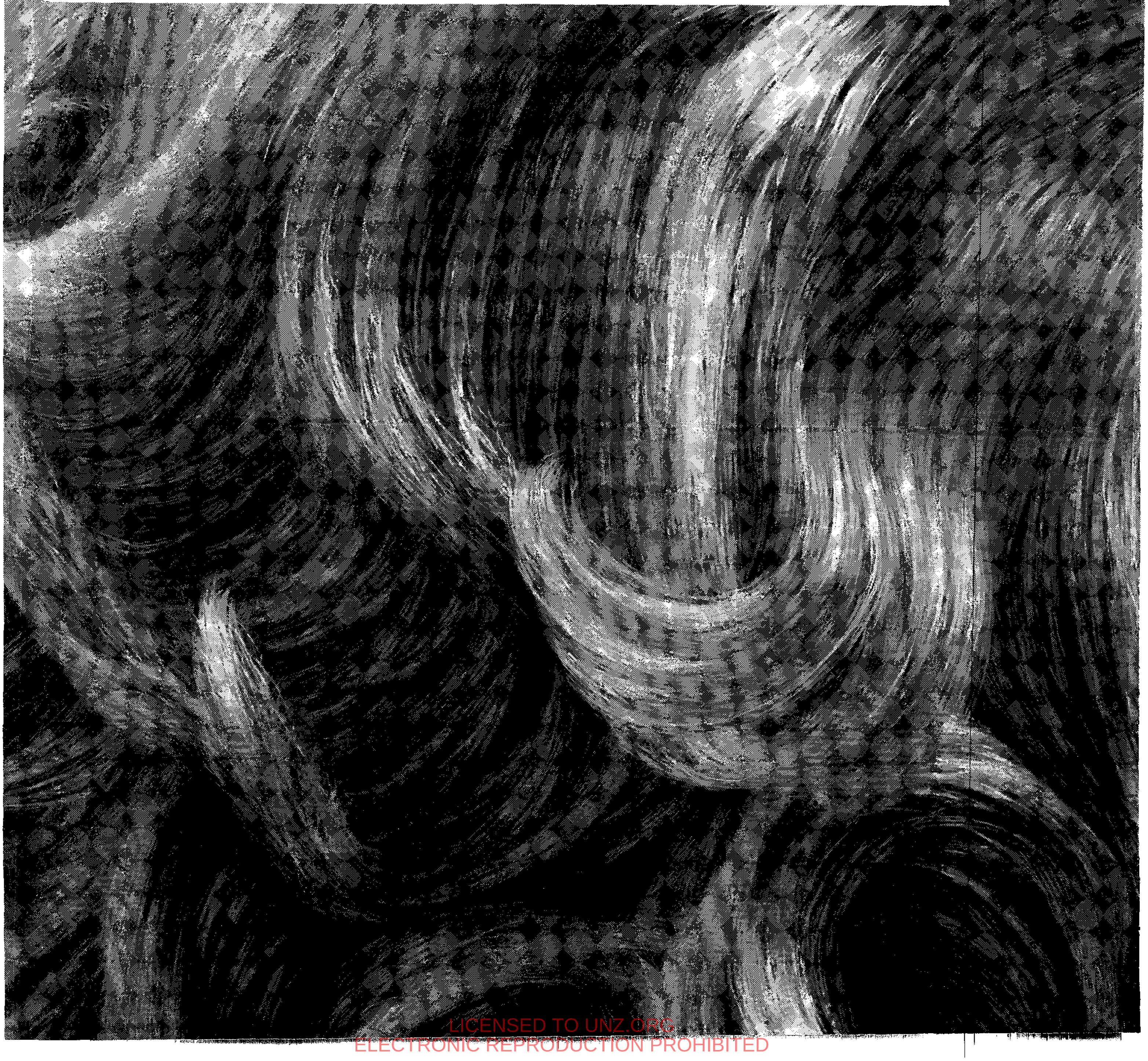

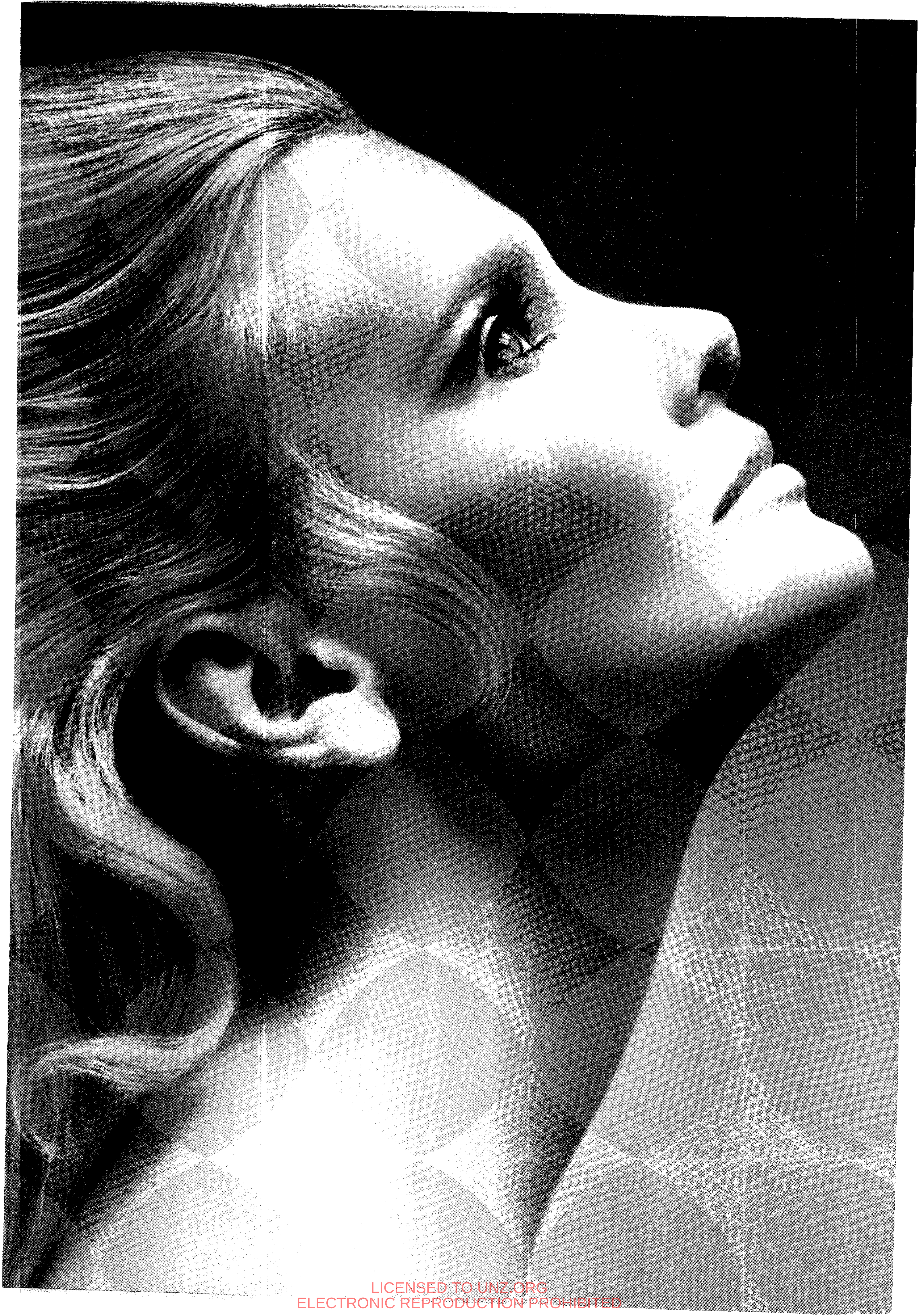

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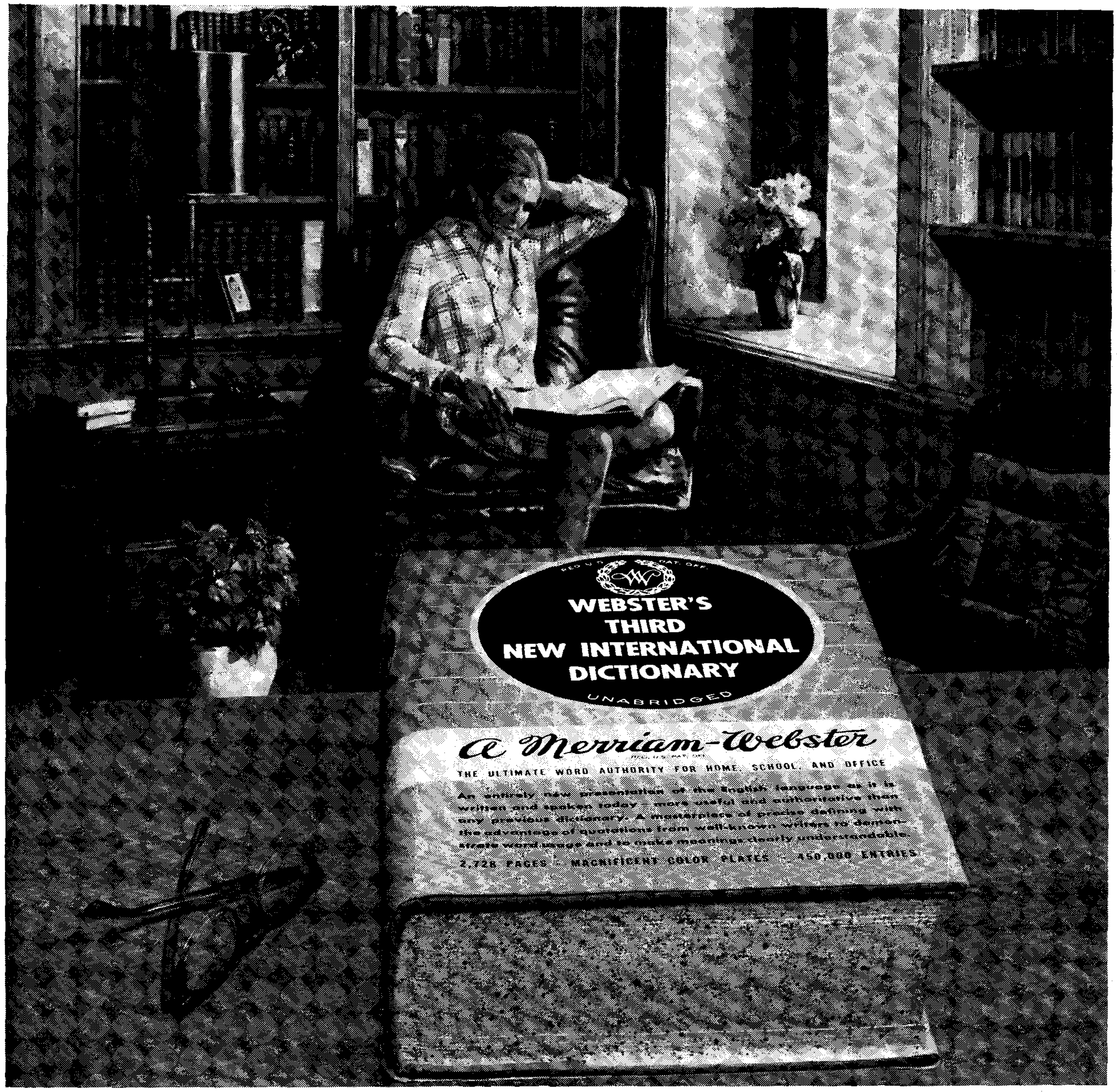
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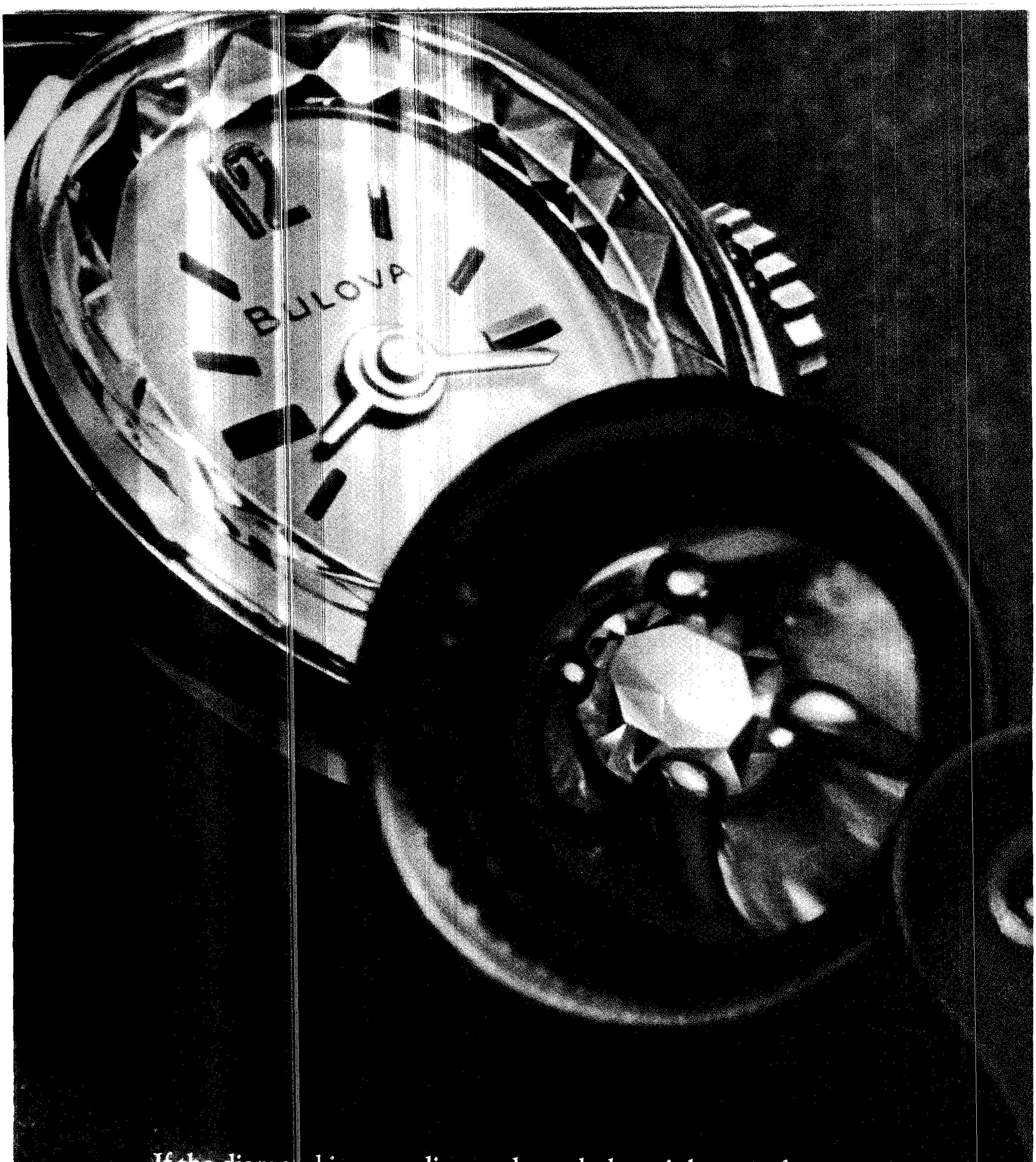

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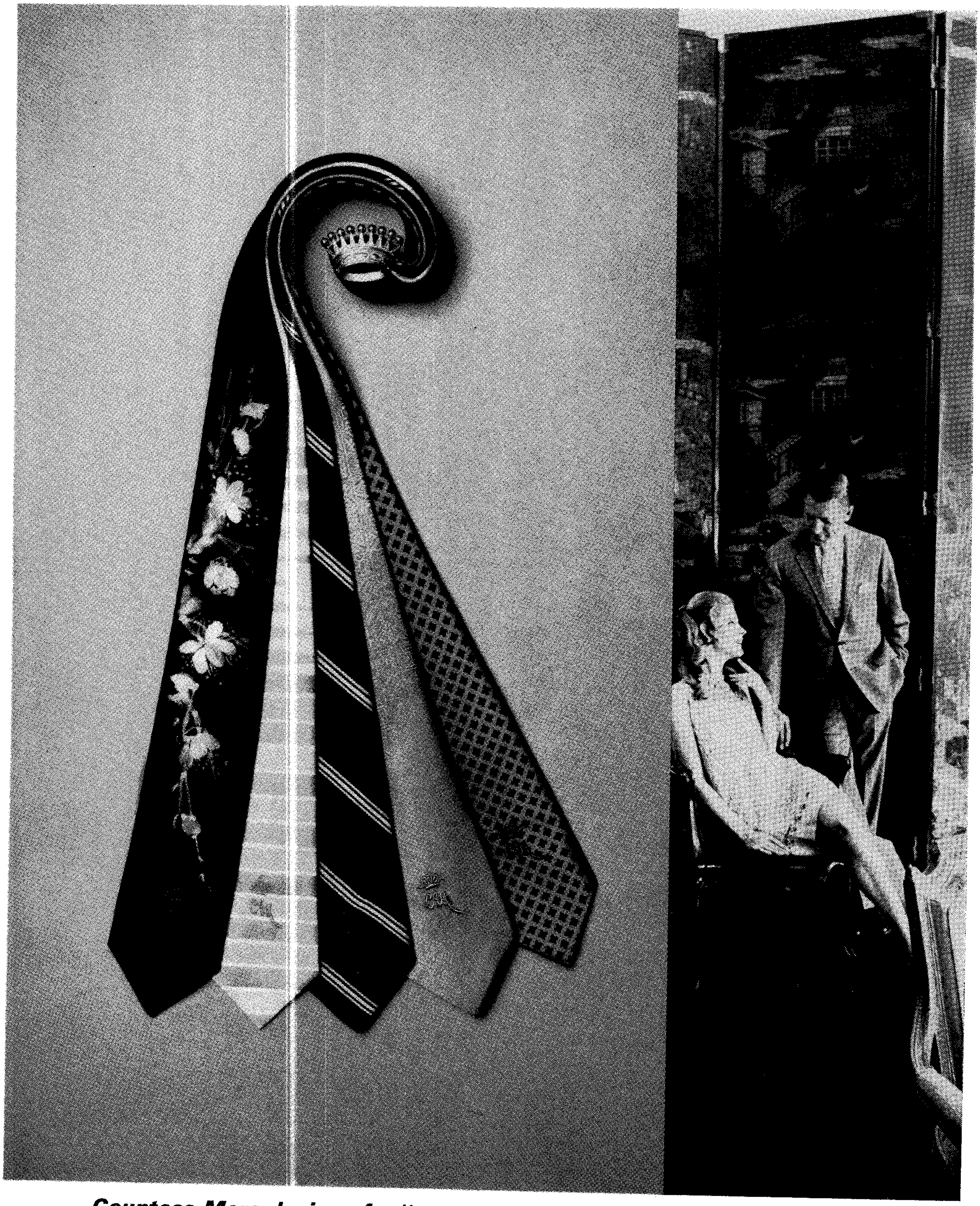

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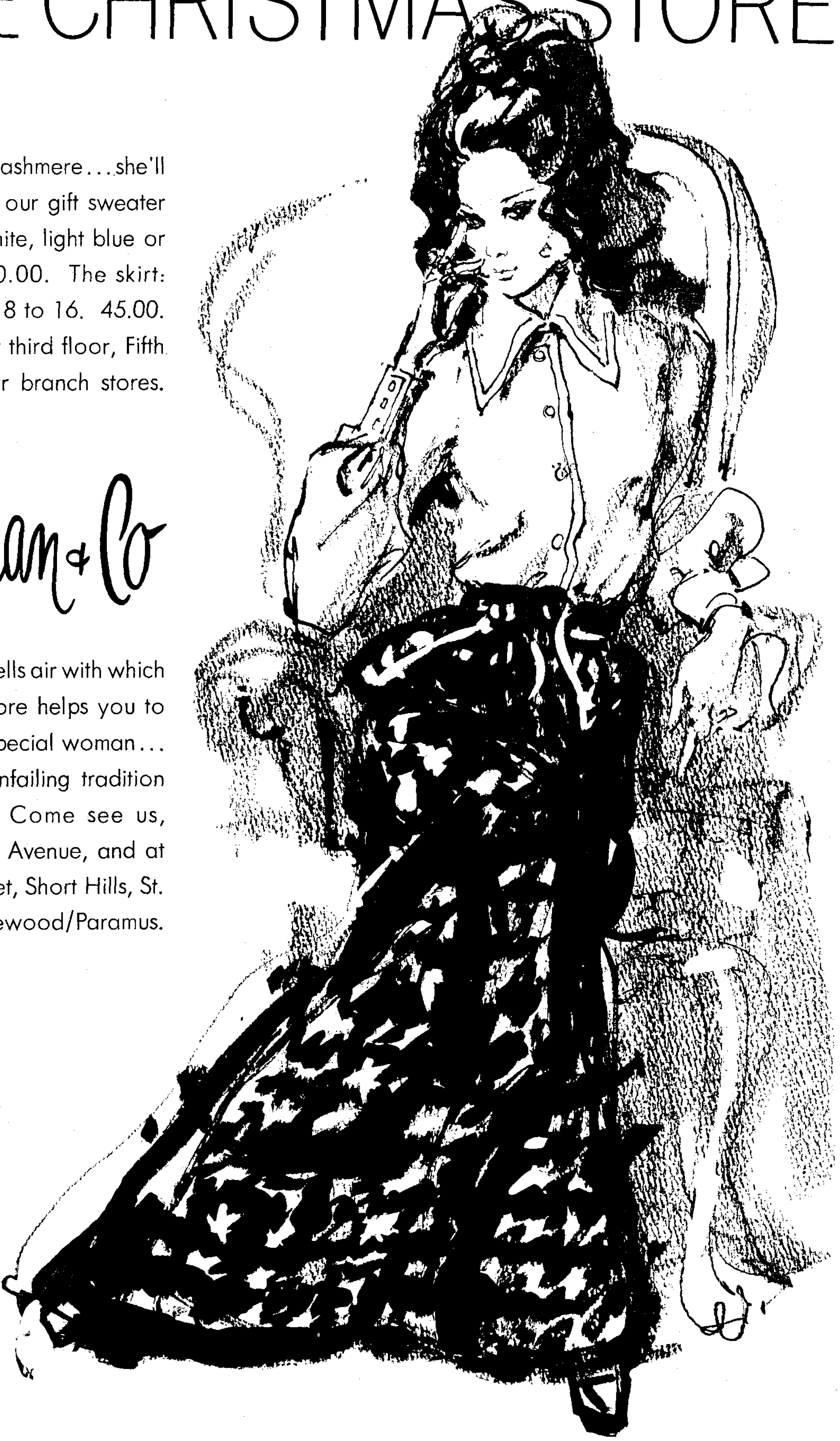
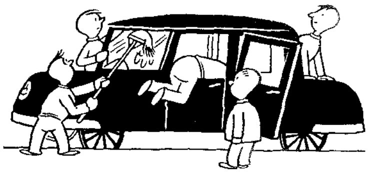


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

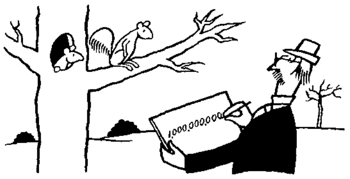
Notes and Comment

ONE morning not long ago, we were visited by a fugitive canary, who lit on our fire escape, uttered a desolate peep, and fluttered off into the privet; conspicuous as a yellow leaf against the back-yard dun and olive, he seemed already to be wondering what he was in for, cursing whatever impulse had landed him among alien sparrows in a smutty city on a gray autumn day. When we stepped out onto the sidewalk, a breeze lifted rubbish around our shoes and around the wheels of a rusted blue sedan that had been parked in the same spot for a week. An optimist had Scotch-Taped a notice to its cracked right front window: "PLEASE MOVE YOUR CAR. THE SANITATION DEPT. CANNOT CLEAN THE STREET." Scavengers working at night had whisked away tires, license plates, and odd bits of chromium, and one door sagged toward the sidewalk. Four or five young children played around the hulk. Their activity had an exhausted, mechanical quality; they had been out of school for most of ten weeks. One of them was swabbing the windshield with something yellow and viscous on an old mop. As we walked toward the subway, we passed a man with a sandwich board that proclaimed, "I DECIDE USE H-BOMB AGAINST USA. YOUR LEADERS BETRAY YOU BY INJURING ME." Still with injury and betrayal, he strode along, eyes fastened on the sky, never looking to see whether anybody was reading his sign. In the subway station we awaited our train, which came in late and did not move away from the platform for some time. "You are being held up to fill the gap," said the loudspeaker. One of our fellow-passengers was a large, red-faced woman wearing several sweaters and dresses and toting a lot of her possessions in a shopping bag bearing the legend "Don't Buy Judy Bond Blouses." Like the man with the sandwich board, she looked angry and estranged, and she muttered to herself as we rode to midtown. After we left the subway, we tallied three more people talking to themselves.

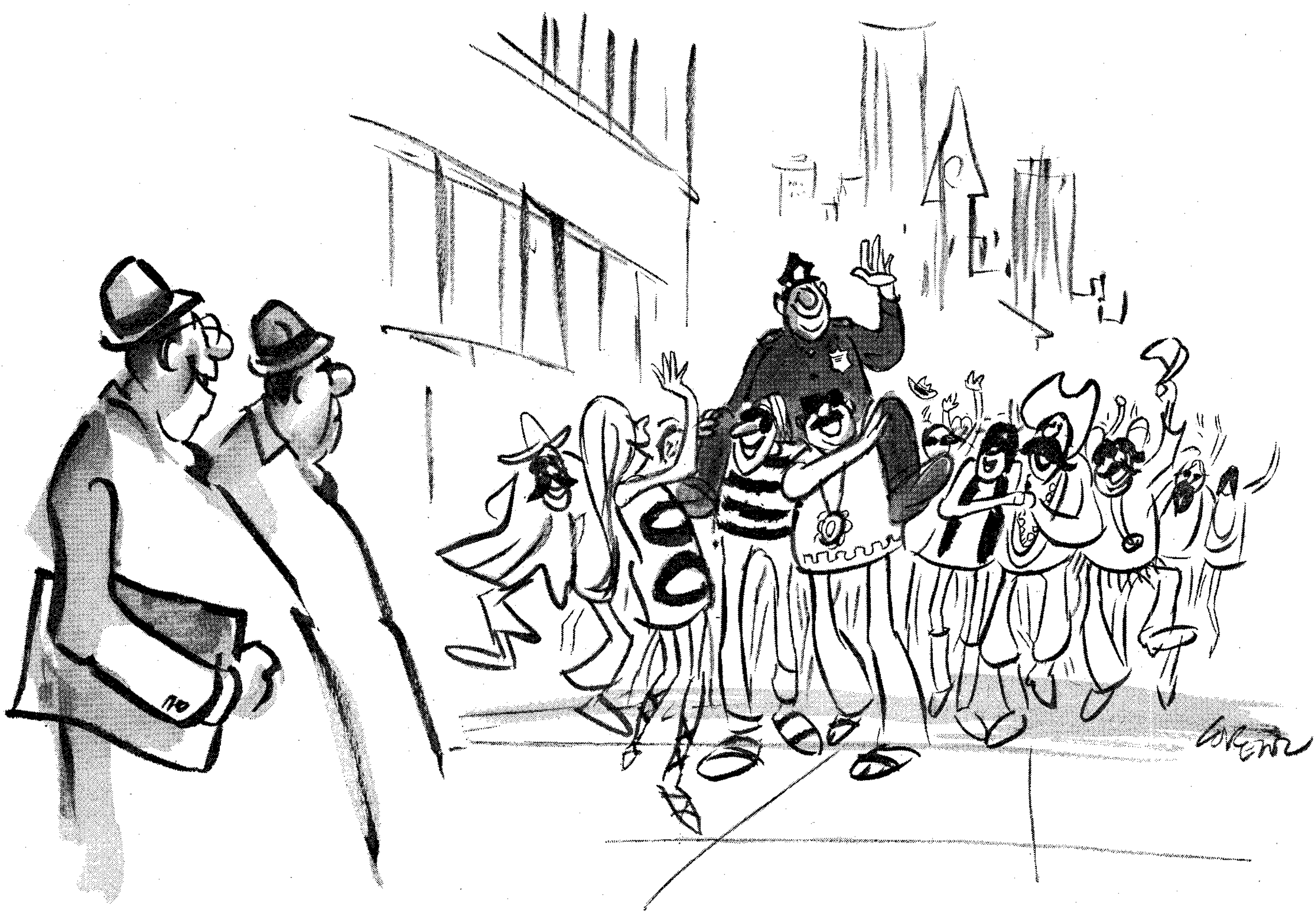


Squirrels and the Winter

IN recent weeks, squirrels in the Eastern part of the country have been moving about a good deal more than usual; thousands of them have been seen travelling through fields or across highways, and some people have concluded that there is a great squirrel migration created by a lack of food. The truth seems to be that the lack of food, at the moment, is only potential, and that squirrel migrations are part of the normal scheme of things. This fall's mass movements have been primarily the result of two climatically contrasting years—a beneficent 1967, which allowed the squirrel birthrate to go up, and a baneful 1968, in which a spring freeze killed many of the buds and blossoms that would ordinarily have produced the nuts and fruits that squirrels like to eat. So far, it appears, squirrels are not suffering from hunger much, but the future looks grim, for at this time of year a squirrel's main occupation should be burying acorns for the winter. Since there are few acorns, the squirrels keep moving in an instinctive search for them, meanwhile feeding off various fruits and vegetables (and antagonizing the farmers who grow them). We spoke with an official of the New York State Department of Conservation the other day and learned that some of the squirrels in this region are making out quite well by eating field corn. The trouble with field corn is that soon it will all have been harvested, and winter will have begun. Moreover, squirrels, whatever their admirable qualities, are not very intelligent. Though they are physically incapable of hauling ears of corn for long distances, they could conceivably store up large quantities of corn, kernel by kernel, just as they habitually store up nuts, by burying them or by hiding them in hollow trees; the sad fact is that they never seem to think of it.



Four species of squirrels are common in the East, but the only one that is seen much around New York City is the Eastern gray squirrel, *Sciurus carolinensis.* (The other species are the Eastern red squirrel, the fox squirrel, and the flying squirrel.) Around 1900, the naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton estimated that there were a billion squirrels in the Eastern United States, but their numbers have certainly declined—no one knows by how much. In any event, there must be several thousand gray squirrels in the city, and most of them, naturally, live in the parks. We wondered how our local squirrels might be faring, compared with their forest-dwelling relatives, so we went up to Central Park late the other afternoon to take a look at some of them. When we got there, at about four-thirty, it was dusk, and a thickening haze hung over the trees. The first squirrel we saw was perched on a rock near the Pond. It was about twenty inches long and fairly fat, and it had a sleek coat of brownish gray. As we approached, it ran down a slope to another rock and stood there as if



"Perhaps I'm grasping at straws, but I find that a reassuring sight."

• •

frozen. Farther on, near a large tree, we encountered a whole colony of squirrels; they were moving around on the grass—running in sudden spurts and frequently halting, either to stare ahead or to paw through the leaves covering the ground. We continued toward the western side of the Park and came across several other healthy-looking squirrels on the way. Not far from the Sixty-second Street entrance, a man was sitting on a grassy slope with a shopping bag at his side. He was about forty, and dark-haired, and was wearing a tan trenchcoat, and from time to time he reached into the bag and brought out a few shell-roasted peanuts. A dozen squirrels were nearby, and several of them were making repeated trips to take peanuts from the man's hand. Then they would run a short distance away, and break open the nuts and chew them with fast-working jaws.

As we arrived, the man stood up and dusted off his trenchcoat, and we asked him how the Central Park squirrels looked to him. "Are you kidding?" he said. "These squirrels are spoiled. I've been coming up here for the last two months, and this bunch live right here—this is their territory, around that big oak tree there. I suppose they've been saying, 'We've got us a real sucker this time.' You see, I have a night job, and I like to spend a little time here before I go to work. I know several of the squirrels. Some of them, especially the older ones, will eat out of my hand. There's one who has a scratch across his nose. He'll run up and down my back. He's teaching some of the other ones how to do that now. There's a bobtailed one who's pretty friendly, too. I give the squirrels peanuts, and they eat some and bury the rest, eat and bury. Of course, they can't remember where they bury any of the nuts. It's just an instinctive thing, and they come across them later on either by smell or purely by chance. These squirrels are in good shape, though. I've read that there's a shortage of food in the Carolinas and Georgia, and that some of the squirrels down there have had to cop out. But not these. See that one over there? That's the bobtailed one."

A large squirrel ran toward the man and stopped. Its tail was almost bisected at one point, appearing to have been bitten at some time by a bigger animal. The squirrel sat looking off obliquely, and the man said, "This crowd is pretty tame, but not all the squirrels in the Park are. The thing is they don't know whether you're going to feed them or throw things at them. There are a lot of kids who pester them around here. I was up here the other day, and a bunch of kids were throwing rocks at them. I said, 'O.K., you kids, if you throw one more rock at those squirrels, I'm going to throw rocks at *you*.' I meant it. I picked up two rocks, see, one in each hand. Well, they said, 'You're too much, man,' and I said, 'Sure I'm too much, but the squirrels are small.' They went away."

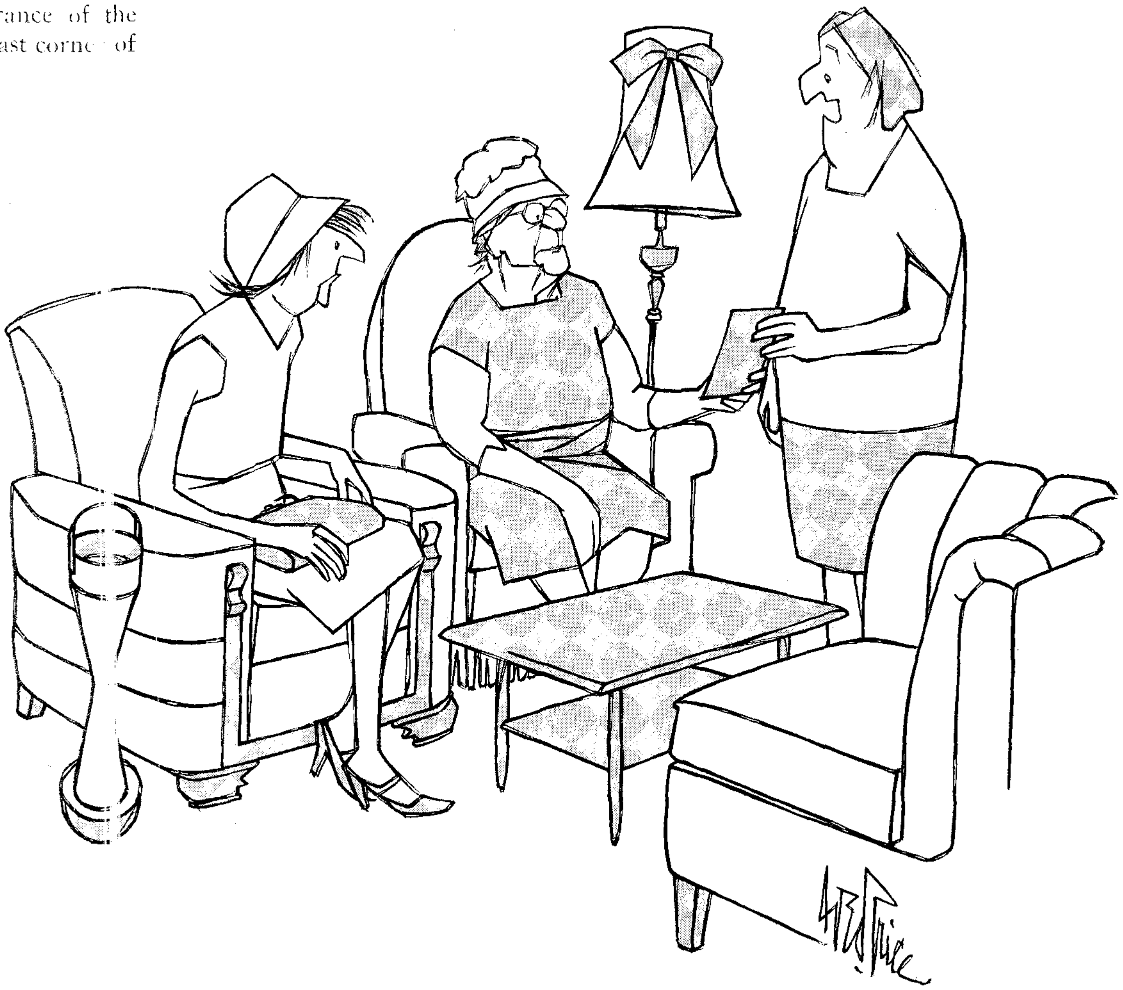
The bobtailed squirrel had run off and returned, and was sitting near the man again. The man folded his shopping bag and said to the squirrel, "I'm all out of peanuts, buddy." He turned to us and said, "These squirrels don't need me anyway—they're the best-fed squirrels in the country. But it's a good way to spend half an hour." He started walking toward Central Park West, and the bobtailed squirrel turned and loped toward a leaf-strewn patch of earth and began to dig.

Nixon's Walk

WE want to make one thing perfectly clear. President-elect Richard Nixon walks to his pre-White House office, in the Hotel Pierre, from his home, at 810 Fifth Avenue, every time he goes to his office from his home. The walk, by our measurement, comes to two hundred and forty-eight steps—more or less, that is, allowing for a few side steps every once in a while to make way for some nursemaid pushing a baby carriage or some boy or girl or other person walking a dog. Now, to be specific, the two hundred and forty-eight steps include twenty-one steps going west from Mr. Nixon's residence—No. 810—which happens to be on the north side of Sixty-second Street, and the twenty-one steps bring Mr. Nixon to the northeast corner of Sixty-second and Fifth. To be specific again—and we'll get to his destination in just a minute—Mr. Nixon takes exactly one hundred and sixty-nine steps going south to the Fifth Avenue entrance of the Hotel Pierre, at the southeast corner of Sixty-first Street and Fifth Avenue. Now, this is what we mean: Mr. Nixon's walk is composed of two hundred and forty-eight separate and distinct steps, and the steps are not too long—roughly about fifteen, maybe sixteen, inches. What happens is that these steps take him to the Hotel Pierre, where he goes into the lobby and into an elevator and up to his office, and that's that. He's arrived. He's in his office.

Now, here's a description of what Mr. Nixon sees in the course of managing to take these two hundred and forty-eight steps to his pre-White House headquarters. First of all, we have to say that Mr. Nixon may give the appearance of walking briskly, but steps measuring fifteen or sixteen inches each step means—and we want to be perfectly clear about this—steps measuring fifteen or sixteen inches means that he is not stepping too quickly. He is certainly stepping cautiously, and all the time he is stepping he is moving his legs. He also happens to be moving his arms, but we'll get to that in just a couple of minutes. All the time he is stepping, he is looking, observing, staring, gazing, and, we might add, he is seeing what there is to be seen on the whole block—block and a fifth, that is—from his home to his office. Now, bear with us while we take just a minute to explain something that's really quite important if we're going to give you the best possible description of Mr. Nixon's walk to his pre-White House office. If Mr. Nixon looks *north* when he reaches the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-second Street—but *only* if he looks north—he sees No. 815 Fifth Avenue, and on the ground floor of that building there is an office shared by three dentists. If Mr. Nixon looks, he sees the names of the dentists posted in the window of the ground-floor office shared by these three dentists. Their names are G. W. Hindels, D.D.S.; L. Marder, D.D.S.; and M. R. Schoenberg, D.D.S. The reason Mr. Nixon can see these names is that the names are printed in large black letters on the sign in the ground-floor window of the dentists' office. But the fact is that Mr. Nixon usually doesn't bother to take the time to look north, because usually he's thinking about getting to his office, and since the office is south, he's doing his best to go south, because that is what he wants to do.

Let us point one thing out, however: Mr. Nixon *does* look a little bit to the west, even though his gaze is generally directed south. And if Mr. Nixon looks a little bit to the west, he's going to see a number of things in Central Park, not including, we want to make clear, the Children's Zoo, which is three blocks to the northwest. Mr. Nixon happens to see the stone wall bordering the Park, with benches stationed alongside the wall and some dirty newspapers that Mayor Lindsay's Parks Department attendants neglected to pick up, and he also happens to see the tops of some elm and maple trees. If he takes a deep breath—and if the wind is blowing from the northwest—Mr. Nixon will get the odor of some of those baby



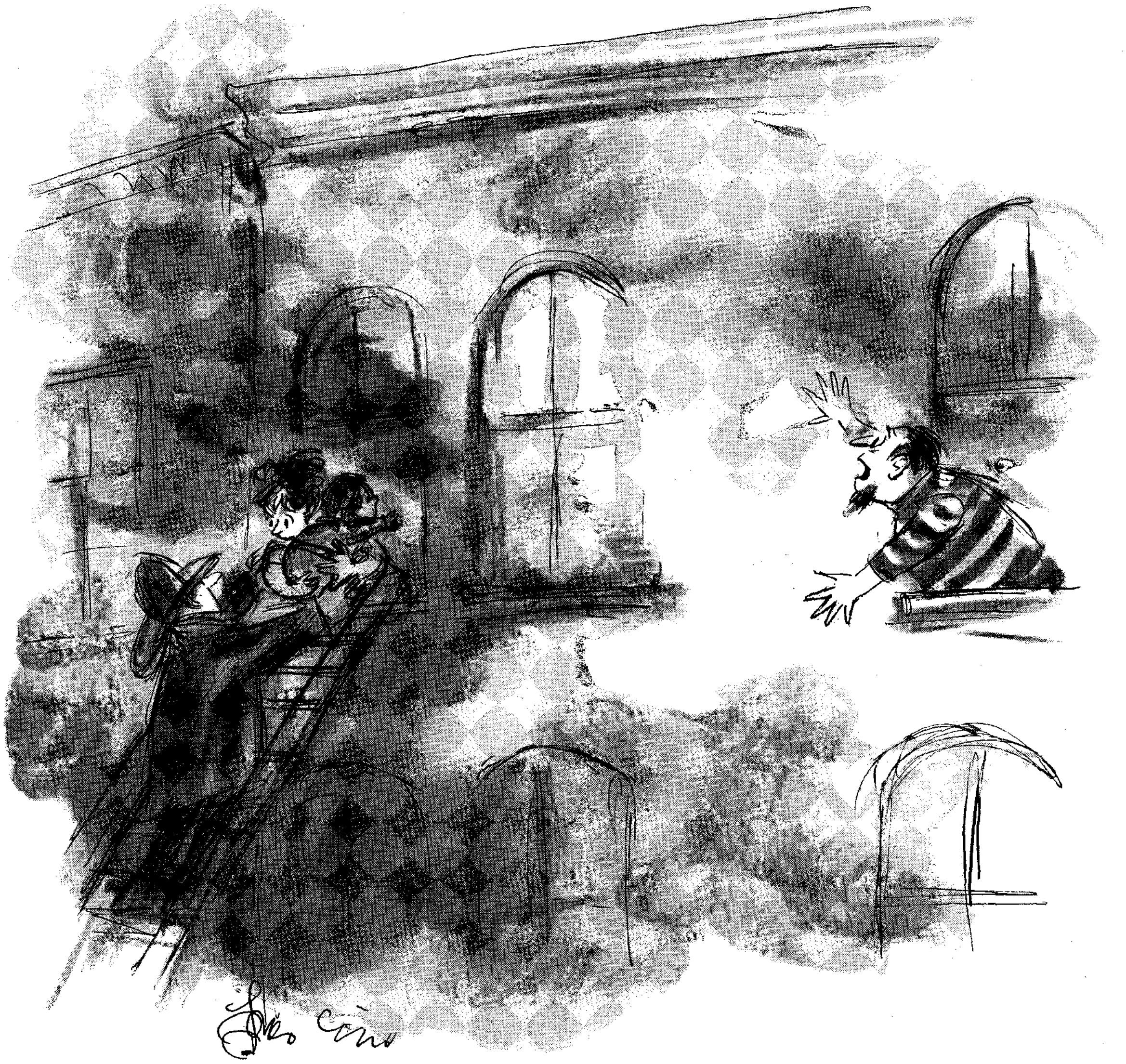
"The last time I saw him, he was heading across the lawn on his seven-horsepower, thirty-two-inch, heavy-duty Craftsman rotary mower."

goats and mama goats and baby pigs and mama pigs that live in the Children's Zoo, on that pretty valuable real estate northwest of 810 Fifth Avenue. If the wind happens to be of gale force, of course, it's pretty clear that Mr. Nixon is going to get a pretty darn strong odor of a lot of baby ducks and mama ducks along with the odor of the baby goats and mama goats and baby pigs and mama pigs.

Keeping his eyes straight ahead as he takes those steps south, Mr. Nixon sees the big sign on the R.C.A. Building that consists of electric lights, very much like the electric-light sign that said "NIXON" during the Presidential-election campaign. The R.C.A. Building sign says "R C A," but we want to explain that this "R C A" sign is clearly visible in the daytime, too. Because Mr. Nixon can, so to speak, see out of the corners of his eyes, he can spot the entrance to the B.-M.T. subway on the west side of Fifth Avenue between Sixty-first and Sixtieth. To make it quite clear, that is the entrance to the Broadway B.-M.T. over to Queens and downtown to Whitehall Street and Brooklyn. It's a pretty fine ride on the B.-M.T. if you don't get shoved into a train during the rush hour, but obviously Mr. Nixon isn't going to be able to take a subway ride to Brooklyn or to Queens during the next forty-four days, and he's certainly not going to be able (ha-ha!) to take one of those rides, much as he'd like to, after January 20th.

Between the Broadway B.-M.T. subway entrance and the side of Fifth Avenue that Mr. Nixon is walking on, there are, of course, a good number of buses, with people riding in them. The buses pretty well obscure the subway entrance from time to time, but Mr. Nixon sees it anyway—at the same time, we might add, not missing many of those advertisements plastered on the sides of the buses. On some of the buses, the "Hello, Dolly!" advertisement is plastered right alongside the "Shouldn't your brand be True?" advertisement. We'd like to point out that the latter advertisement is for True cigarettes and is quite an interesting and clever advertising slogan. But that's getting just a little bit ahead of our story. The first big and quite important sight that Mr. Nixon sees when he emerges from his residence is the Knickerbocker Club, at 2 East Sixty-second Street. Now, the Knickerbocker Club is a large, rectangular building only three stories high, with a nice private garden all walled in by a high brick wall. The Knickerbocker Club happens to be a gentlemen's social club that was founded on October 31, 1871, which means that Mr. Nixon will be nearing the end of the third year of his Presidential term when the Knickerbocker Club will be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its founding.

Mr. Nixon doesn't take more than twenty-one of his two hundred and forty-eight steps before he sees five potted small fir trees set into large concrete pots. There are nice ivy plants flowing down the sides of the concrete pots, which happen to be set along the front of 812 Fifth Avenue. There are good light poles in front and along the side of his residence as well. On the light poles are signs that Mr. Nixon can read on the way to his office. They read, "Tow Away Zone," and "No Commercial Traffic," and "No Parking Anytime Except Authorized Vehicles," and "No Parking 8 A.M.–6 P.M.—Dept. of Traffic—Official State Vehicles Only." Mr. Nixon can study these signs, or he can notice, and really see, the cars of all the Secret Service people who keep their cars parked on Fifth Avenue—both sides of Fifth Avenue, that is—between Sixty-second and Sixty-first Streets. They just don't pay any attention to those signs. It's high time for all of us to be aware of the fact that the Secret Service cars have signs in their front windows



"Over here! Quick! I'm a creative person!"

reading, "Official U. S. Secret Service," and they often have little stickers of American flags pasted in the corners of their car windows, both front and rear. Some of their license plates—New York license plates, that is—are Y 2 7567, XD 7455, and Y 2 7612. Other cars bearing government license plates have license plates like G 114 3635 and G 114 3628. There are dozens of cops, members of the New York City Police, stationed along the way from Mr. Nixon's home to his office, and that means that they're stationed there whether Mr. Nixon is here, there, or in Florida, and they have a lot of wooden barriers handy, on which Mr. Nixon can read the inscription "Police Lines Do Not Cross—Police Dept."

Along about—well, we'd guess the hundred-and-forty-fifth step of Mr. Nixon's steps, give or take a step or two, Mr. Nixon passes a light pole on the southeast corner of Sixty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and it's a light pole that is obviously broken and in need of repair. But we'll get to that in just a minute. First, it's essential to note that there's not another building on Fifth Avenue between the Knickerbocker Club and the M. Hartley Dodge mansion on the northeast corner of Fifth and Sixty-first Street. And that happens to be a good thing, not a bad thing, because there's a high-value piece of property on which *nothing* stands. It happens to belong to the Dodge estate, which refuses to sell it, but we say it's a good thing and not a bad thing because for once, for one time, on this one block, there's a nice piece of private property that's just clearly and simply private. But as soon as you've crossed Sixty-first Street to the southeast corner, there's this light pole, with the bottom part broken, and inside Mr. Nixon can see a mess of wires and junk like that. There's the usual wire trashcan, which happens to be just about midway between the light pole and a mailbox. The trashcan has a copy of the *Times* in it. The mailbox is painted, but not freshly painted, in red, white, and blue, and Mr. Nixon can see that somebody has got to start thinking about the problem of getting some fresh paint, not only for that mailbox but for thousands and hundreds of thousands of mailboxes all over the country. They need painting. Mr. Nixon makes his study of the mailbox on his—well, about his, we'd say, hundred-and-fiftieth step. He probably notes the message, too: "U. S. Mail. Use Zip Code Numbers. Mail Early in the Day." It's quite clear that Mr. Nixon goes along with Mr. Johnson in probably not wanting to make any changes in the message on those boxes—at least, not for the time being—and certainly he doesn't want to make any move that would get in the way of or disrupt the Christmas-rush mail.

Now, bear with us while we get Mr. Nixon past the entrance to the Pierre Café, which happens to come just before he reaches the entrance to the Hotel Pierre. As he steps by the Pierre Café, if he just looks a tiny bit to his left, just a *tiny* bit, out of the corners of his eyes, on that left side, he sees a sign posted near the checkroom at the entrance to the Café, and that sign reads as follows: "Occupancy by More Than 125 Persons Is Dangerous & Unlawful." If he sees that sign, he probably thinks about it. Next, Mr. Nixon takes about twenty steps past five potted trees on the Pierre's side of the sidewalk and two potted trees on the curb side that are substantially the same as the potted trees near Mr. Nixon's residence.

The steps are running out now, and Mr. Nixon goes inside the Pierre, where, we should point out, it takes him another fifty-eight steps to get along that Hotel Commodore-like arcade on the way to the elevator that will take him up to his pre-White House office. He happens to step along on carpets that are cream-colored and decorated with pink roses, and there's a friendly glow from the Pierre's indirect lighting coming down on Mr. Nixon and everybody. If Mr. Nixon reads very fast, he can take in the fact that the Pierre Café, according to a sign on the left side of the arcade, is "New York's intimate rendezvous for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, supper, and dancing, featuring Stanley Worth and his orchestra, with songstylist Susan Brady and pianist-singer Ellen Harwicke Wednesdays–Sundays—Phil Wayne and his orchestra Mondays & Tuesdays—Continuous Entertainment nightly from 5 P.M." It's sort of interesting to realize that Mr. Nixon passes arcade window displays for the Carole Stupell Salon Table Settings—showing gold-rimmed water glasses and a plate with a reproduction of a Grandma Moses painting of a winter farm scene on it—as well as displays of Fabergé and Max Factor perfumes and Dior lipstick.

When Mr. Nixon goes home from his office, of course—and we'd like to especially emphasize this last point—he sees pretty much the same things he saw on his way from his home to his office.

COME, COSTLY FIDO, FOR I AM SICK WITH LOVE

SOME five years ago, the New York *Times* published an article on the drama that ensues in auction rooms, larded with an anecdote whose significance, I confess, I was too obtuse to grasp at the time. Mr. Louis J. Marion, of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, was recalling an auction thirty-five years earlier "when bidding for copper pots and pans electrified an audience." William Randolph Hearst and Francis P. Garvin, it appeared, were vying through representatives for kitchenware valued at two hundred dollars. "The bidding climbed relentlessly and shockingly, he said, to $3,500, because the respective agents had been ordered to buy 'at any price.' At that point, Hiram H. Parke, the auctioneer, stopped the sale and retired to his office with the agents in tow. After reprimanding them for their foolish stubbornness, he decided that the lot should revert to the estate so that neither could have it."

This frosty rejection of the clients' money, and the wigging administered by the auctioneer, seemed to me capricious, if not downright inexplicable, but three years later I ran up against another example of scorn for mere lucre—an advertisement for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in these pages. Headed "The Check We Didn't Take," it read thus: "He wasn't used to dealing with brokers—that was obvious—but there he was, sitting in a Merrill Lynch office talking with one of our Account Executives. All he wanted was to buy $7,000 worth of a certain stock, and he laid a check for that amount on the desk. Simple request. Easy sale. But the Account Executive asked him a few questions first about himself, his financial circumstances, his reasons for buying that particular stock. It didn't take long to find out that the man really knew little or nothing about stocks, bonds, or investing. And that's when the Merrill Lynch Account Executive politely refused to accept the check."

Here was a switch indeed—a customer of unimpeachable solvency being kissed off because he had failed to prove his competence as a shareholder. True, the suppliant wasn't castigated for his presumption, like the bidders at Parke-Bernet, but you didn't have to be an entomologist or an otologist to know that he slunk out with a flea in his ear. The whole relationship between buyer and seller, I began to surmise, was undergoing an upheaval—a suspicion confirmed not long ago by an advertisement in the pet section of the *Times*. Its tone was succinct and uncompromising: "Super Special for Dog Purchaser with the perfect background of love and knowledge of dogs who passes our approval. We have on display the son of ———, 8 months old, 2½ pounds. Price $1,500. (Money alone will not qualify the purchaser.)"

Whereas the two previous items had only occasioned perplexity, I felt a surge of resentment at this newest bit of *chutzpah*. The dealer wasn't advertising a pet; he was hurling a defi at animal-lovers in general, taunting them to shape up to his standards and clearly implying they hadn't a Chinaman's chance. The longer I thought about it, the more it struck me as a personal challenge. Frankly, I couldn't think of anything I needed less than a poodle weighing two and a half pounds, but that was irrelevant. What *was* imperative was to demonstrate that no power on earth could prevent me from owning the creature, and I resolved to prove it, come hell or high water, if it took my last penny.

Mr. Lupus, the official to whose desk I was directed in the loan department of my bank, had twin gimlets in lieu of eyes, and they bored into me as I wrote out my application. Thinking to ingratiate myself while he was scrutinizing it, I essayed a guess about his antecedents.

"Very unusual name that—Lupus," I said. "It means 'wolf,' doesn't it?"

His nod was superfluous, for as he moistened his lips to speak I caught a glint of yellow fangs. "What's the purpose of this loan?" he asked. "Home improvement? New automobile?"

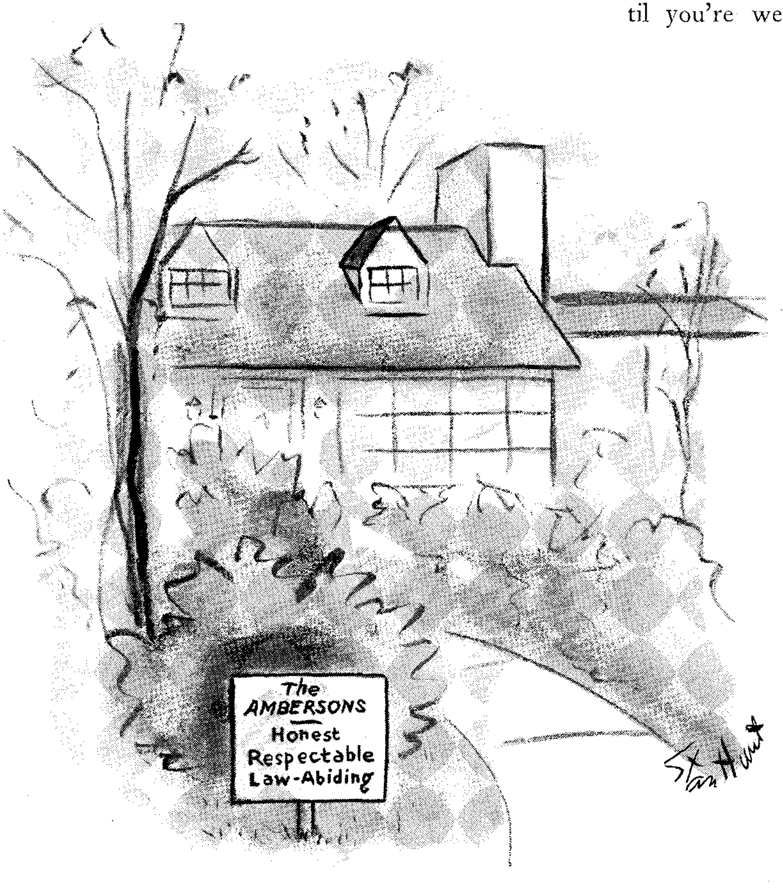
"Why—er—not exactly," I said. "I'm figuring on buying a dog. That is, I'm not buying him, but I don't want anyone to think, or not think, that I can't *not* buy the dog, or conversely buy him, if I want to, or don't want to, as the case may be."

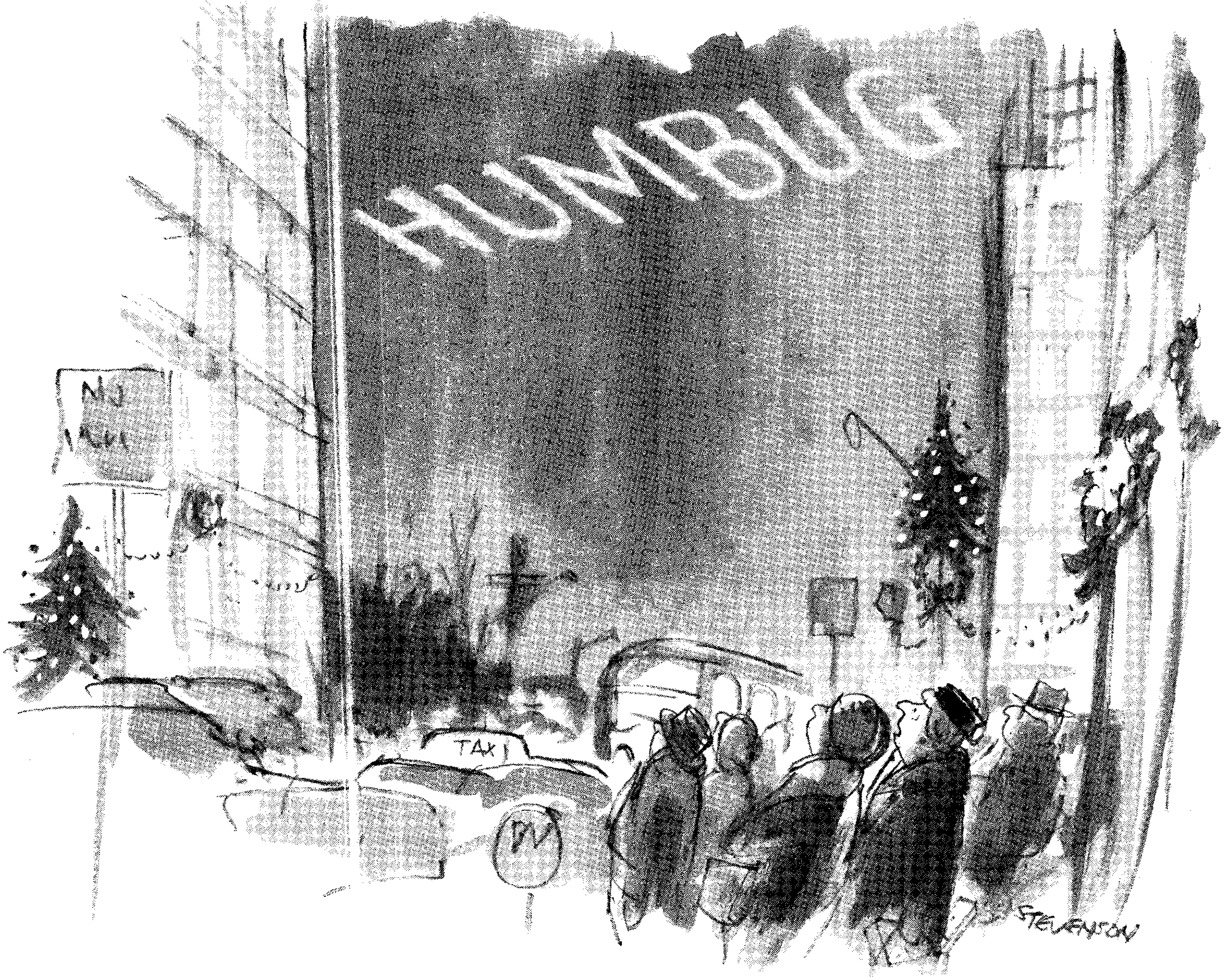
Mr. Lupus extended his hand and shook mine warmly. "Sir," he said, "I'd like you to know how unusual it is meeting a man who can express himself in a forthright, unequivocal fashion. You sit here day after day listening to people bumbling on until you're well-nigh frantic, wondering what in tarnation they're driving at—and then in comes a chap like yourself, who in a few crisp words clarifies his needs so even a child can understand."

"Thank you," I said. "I think you're pretty special, too, Mr. Lupus. Now, where do I go to pick up the bread?"

"To the moon," he snapped. "Do you suppose that's how a bank stays in business, loaning money to moochers to not buy dogs? Get out of here before we hit you with a vagrancy rap."

To encounter a setback at the very outset was a bit daunting, but I wasn't going to let it throw me. When





"There's a lot of ugliness in this world, Martha."

• •

the time came to pony up the fifteen hundred dollars for the animal, I told myself, I'd manage somehow—hadn't the advertisement specifically stated that the money was secondary? Still it was essential to create an impression of affluence; from the moment I walked into his premises, the shopkeeper must recognize me as a man of substance, one capable of indulging my passing whim. I accordingly repaired to a theatrical costumer in the Times Square district and bade him supply me with a cutaway coat and pencil-striped pants, an ascot tie, a silk hat, and a pair of red socks. Garbed in the classic raiment of Jiggs, the lovable Croesus of "Bringing Up Father," and with a cigar stub clenched between my teeth, I was satisfied I projected an image that would impress even the most highfalutin tradesman. The vehicle I engaged for the trip to the dog boutique, a cream-colored Rolls phaeton, was not ideal for the purpose; there was about it a hint of *nouveau riche*, accented by the chauffeur's gold livery, that could be construed as vulgar opulence. However, since we were not going to drive into the store itself, I finally decided it was inconsequential. Le Chien Chic was a small, elegant establishment in the East Sixties whose doorman viewed our equipage with icy indifference as we drew up at the curb. The sight of my red socks did ruffle his composure a whit, for few of the clientele, I judged, ever called in their stocking feet, but he made no effort to bar my progress. The interior of the shop was a carpeted salon tastefully decorated in Louis XV style, altogether devoid of the wire cages, leashes, and canine playthings usual in such places. A young lady in a surgical smock, seated at a desk near the entrance, languidly surveyed me up and down and inquired what I wanted.

"The fifteen-hundred-dollar pooch you people advertised," I began, handing her my card. "Who do I see—"

"Please," she said, with a pained grimace. "We never use terms like that here. All our animals are individuals, each with his own clearly defined qualities and characteristics, and to permit any of them to be so labelled would be a cheap and gratuitous insult."

"My dear young woman, I don't propose to argue semantics with you," I said impatiently. "I'll have you know I left a very important board meeting to come here, involving the consolidation of several TV networks, an airline, and numerous chain stores. Furthermore, should you need added proof of my fiscal stability, I have in my breast pocket here a list of the securities in my portfolio, totalling upward of twenty-seven million dollars."

"I doubt if that makes a particle of difference," she said haughtily. "You'll still have to take your place with the other applicants back there." Only then did I notice the ribbon of folk queued up at the rear, who, judging from their patrician scowls, were not the sort accustomed to be kept waiting. "Just get in line, Mr. Gotrox, and your credentials will be processed in due course."

Lacking any alternative, I complied, and discreetly took stock of my fellow-candidates. They were clearly upper-drawer—a dowager with a swelling port like a ship's figurehead, a horsy young matron in a shift lettered "Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Conn.," an effete fashion plate with lace cascading down his bosom, and a scarlet-faced old plutocrat, redolent of brandy and fine cigars, restlessly swishing a hunting crop. Forbidding though he seemed, I thought he might enlighten me about the likelihood of qualifying for the poodle. He was far from optimistic.

"Better not raise any false hopes," he warned. "This is the third time I've tried to buy a dog from these chaps, and I haven't a clue yet whether I'll make the grade. They're sticklers—absolute perfectionists—and, take it from me, you can't bulldoze them."

"We'll see about that," I said grimly. "I'm a pretty influential cuss in my neck of the woods, Mister. The name Irving Gotrox opens a lot of doors east of the Mississippi."

He smiled pityingly. "Look, friend, get this through your skull," he said. "You could paper these walls with greenbacks for all they care—money only antagonizes them. Why, I've brought in diamonds of the finest water, twice the size of the Koh-i-noor; airplane views of my estates in Tuxedo Park, Upperville, Puerto Vallarta, and Kenya; notarized transparencies of my yacht proving it to be fifteen feet longer than J. P. Morgan's Corsair—and they still won't consider me. I haven't given up hope, though," he went on, lowering his voice to a whisper. "I'm trying a whole new approach today."

"What's that?"

"Self-development," he said. "I've been taking a course in the great philosophers at the New School for Social Research. It's given me a breadth of vision I never had before."

"Do you think it'll raise your status with these people as a dog owner?" I asked, endeavoring to contain my skepticism.

"Search me," he said helplessly, "but I've got to do *something*. I can't go on this way, a scarlet-faced old plutocrat, redolent of brandy and fine cigars."

The line of aspirants had meanwhile dwindled, and those who had preceded us were emerging chopfallen, failure writ large on their countenances. I bade the old party take heart when it came his turn, but the verdict was all too evident as he reappeared, his shoulders bowed in defeat.

"It's no use—they won't have me," he said brokenly. "And I can't say I blame them. What does a two-and-a-half-pound puppy know or care about Spinoza, Locke, and Schopenhauer? He wants to be cuddled, caressed, fussed over—not smothered in pelf. Ah, well, no sense blubbering; go ahead in, sir, and the best of luck to you. You deserve it—you've a heart as big as all outdoors."

The two individuals confronting me in the cubicle I entered were not the type to bolster one's self-confidence. The unwavering, flinty eyes under their razor-cut manes had an intensity, a pitiless zeal that reminded me of Savonarola. To attempt to overwhelm fanatics such as these with cash, instinct told me, would be folly; I must match wits with them. I held up my hand before either could speak.

"Let's set the record straight at once, fellows," I began. "More than likely, from these clothes I'm wearing you've already categorized me as an uncouth parvenu of illimitable wealth. Well, nothing could be further from the truth—I'm as poor as a church mouse."

"What's that you say?" one of the partners inquired, frowning. "You mean you don't even have the requisite fee to purchase our animal?"

"Not a farthing," I said firmly. "But if it's character, and wisdom, and—yes—nobility you ask of his purchaser, then yours truly has them

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HOUSE GUEST

The sad seamstress
who stays with us this month
is small and thin and bitter.
No one can cheer her up.
Give her a dress, a drink,
roast chicken, or fried fish—
it's all the same to her.

She sits and watches TV.
No, she watches zigzags.
"Can you adjust the TV?"
"No," she says. No hope.
She watches on and on,
without hope, without air.

Her own clothes give us pause,
but she's not a poor orphan.
She has a father, a mother,
and all that, and she's earning
quite well, and we're stuffing
her with fattening foods.

We invite her to use the binoculars.
We say, "Come see the jets!"
We say, "Come see the baby!"
Or the knife grinder who cleverly
plays the National Anthem
on his wheel so shrilly.
Nothing helps.

She speaks: "I need a little
money to buy buttons."
She seems to think it's useless
to ask. Heavens, buy buttons,
if they'll do any good,
the biggest in the world—
by the dozen, by the gross!
Buy yourself an ice cream,
a comic book, a car!

Her face is closed as a nut,
closed as a careful snail
or a thousand-year-old seed.
Does she dream of marriage?
Of getting rich? Her sewing
is decidedly mediocre.

Please! Take our money! Smile!
What on earth have we done?
What has everyone done
and when did it all begin?
Then one day she confides
that she wanted to be a nun
and her family opposed her.

Perhaps we should let her go,
or deliver her straight off
to the nearest convent—and wasn't
her month up last week, anyway?

Can it be that we nourish
one of the Fates in our bosoms?
Clotho, sewing our lives
with a bony little foot
on a borrowed sewing machine,
and our fates will be like hers,
and our hems crooked forever?

—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

aplenty. I'm a wonderful human being, gentlemen—the sort you don't often meet nowadays. All kinds of creatures, great and small, take an instant shine to me—it's a blend of sweet and sour in my makeup they can't quite put their finger on. Withal, I'm as smart as paint, as neat as a pin, and as sharp as a tack, though I can be as dull as a hoe if occasion demands."

"Hmm, this is refreshing," the other partner commented. "He seems to possess a grace, a benevolence all the previous applicants have lacked."

"A saintly quality, almost," his colleague agreed. "I get the feeling of terrific magnanimity. Am I mistaken?"

"On the contrary," I replied. "It's my outstanding trait, and I can promise you it'll be expended without stint on that beast of yours if he becomes mine. Yes, sir, little Toto—little Froufrou—what the devil *is* his name?" It was Toodles, they signified. "Right," I said. "Well, from here in, he's never going to want for a thing, believe me. He'll sleep on snowiest damask, he'll dine off caviar on silver plates, he'll be petted and cosseted within an inch of his life. O.K., friends, what's your decision?"

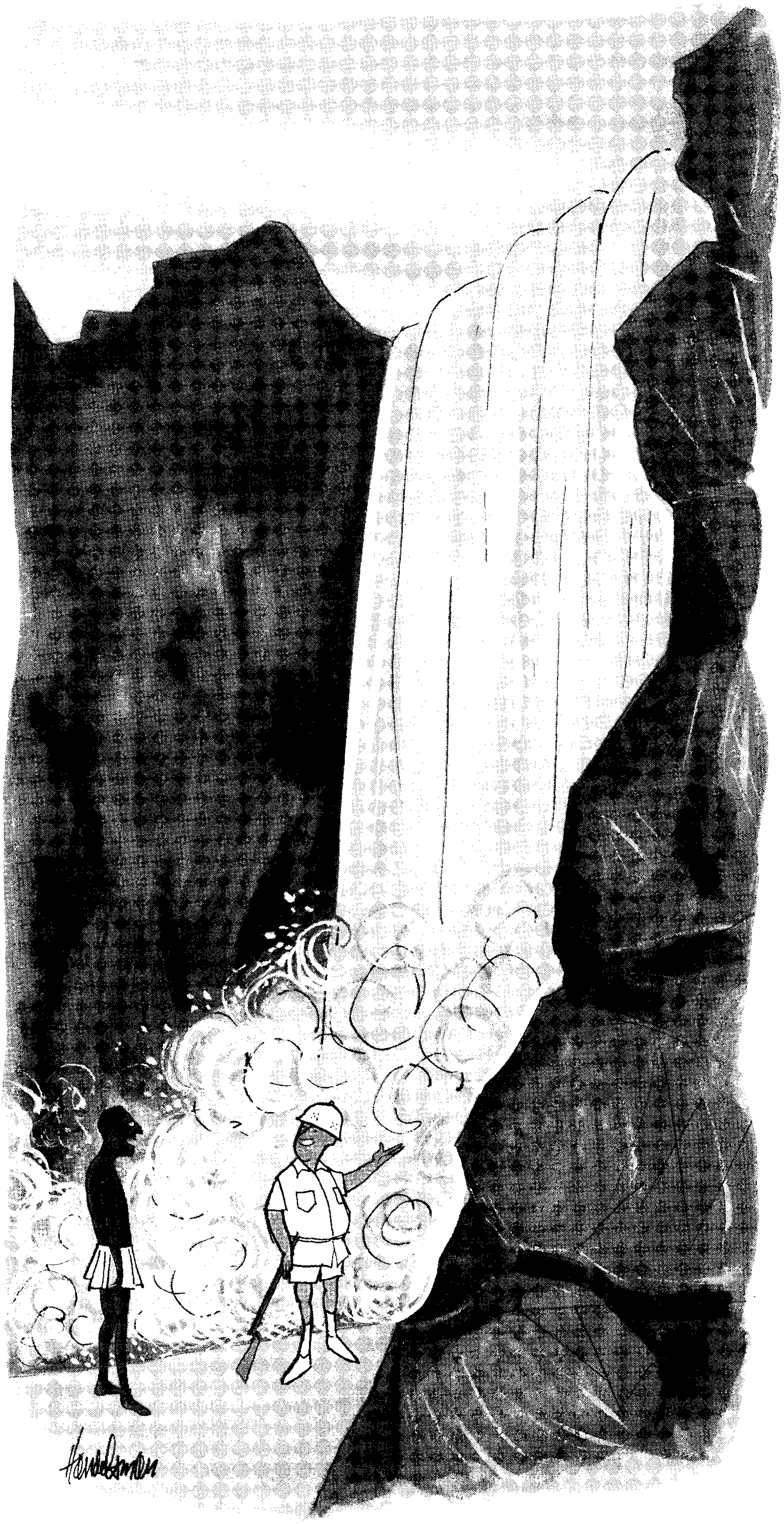
The pair regarded me thoughtfully for a moment, then put their heads together in a whispered colloquy. When they revolved back toward me, it was pikestaff plain I had won the day.

"Maybe we're just two sentimental fools, Mr. Gotrox," said the first. "Still and all, your features radiate such benign good will, such tranquillity of spirit that we can't bear to gainsay you. Take him, and as for the money—well, forget it. Nobody could begrudge so small a price for meeting a man of your stature."

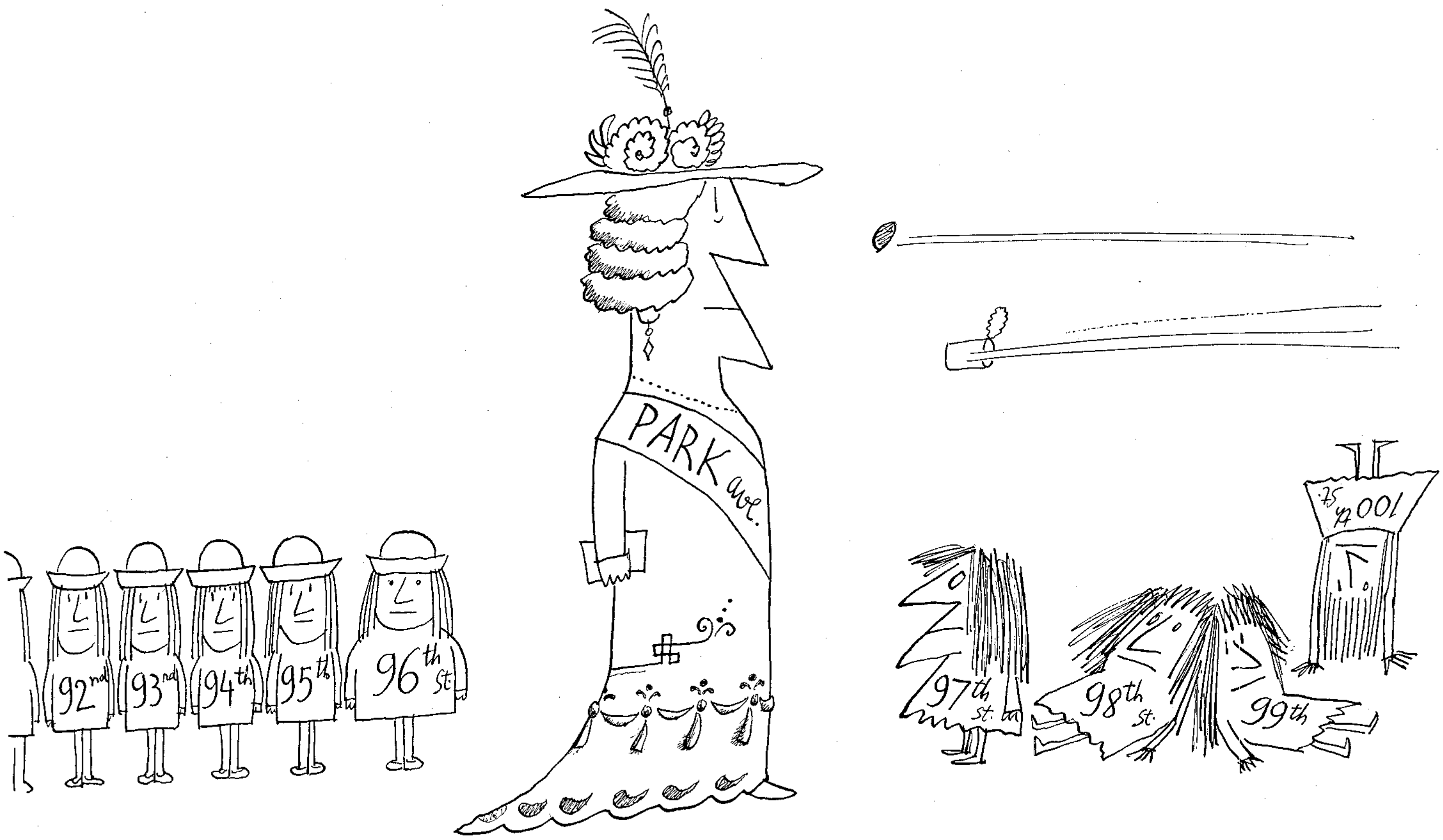
"Most trenchantly put," I acknowledged. "However, and much as I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, I've got news for you—I can't use the animal. I already have two dogs, and they're driving me up the wall. The last thing I want is another varmint yapping at my heels and unravelling the carpets. So let's leave it there, boys, and watch it—the next time you have a litter, I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your advertising. Good day."

And watch it they did, for nary another pygmy poodle have I seen offered since, with or without owner's pedigree. It just goes to show how inessential—in fact, what a positive handicap—money's become these days. That is, to everyone but Mr. Lupus at the bank, may a pox fly away with him.

—S. J. PERELMAN



"They are *nice falls, aren't they? I've always hoped someone would discover them."*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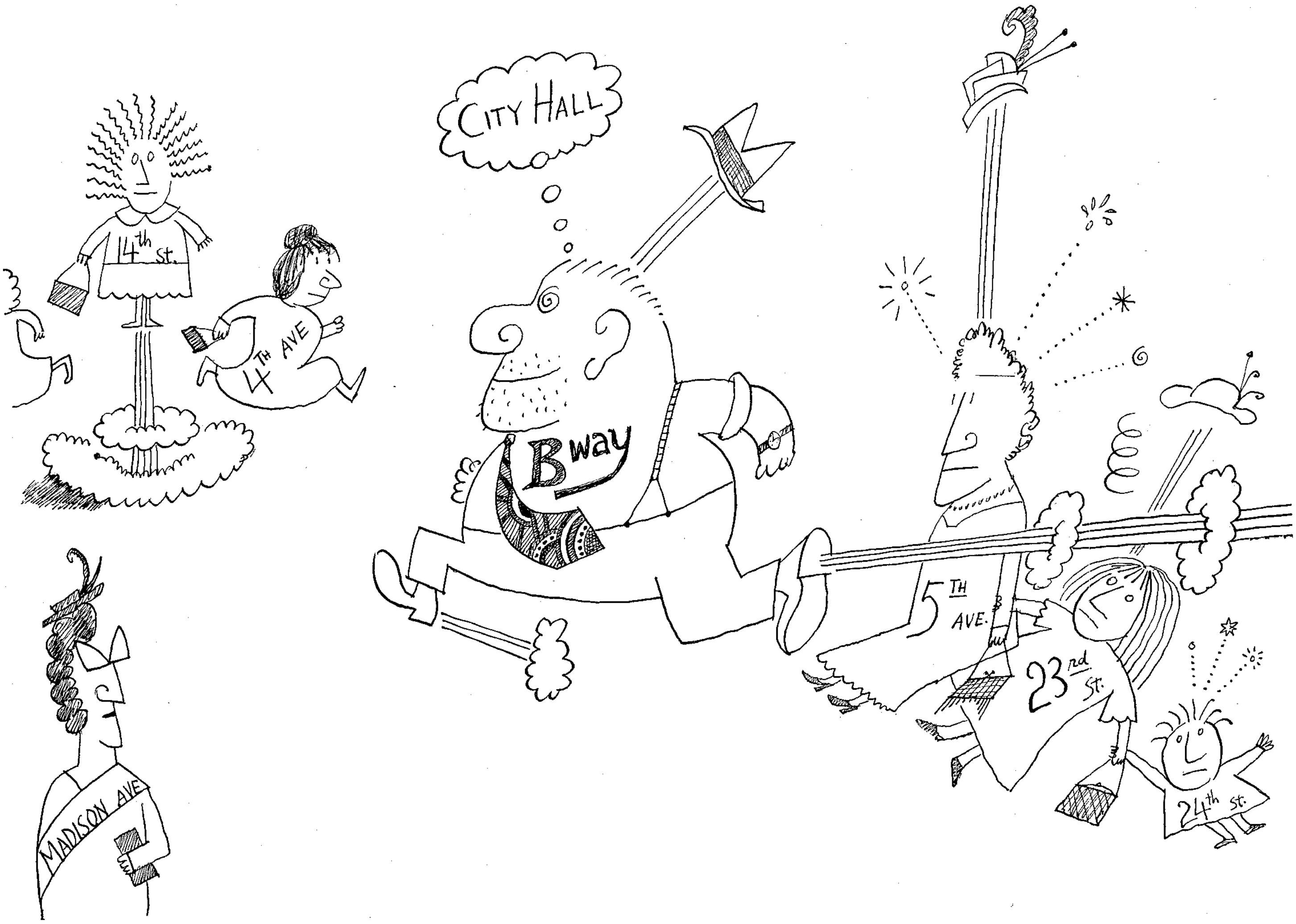
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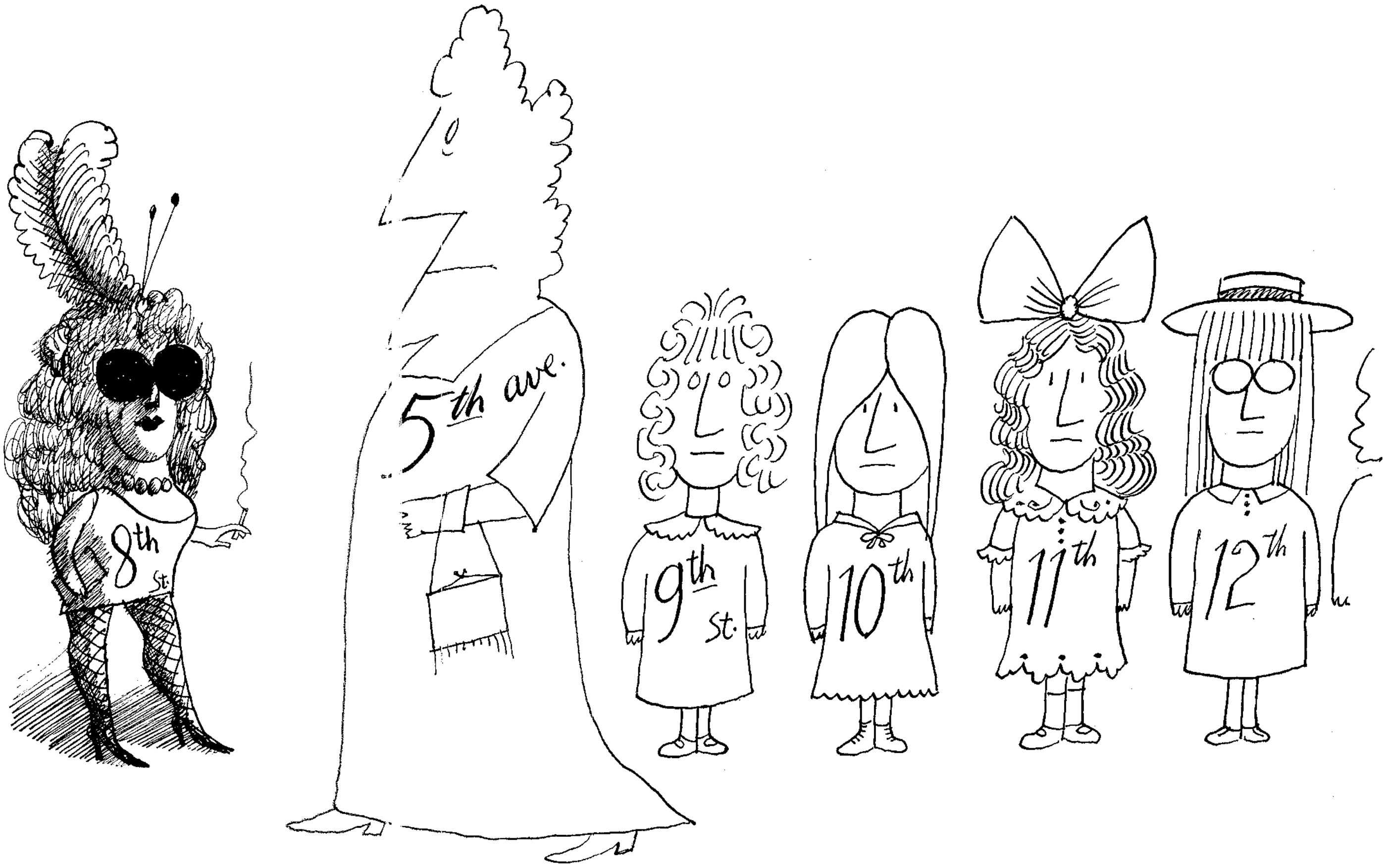
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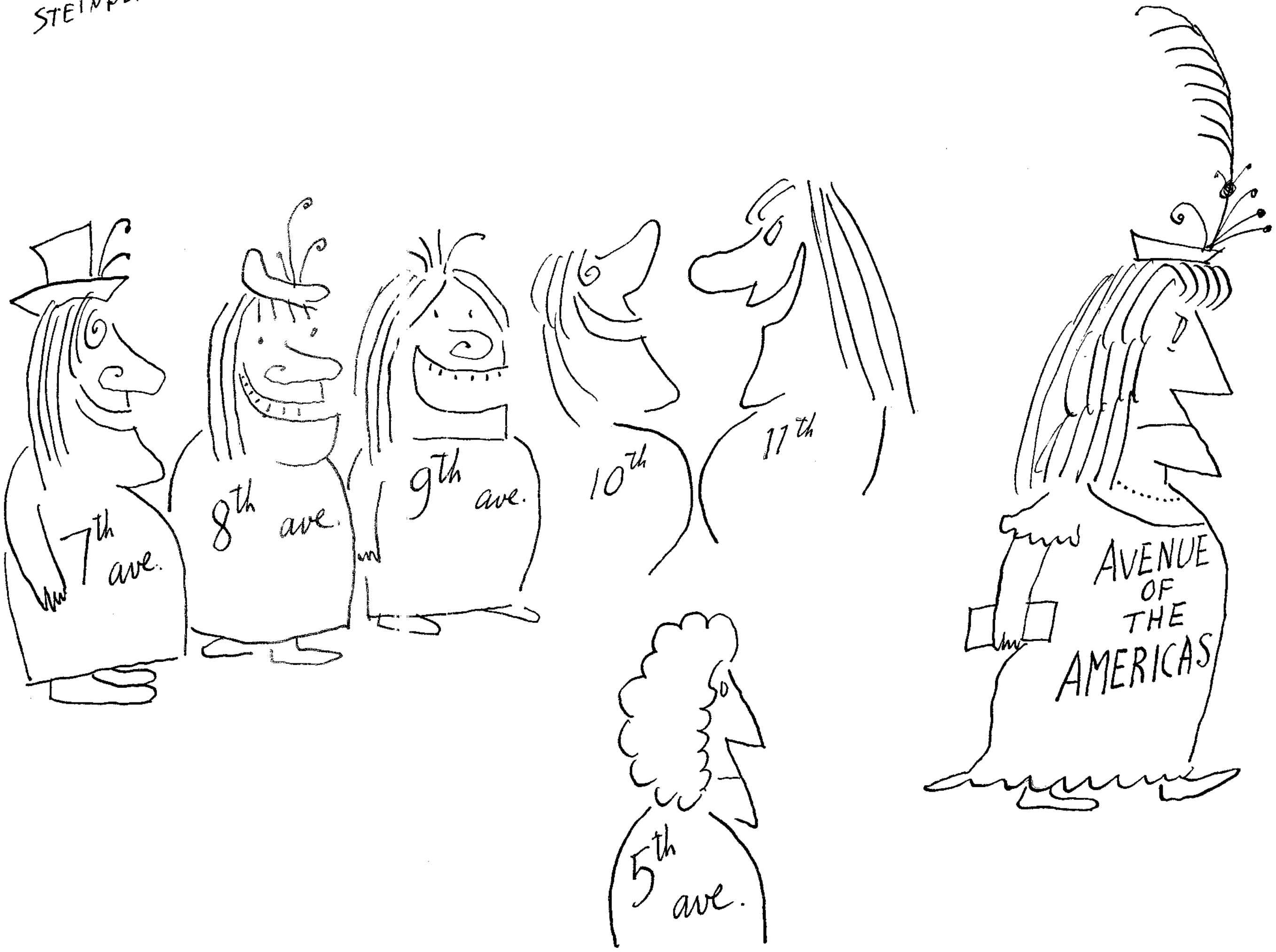
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AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
5th ave.

TRUTH IN THE CUP

JIM RIDLEY heard his Janey's voice sound out like a foghorn. "They go to one of these hard-stuff parties. They get hooked—and they're done for. Done for! Done for!"

The invitation cards read, "Village Get-Together. 9 P.M. onward." Everyone had arrived more or less simultaneously. The drinks were on the house. Drinking whenever the trays went round as the sand drinks the waves, they were now in the moral stage of tipsiness.

"A whole generation gone down the drain. It's too awful, really."

"Something ought to be done about it."

"But what? It's gone too far. Think of the profits."

"It's the parents I blame."

"Yes, I blame the parents, too. No discipline."

The moral roar extended as the toppling wave runs along the beach. At one extremity Topsy Mainwaring was declaiming about long-haired layabouts. At the other, old Bilby's shrill voice reiterated a demand for a good old-fashioned whacking. Janey brisked up and called across the room, "Now, Bibbles, you'd better be careful. We all know the sort of books you read."

There was laughter. The haze of tobacco smoke eddied. Belatedly, Bilby answered back. "What about you, Janey? You've no time for *reading*."

The hotel lounge was in its winter dimensions. The glass doors between it and the solarium facing seaward were closed. Thick curtains were drawn across them. The last inrush of living air, which had accompanied the arrival of the last guests—the Trubigs, she in mink, he in a fisherman's jersey, and both exclaiming, as most of the others had done, "What weather! God help those at sea!"—was a thing unrecallable. The hotel, a modern building, was draftproof and almost soundproof. Built at the sea's edge, it rose above it like a liner: a liner stranded upright and intact at the foot of the steep descent to the cove. So it was by some residual seafaring attentiveness that Jim Ridley knew that the wind had shifted and now lay full behind the making tide.

Another round of drinks was carried in—this time without complement of canapés and little toothpicked sausages. Provisions must have run out. The servants carrying the trays were making no pretense at affability. Their faces were expressionless. Even when Hermione Straker fell on her knees before Mrs. Trubig, crying, "Darling, darling, you're so witty I worship you," straight in the headwaiter's path, he skirted round her with no acknowledgment except that he skirted. It was hopeless to listen for what might be going on outside, so Jim gave his attention to old Mrs. Saunders, who was leaning cozily against him like a drunken rhesus monkey.

"Such a pleasant evening. I'm glad I had my hair done. It costs fifteen shillings now at Marina's, but I'm glad I had it done."

"It looks very nice," he said, surveying the white sprigs and the pink scalp beneath them. No one knew how old she was; only that long, long ago she had been the wife of the rector.

"I'm so glad you think so. You really are a great dear—so much nicer than Janey. I'm afraid she's had too much, poor Janey. Do you know, I can drink any man under the table?" Looking up at him with confiding blue eyes, she filched away his glass.

They were sitting on a banquette with their backs to the dividing glass doors. The wind had certainly changed. An icy air sifted through the heavy curtains. They suddenly bellied, and at the same moment there was a sound like a thump; and another, and another. But if one of the solarium windows had been blown in, the noise of the waves, the boom and crash and snarl as they broke against the pebble bank, would have drowned all indoor noises. He glanced round to see if any of the others had noticed the thumps. They were flushed, variously animated, totally uninterested. He looked at his watch. The drinking had gone on longer than he supposed.

Longer than its source and provider had reckoned for, too. Light as a wafer, pale as gin, a queer, and probably dauntless as a lion, Colin Dudevant, the hotel proprietor, was now mincing among his guests, hoping they were enjoying themselves and rather abstractedly receiving their assurances that they were. "Our little village get-together," he repeated, while his eyes wandered in pursuit of some sign that the get-together might be preparing to break up.

It was forty years since Crickhellow had been a village, since women in aprons had helped to haul working boats up the slipway, since the Methodist Chapel had resounded with

> Oh hear us when we cry to thee
> For those in peril on the sea

sung by those whom the sea impartially fed and imperilled, since only the King of Mexico was licensed to sell intoxicating liquors and only the post office and Prospect House took summer visitors. The visitors who came because Crickhellow was cheap were replaced by others who could afford to. Hotels were built. The steep descent to the cove lost its functional garnish of rusty cans, fish heads, sauce bottles, cabbage stumps, old shoes, broken gramophone discs, flock mattresses, and blue enamel saucepans with holes in them. These were buried, and above their pits rose ranks of holiday cottages, all very individual and increasingly unlike cottages, whose inhabitants came to relax or retire from making money elsewhere, and were villagers only in a xenophobic determination to keep out caravans and coach parties, which would quite ruin the place and endanger summer rentals. This did not prevent them from accepting Colin Dudevant's collective term of "the villagers." And as old Mrs. Saunders was the only indigenous villager remaining, they might as well be called that as *anything*. "Sweet of you all to come on a night like this," he said now. "I'm expecting the roof to go at any moment." If he thought they'd take the hint, he was mistaken. They assured him that weather meant nothing to them, and waited for the stirrup cup.

Some, to pass the time of waiting, rose sprawlingly to their feet and began to dance. Janey came across the room and said, "Come on, Jim." She was as drunk as the others but carried her liquor with a swagger he had to admire. Thinking, Now why the hell does she want to dance with me, she must have been up to something I didn't notice, he nevertheless enjoyed the feeling of her handsome well-kept body and admired the taunting carriage of her head as they moved among the other couples. Then, both at once, Bilby and Dan Black cut in. After a derisive hesitation she went off with Bilby, with a glance at the other which told Jim all he needed to know.

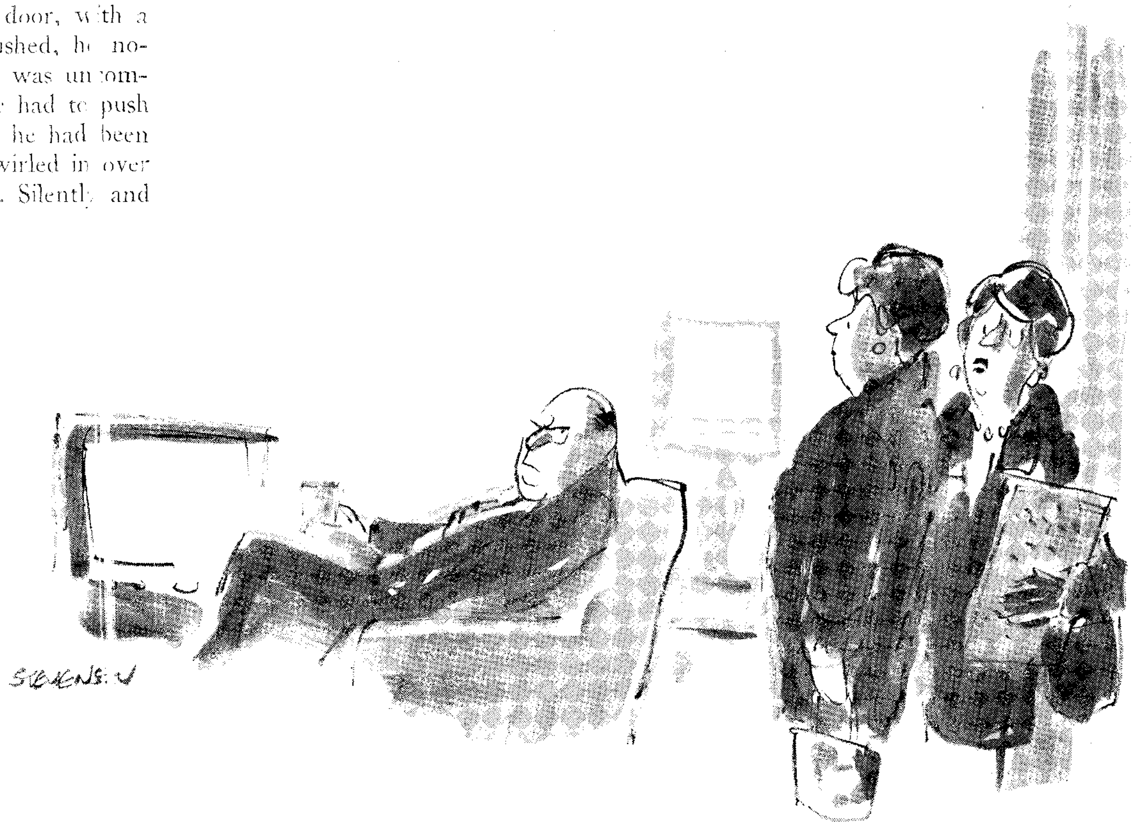
But there had been something else he wanted to know—something of sharper interest, though equally beyond his control. They had put on a record of the Beatles. At a swoop in the music the question came back. Yes, that was it: What the devil was going on outside?

He edged his way toward the entrance; it was a double door, with a space between. As he pushed, he noticed that the glass panel was uncommonly cold; also, that he had to push quite hard. It was water he had been pushing against, and it swirled in over the carpet of the lounge. Silently and expeditiously, he closed the inner door behind him, startled back into the guilty sensations of childhood, when he was clumsy, spilled things, trod them in with his feet, and was scolded for that, too. The water between the two doors was ankle-deep. No treading that in. He pushed the outer door. An eddy of wind caught it and almost wrenched it away from him, till the strong pressure of water closed it behind him. "Quite a flood," he muttered to himself. If he had shouted the words, they would have gone for nothing in that uproar of wind and things banging and clattering and the slap and hiss of water all around. He waded farther, and rose on the level of a terraced flower bed, where he clung to a palm tree and looked about him. There was water up to the hubs of the parked cars. They wobbled and sidled as if complying with some grotesque ceremonial of politeness. His own car was among them, but he threw the thought of it away; it was merely an item in a comic spectacle presented for his solitary entertainment. Then, looking beyond the cars, he saw a tumbling ridge of surf and that it was continuous and was surf, not spray. The sea had broken the pebble bank, battering it with those thumps, mining it with the undertow. Now, with the wind behind it and the moon beckoning it, it was flowing in so fast that angry ripples broke against him, drenching him to the knees. He ought to go back to the hotel; at least it would give Dudevant a chance to clear things from the ground floor. But before involving himself in breaking the news and being useful he wanted to have a full view of what was happening. From where he stood, this was not possible; the hotel, so artlessly lit up, intervened. He let go of the palm tree. Wading with small steps along the terraced border shrugging his shoulders against the wind and the driven sand which peppered his face, he got beyond the screening hotel, took a firm hold with his feet, and looked full seaward. A gust of wind almost felled him. He was down on all fours, his hands insanely clutching a submerged geranium.

But as he went down he had seen something else—a burst of spray gesturing like an arm, shooting up from where no wave should be. Raising himself, he waited to see if it came again. For a while, it didn't, and he dismissed the idea that the waves were forced up the narrow slipway by the pressure of a larger breakthrough to the westward. There was another burst of spray; and then another. Something hit him a blow on the head, and at the same moment he was blinded and throttled by a bandaging embrace. It was a tangle of seaweed, wrenched up by the waves, plucked and whirled onward by the wind: the pebbled root had struck him, the long, tough, sinuous thongs fastened round him. He realized it perfectly well. He was startled, disconcerted, perhaps a trifle stunned; but he was not frightened. He was not frightened because he was in panic, divorced from the reasonability of fear. The atrocious raw smell of the sea flayed his nostrils. Each time he peeled off a thong with cold, incompetent hands, the wind whipped it round him again. He lost his footing, and it seemed to him that he was falling, bound and blinded, into a depth where he would drown.

The splash of his fall and the fact that in struggling back to his feet he had turned round loosened the weed's hold, and the wind bore it off like a cloak. He saw it go. He saw a volley of spray exploding above the slipway wall, and the light over the hotel gateway showed him waves cresting round the lower gatepost and the ripples thrust upward along the ascending road. He was running. He seemed to be lifting a hundredweight of water with each stride. His shoes came off. As he ran past the gateway, a black bulk made toward him and was stopped short, like a bull on a chain. The sea boiling in the slipway had turned one of the tethered boats upside down. He escaped it and ran on, two legs and a bursting heart. With astonishment and disbelief he found he was running on the hard dry surface of the road. He limped to a stop and sat down with his head between his hands.

When his senses came back to him, he seemed to be in another world. It was peopled by the quiet shapes of the



"Watch it with Fred! His Christmas spirit peaked around the first of December."

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holiday cottages. To the left was The Haven, and beyond The Haven Tintagel; to the right Woollands, Topsails, and Telescopes. Behind Woollands was View Halloo. All were empty; the villagers were either down at the party or away on cruises. It was as though he sat on a hillside among a flock of sleeping sheep. The horizon had risen with him. The sea was a vast expanse of calm flatness, unaffected by what might be going on at its margin. The wind blew, but struck less cold up here, and after the inversion of light from reflecting water underfoot the natural darkness was soothing. He began to drowse, was halfway into a dream, when a sensation of being looked at woke him. The moon had emerged from the web of hurrying cloud. Shrunken by the wind, wizened and doting, the moon looked like Mrs. Saunders. That old cockleshell craft was not likely to ride out the night, he thought. The contour of the road prevented him from seeing more than the roof of the hotel. He presently got up with a groan and dragged himself on to View Halloo and climbed the steps to its lookout.

There was no trace of the pebble bank. The slipway was a darkened swirl of current with some bobbing objects in it. The cottages beyond, his own among them, had their enviable sea views at window level. The sea was all round the hotel. The liner was afloat—a gallant sight, with its lighted windows reflected in water, its freight of expensive drunks. By now they must know what had hit them. He pictured them rushing from window to window, deriding each other, blaming each other, wailing for their cars, demanding that someone should do something, jostling on the stairs. . . .

All at once, the lights went out.

THERE was nothing he could do; he wasn't among them, his position was invidious, he had lost his shoes, it was midnight, there was no one about, and if there had been, no practical good could have come of it. There they were and there they would have to stay. Janey would be making the best of it in a hotel bedroom with Dan Black. Here was he—in a sense the sole survivor. When the story was told, another of the screamingly funny Crickhellow classics, he would project from it—unfavorably. If he really valued his good name, he would now disappear; hide in one of the disused tin-mine workings, steal out by night to eat raw turnips, grow a long beard, dress himself off a scarecrow, begin a new life with the Salvation Army. Meanwhile his shoes would have been found, his death by drowning established. He did not value his good name to quite that extent; yet he would like to do something on its behalf—some manly deed, some demonstration of presence of mind, some token of good will. What was that rhyme in curly lettering over his mother's desk? Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in your own. Of course! His part was obvious. He would report it. Courage, certainly, considering the state of his feet.

Briskly, considering the state of his feet, he walked the further two hundred yards to the public telephone box. When he opened the door the light went on in a way which charmed him. The floor was dry, the atmosphere all stuffiness and seclusion. "FOR AN EMERGENCY CALL INSERT NO MONEY." Directions read many times while grubbing in his pockets for change, but till now theoretical. He dialled 999.

A mild inland voice told him it was the exchange, inquired what he wanted, asked him to speak up, please. When he did not speak up, it repeated the request. The fact was, he ought to have thought it out beforehand, and rehearsed his utterance. All that sea water and running uphill would impede any man's utterance. Here he was, by now as sober as a judge, acting with presence of mind yet unable to put one word after another. This would not do.

"I'm Crickhellow 626," he said. "Can you hear me?"

The inland voice encouraged him to go ahead. After a pause, it offered him alternatives of the Fire Brigade, the Police, the Ambulance Service. None of these seemed perfectly to apply. But it wouldn't do to sound unappreciative.

"It's hard to say. You see, the sea's broken in."

"Thieves breaking in? Then it's the police you want."

"I didn't say 'thieves.' I said 'sea.' The sea has broken in."

Feeling that he couldn't improve on this statement, he put back the receiver and lay down on the floor. The space was constricted, the floor not particularly clean. But it was warmer here than outside. He had been through a lot and needed to sleep it off. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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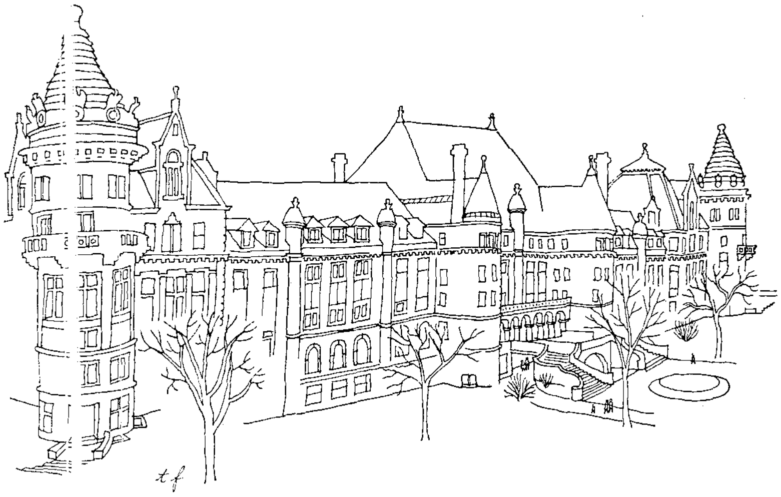
DRESS FORM—Never used, $10; exerciser, never used, $6.—*Adv. in the East Chicago (Ind.) Inland Steelmaker.*

"But the dreams depart, and the vision falls. . . ."

PROFILES

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM—II

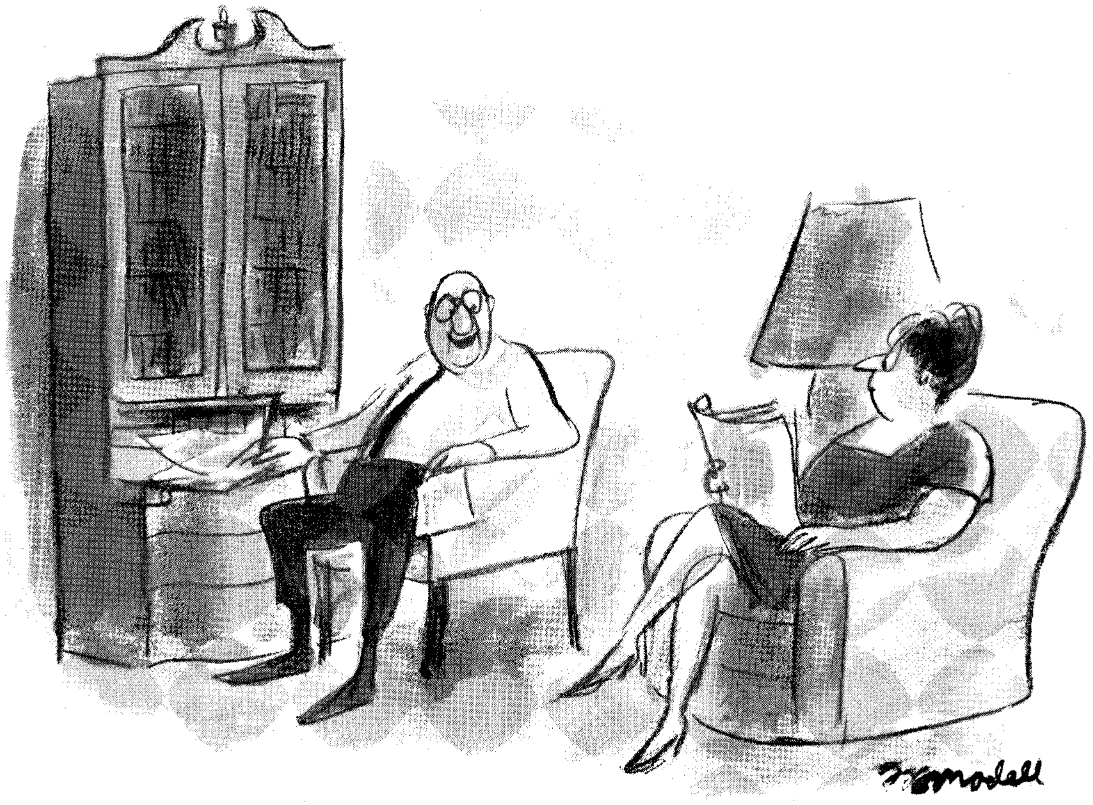


IN the ninety-nine-year history of the American Museum of Natural History, on Central Park West, its most consequential president was its fourth, Henry Fairfield Osborn, who was born in 1857 in Fairfield, Connecticut; reversing a frequent nomenclatural order, he was named after his birthplace. His father, who had been born in Salem, Massachusetts, was the president and successful reorganizer of the Illinois Central Railroad. Henry Fairfield, who began to spell out his middle name (in a large, bold signature) as he began to feel really consequential (around 1905), graduated from Princeton in 1877, and that summer went with two classmates to the Rocky Mountains to collect Eocene fossils. "I saw in the Bridger Basin of southwest Wyoming my first fossil titanothere," he has written. Stimulated by the sight, he started to do research for a monograph on the family of this ungulate, which the United States Geological Survey published fifty-two years later under the title "The Titanotheres of Ancient Wyoming, Dakota, and Nebraska," in two volumes, weighing sixteen pounds. In 1878, he revisited the Basin, but he never really developed into a field man. He continued his education indoors—in New York, at Bellevue Medical College, where he studied anatomy and histology under Dr. William H. Welch (who later proclaimed Osborn the best pupil he had ever had), and in 1879 in England, where he studied embryology under Francis M. Balfour and comparative anatomy under Thomas H. Huxley.

The "Titanotheres" treatise was a magnum opus no matter how you look at it, but Osborn put it in the shade with his "Proboscidea: A Monograph of the Discovery, Evolution, Migration, and Extinction of the Mastodonts and Elephants of the World." *This* two-volume work, which he did not quite live to complete, was fifty-*three* years in the making, all told, and weighed *twenty-five* pounds. An army of assistants contributed to its gestation and, indeed, finished it up. Volume I appeared in 1936, Volume II in 1942. Their chief author kept track of his own activities as enthusiastically as he did those of prehistoric elephants. At the thirtieth reunion of his class at Princeton, he called attention to the fact that he had published two hundred and seventy-six "scientific papers" and seven "scientific memoirs." In his seventies, he issued a book called "Fifty-two Years of Research, Observation, and Publication, 1877-1929: A Life Adventure in Breadth and Depth," which listed him as a member of a hundred and fifty-eight "international, national, patriotic, scientific, educational, and conservational societies, and academies and learned societies." These ranged from, in this country, the National Geographic Society, the American Bison Society, the American Red Cross, the Save the Redwoods League, the Liberal League (co-founder 1923, resigned 1924), the Immigration Restriction League (life member), the International Longfellow Society, the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, and the Arabian Horse Club of America to, overseas, the Royal Irish Academy, the Society of the Naturalists of Moscow, and the Cercle Zoologique Congolais, of Terveuren, Belgian Congo. "Fifty-two Years," described in its preface as an "auto-bibliography," contains eight hundred and one titles, arranged chronologically and by subject. A 1930-34 addendum brought the number up to nine hundred and thirty, with two more "in press." (One of these was "Proboscidea.")

As an auto-bibliographer, Osborn was elastic. In the roster of his "published writings" he included *co-*written articles (with credit), prefaces to books written by others, class-reunion and other speeches, newspaper interviews and letters to newspapers, earlier Osborn bibliographies ("Fifty-two Years" catalogues a couple of these predecessors, and No. 830 in the addendum is "Fifty-two Years" itself), and obituaries in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. Second, third, and foreign editions of Osborn writings are listed separately, and there is also a certain amount of repetition of articles and addresses that were later included, sometimes more than once, in books. The general effect is reminiscent of Bennett Cerf's joke books, with old favorites cropping up again and again. "The Titanotheres," for example, makes eighteen entrances in the classified bibliography—under "Geology," "Paleontology," and "Biology and New Principles of Evolution," and under various subdivisions of these classifications.

Osborn was, on occasion, an expensive author. "Proboscidea" cost two hundred and eighty thousand dollars to produce, partly because it contained hundreds of plates but chiefly because its creator had the lordly habit of making extensive corrections, revisions, and additions in proof after proof. It was financed by a fund set up by J. P. Morgan, Sr., whose first wife (he remarried at twenty-eight) had been an aunt of Osborn. To Osborn, he was "Uncle Pierpont." For a scientist, Osborn had a rather freewheeling literary style. "Admirable as are many of our women teachers, they have neither the natural mastery nor the natural leadership in the education of boys; even in the education of girls, especially in the upper grades, the virile quality is lacking in them," he wrote in "Creative Education in School, College, University, and Museum," and, again, "It seems a harsh thing to say of the American press, but if I had the power of a Mussolini I would shut it off from our school youth entirely; I would exclude absolutely the irreverent 'funny page.' " "Impressions of Great Naturalists" (No. 623 in "Fifty-two



“*Well, our financial worries are over. We're bankrupt.*”

• •

Years”) gives a spirited picture of the author's formative, pre-Museum years. “I had the good fortune to lead my student life between 1873 and 1880 under the spiritual, moral, and intellectual influence of the great men of the Victorian age, the poets Wordsworth and Tennyson, as well as the natural philosophers Wallace, Darwin, Huxley, and Cope,” it states in an “Autobiographic Foreword,” and goes on, here and there:

> On December 8, 1879, when Darwin was in his seventieth year and I in my twenty-second, I had the rare privilege of meeting him and looking steadily in his face during a few moments' conversation. It was in Huxley's laboratory, and I was at the time working upon the anatomy of the Crustacea. The entry in my journal is as follows:
>
> “This is a red letter day for me. As I was leaning over my lobster (*Homarus vulgaris*) this morning, cutting away at the brain, I raised my head and looked up to see Huxley and Darwin passing by me. I believe I never shall see two such great naturalists together again. I went on, apparently with skill, really hacking my brain away, and cast an occasional glance at the great old gray-haired man. I was startled, so unexpected was it, by Huxley speaking to me and introducing me to Darwin as ‘an American who has already done some good paleontological work on the other side of the water.’ I gave Darwin's hand a tremendous squeeze (for I never shall shake it again) and said, without intending, in an almost reverential tone, ‘I am very glad to meet you.’ He stands much taller than Huxley, has a very ruddy face, with benevolent blue eyes and overhanging eyebrows. His beard is quite long and perfectly white, and his hair falls partly over a low forehead. His features are not good. My general impression of his face is very pleasant. . . .”
>
> I may add, as distinctly recorded in my memory, that the impression of Darwin's bluish-gray eyes, deep-set under the overhanging brows, was that that they were the eyes of a man who could survey all nature.

Darwin's surveyor returned to Princeton to teach, becoming professor of comparative anatomy in 1883. In 1891, he received a joint offer from the American Museum of Natural History to found a Department of Mammalian Paleontology (later Vertebrate Paleontology) and from Columbia University to start a Department of Biology (later Zoology). Anguished cries arose from his fellow-Princetonians. “I am in a pitiable condition this morning,” Mr. James W. Alexander, of the class of 1860, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States and a Princeton trustee, wrote him from the Century Club, and went on:

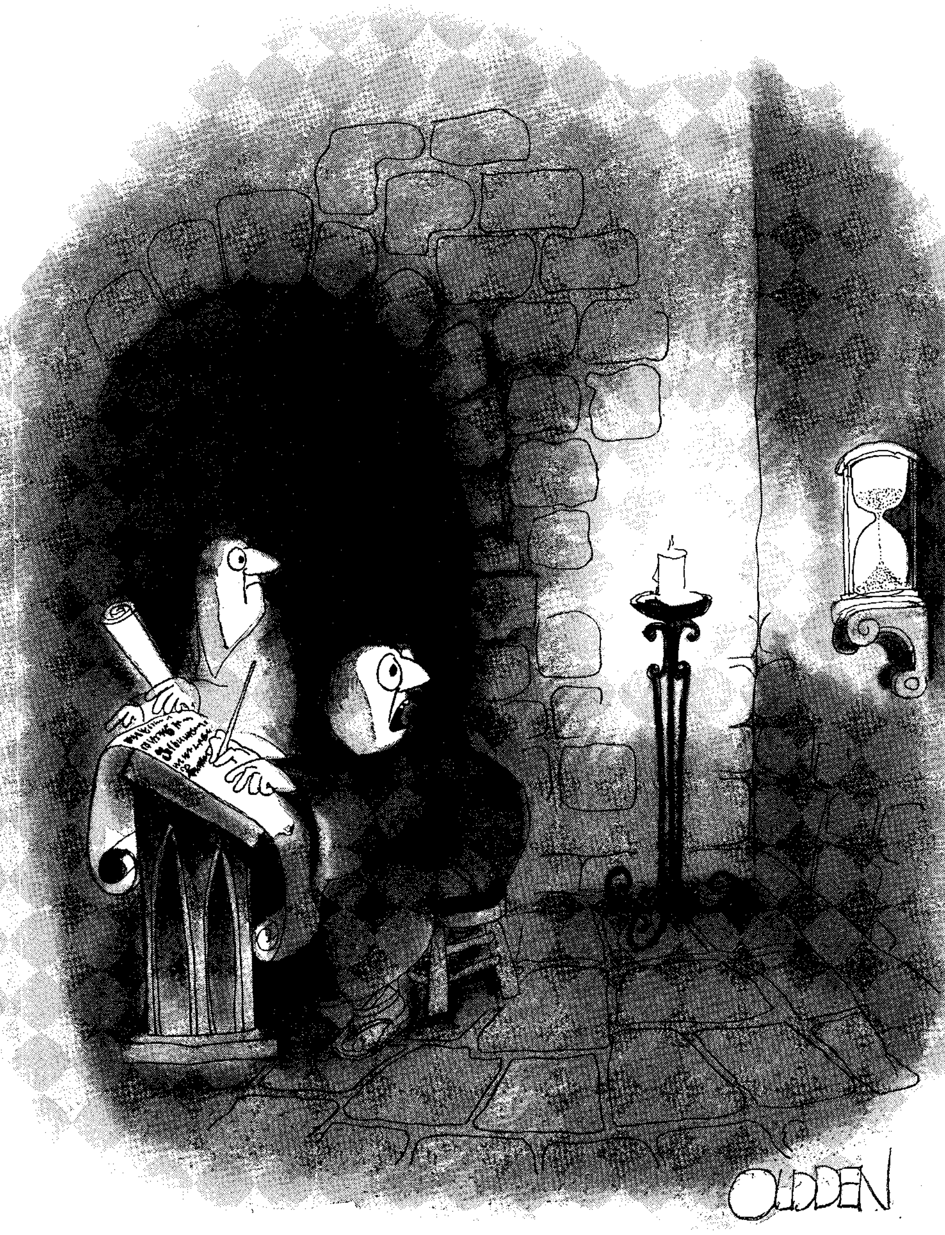
> Worse than the grippe. There is no strength in me. I have just read in the *Tribune* that you were deliberating over a call from Columbia. I had heard a rumor, but I didn't believe that President [Seth] Low had the nerve to stretch out his hand towards a Princetonian of the Princetonians in our very faculty. If you succumb, I shall feel like giving up my enthusiasm in our struggle to make Princeton a great university. . . . I assure you that there are hundreds of us—and those the men who are enlisted heart and soul to urge Princeton on—who will hold our breath until we hear what your determination is. You are one of the most thoroughly appreciated men in the faculty. We cannot replace you. You will deal a deadly blow at our prestige and progress if you leave us. . . . All I can say is that I know I speak for the Trustees and the Alumni when I beg you on my knees to stand by us, and assure you that you have the respect, confidence, affection, and fealty of us all.

Mr. Alexander's genuflection was in vain, and that summer found Uncle Pierpont's nephew, now married to a general's daughter and the father of several, fixing up his office at the Museum. “The story begins in 1891, when Henry Fairfield Osborn . . . began his new tasks with gusto,” Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, former chairman of the Museum's Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, has written in *Curator*, a Museum quarterly, going on to say:

> The American Museum was entering a period of remarkable growth, and Columbia University was in the throes of transforming itself from a small men's college to a great university. . . . Osborn rose to the opportunities. . . . He established the Department of Biology at Columbia . . . and he began the formidable task of building a collection of fossil vertebrates at the Museum, where hitherto there had been virtually no such collection. . . .
>
> It is undoubtedly fortunate that Osborn came to New York on a dual appointment. He made the most of it. Instead of dividing his loyalties and schedules, he coördinated his efforts with those of his associates to establish an integrated program of teaching at Columbia and of collecting and research at the Museum.
>
> Even before the consolidation of teaching, there had been a physical move from the University . . . to the Museum. . . . All graduate instruction in vertebrate paleontology became centered at the Museum, where the fossils were housed. . . . The Newberry Collection of fossil fishes was transferred [from the Columbia School of Mines] to the Museum, [which, in turn, furnished] space and facilities for Columbia students of fossil vertebrates. Thus the University entered the Museum.

The generator of this scholarship was also a great man for display. He suspected that large fossils were conducive to a large attendance, so in the Museum's exhibition halls he subordinated fossil fishes and birds to dinosaurs, mastodons, and other impressively sized reptiles and mammals, and he kept the place well supplied with skeletons by sending his staff paleontologists out to Wyoming, Kansas, and Nebraska. The chief pioneers among these were William Diller Matthew (Dr. Colbert's father-in-law), Dr. Jacob L. Wortman, Walter Granger, and Barnum Brown. The last two collected and studied bones for the Museum for a total of a hundred and seventeen years. Granger joined up as an assistant taxidermist in 1890, when he was seventeen, and was curator of fossil mammals when he died, in 1941. Brown was twenty-three when he came along, in 1897, fresh from the University of Kansas. He retired as curator of fossil reptiles in 1942, when he was sixty-eight, but remained active emeritus, excavating skeletons and writing papers about them until he died, a week before his ninetieth birthday. He helped start the Museum's dinosaur collection, which is unrivalled, and went on to dig up more dinosaurs than any other man who ever lived. He had no sooner arrived at the Museum than Osborn dispatched him, as a Granger assistant, to Como Bluff, Wyoming, where the Museum's first two dinosaurs were unearthed. I had the pleasure of interviewing him for *The New Yorker's* Talk of the Town department sixty-six years later:

> Dr. Brown began to collect dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals for the Museum in 1897. He secured one of its first reptile skeletons, *Diplodocus*. Later on, among his plethora of finds, he excavated *Tyrannosaurus rex*, the largest of the carnivorous dinosaurs; *Colossochelys atlas*, the largest known land tortoise; and a skull of *Phobosuchus*, the largest known crocodile. . . .
>
> "I remember one morning in the winter of 1899," he said, "when Professor Osborn called me into his office at nine o'clock and said, 'Brown, the Princeton Museum's Patagonian expedition is leaving at eleven o'clock this morning. I want you to go along to represent the American Museum.' I was twenty-six and unmarried. I said I'd go if he'd have the necessary equipment on the ship. This included a mattress from John Wanamaker. Well, it arrived, but it was a double-bed mattress. You couldn't put it on a pack horse."
>
> We asked how long the expedition lasted.
>
> "One year," he said, "but I stayed away for another year. I got some interesting fossils on the Patagonian coast—I used a prospecting pick, a crooked awl, and a whisk broom—and then I decided to circumnavigate Tierra del Fuego, to see what was going on there, paleontologically speaking. I hired a six-ton cutter, but it capsized in a storm, and I floated to shore on a broken hatch cover. I didn't know how to swim. Would you like to hear about the time I fell down a volcano?"
>
> Such a question deserves only one reply.
>
> "Luckily, it was an extinct volcano," Dr. Brown said. "In 1933, when I was sixty, word came to us at the Museum that the mummified remains of an extinct sloth had been found in a crater in New Mexico, north of El Paso. A Yale man bought it for the Peabody Museum before I could make an offer for my department, so I went down there and went down the crater on two ropes. I thought there might be another sloth. The hole was about eight feet by four, possibly six, and you backed down into it like a bear. I was wearing high exploring boots with hard soles, and I slipped about ten feet. The outsides of my hands got skinned on the volcanic rock, and the insides were burned by the ropes. I yelled, and two boys who were with me—just above me—got me on a ledge, took off my boots, and tied a rope around my waist, and I managed to climb up. I never did get an extinct sloth, but I did get some first-class Pleistocene fauna out of that hole—rattlesnakes, rock squirrels, and coyotes, all mummified.
>
> "It's easier to tell you where I *haven't* been," Dr. B. continued when we asked him to sum up his geographical wanderings. "The only major land areas I haven't worked are Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, and the South Sea Islands. The rest of the world has been my hunting ground, from the Arctic to



"My Lord! Can that thing be right?"

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLANTING A PINE WOODLOT

“In early September,
gather the cones.
When dry air in a spare
room opens them,
beat out the seed; at once, sow; and shelter
three years. Your seedlings then
are planted (if boxboard is all you want)
ten feet apart.

If clear timber—the best
quality—four
feet each way so that they
grow tall and straight,
losing their lower limbs. Too densely sown,
in tangles the sprouts fail—
mere straw; too far, and branches knot the trunks.
A near presence,

near exactly enough
without being
too near, induces a
concentrated
vertical thrust. Fifteen years the trees grow
four feet apart. At this
point, thin out half; screened from light by linked twigs,
the shoots perish.
High as you can reach, prune
branches. Thirty
years, and your trees will be
mature—firm now,
and on course. You can’t stop thinning, though, for
thirty more—or the best
trunks get caught at crown height, or in root jams
in their deep soils.

At last (though this may be
long after your
concern has fallen off),
each surviving
trunk will have attained to a size which lets
it stand, affected by
no other life the black earth can put forth.
Setting a slow,

steady rate (still at it
whole centuries
later), no thing can harm
them as they rise
onward, nothing—but blows of sleet or wind
or fire, or the long
appraising eye of the inheritor
of your woodlot.”

—Stephen Sandy

• •

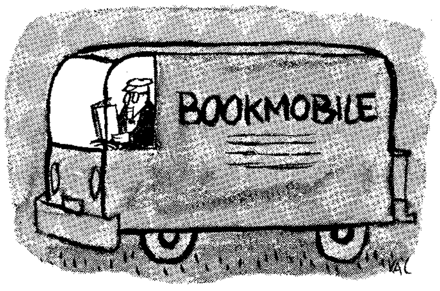
> the Antarctic.” His most recent hunt, in 1956, took him to Montana, where he dug up a skeleton of *Plesiosaurus*, a Mesozoic marine reptile.
>
> “My wife says I’m too old for this sort of thing, but I don’t believe a word of it. I have all my teeth left but two. I had a bad toothache in Guatemala a few years ago—I was picking up some ocellated-turkey skins for our bird department there—and a local dentist wanted to pull some of my teeth out, but I said, ‘No you don’t. I’m shooting for a hundred, and I’ve got to have them.’ ”

Alas, Dr. Brown’s shot went wide. He died three days after my interview, which was never published. During his, and his colleagues’, early digging days in the Rockies, carload after carload of Western reptiles and ungulates and other fossil mammals came in to Central Park West. The first—or, at any rate, *half* of the first—brontosaurus, one of the largest herbivorous dinosaurs known, rolled in, in 1899, from an excavation near Como Bluff that came to be known as Bone Cabin Quarry, for reasons made clear in one of Dr. Colbert’s books, “Dinosaurs: Their Discovery and Their World”:

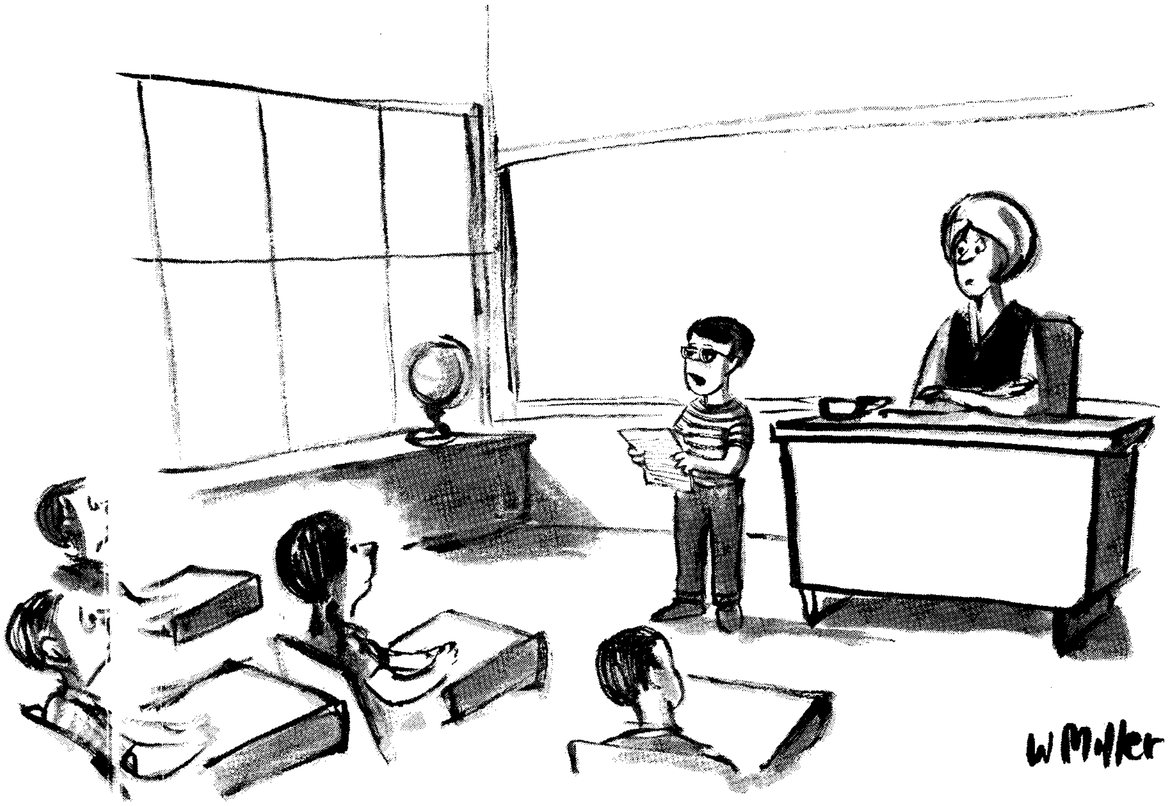
> In 1897 [Osborn] sent Walter Granger . . . to Como Bluff. . . . Granger found that the old Marsh quarries were pretty poor picking—they had been cleaned out. He therefore scoured the countryside several miles to the north of Como Bluff, and one fine day he found what he wanted. In the middle of an open plain was a small, solid cabin, built by a sheepherder as his own domicile. Granger found to his amazement that the cabin was built out of huge dinosaur bones! And all over the ground around the cabin were more bones, weathering out of the rocks in which they had been entombed for so many millions of years.

It took several years to get the brontosaurus into shape. The missing parts of the skeleton were modelled with the help of the Peabody Museum, at Yale, and in 1905 the distinguished sauropod, nearly seventy feet long and about eighteen feet high, was installed in the center of a new Hall of Fossil Reptiles.

In preparing displays for this hall, Osborn employed methods that were not at first universally appreciated in paleontological circles, where, in the eighteen-nineties, the prevailing idea was that bones were no business of the general public and should be left unarticulated in museum drawers or on shelves for the exclusive benefit of scientists. In bringing about this reformation, which he extended to non-fossils as well, he drew heavily upon the talents of Carl E. Akeley, a taxidermist, sculptor, explorer, hunter, photographer, and inventor, whose name is perpetuated at the Museum in the Akeley Memorial Hall of African Mammals. This eye-filling sequence of twenty-eight habitat groups, arranged around a central, non-habitat group of eight mounted elephants, originated with Akeley. What with its incredibly detailed backgrounds of artificial leaves, blades of grass, rocks, flowers, and so on, the hall cost around a million dollars to install. It opened in 1936, ten years after Akeley’s death and forty years after his first trip to Africa. Akeley is undoubtedly the only job applicant whom the Museum turned down and subsequently named a hall for. Born in upper New York State in 1864, he went to work for Ward’s Natural Science Establishment, in Rochester, at nineteen, and, after three years there, besought Professor Joel Allen, the Museum’s curator of mammalogy and ornithology, for a taxidermic post. “Believe I can give you satisfaction in all classes of taxidermy and also in mounting small skeletons,” he wrote. Nothing came of this, and he presently took his stuffing and mounting talents to the Milwaukee Public Museum, where he spent eight years. In 1895, he moved over to the Chicago Natural History Museum (then the Field



Columbian Museum), where he became chief of the Department of Taxidermy and perfected a new, lifelike technique of mounting animals that involved modelling in clay and spraying with shellac. Such was its success that in 1909 the American Museum came to its senses and recruited him.



"'How I Went Through an Identity Crisis Last Summer and Found The Answer to the Question "Who Am I?,"' by Ronnie Davis."

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Akeley's life was a dream of Africa. He went on two African expeditions for Chicago and on three much more ambitious ones for New York, observing, shooting, photographing, and bringing back for cosmetic treatment gorillas, lions, elephants, leopards, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, wart hogs, wild asses, zebras, giraffes, gazelles, and greater and lesser kudus. Akeley liked gorillas, although they tried to kill him, and he shot them with regret—five of them, all now in an African Hall alcove against a background of fifty thousand artificial leaves and flowers, including an ecologically unimpeachable blackberry bush that took eight months to make and cost two thousand dollars. "I believe that the gorilla is normally a perfectly amiable and decent creature," he wrote in 1923 in a book that he pointedly called "In Brightest Africa." "I believe that if he attacks man it is because he is being attacked or thinks that he is being attacked. . . . I believe, however, that the white man who will allow a gorilla to get within ten feet of him without shooting is a plain damn fool." Akeley felt the same way about elephants, who *also* tried to kill him. "Once . . . I had such close contact with an old bull up on the slopes of Mt. Kenya that I had to save myself from being gored by grabbing his tusks with my hands and swinging in between them," he wrote in "In Brightest Africa," and went on:

> . . . I was suddenly conscious that an elephant was almost on top of me. . . . My next mental record is of a tusk right at my chest. I grabbed it with my left hand, the other one with my right hand, and swinging in between them went to the ground on my back. . . . He drove his tusks into the ground on either side of me, his curled-up trunk against my chest. I had a realization that I was being crushed, and as I looked into one wicked little eye above me I knew that I could expect no mercy. . . . I heard a wheezy grunt as he plunged down and then—oblivion.
>
> The thing that dazed me was a blow from the elephant's trunk as he swung it down to curl it back out of harm's way. It broke my nose and tore my cheek open to the teeth. . . . When he surged down on me, his big tusks evidently struck something in the ground that stopped them. . . . I should have been crushed as thin as a wafer if his tusks hadn't met that resistance—stone, root, or something—underground. He seems to have thought me dead, for he left me. . . . I lay unconscious for four or five hours. . . . But I did get entirely over it all, although it took me three months in bed. . . . The things that stick in my mind are [the elephant's] sagacity, his versatility, and a certain comradeship which I have never noticed to the same degree in other animals.

Akeley, who on another occasion killed a leopard bare-handed, realized that he was in the wrong, morally, vis-à-vis his African targets. "There is no fun in shooting zebras and wild asses," he wrote. "It makes one uncomfortable." Two years after his adventure with the elephant, which took place in 1910, his plan for an African Hall was O.K.'d by the trustees, but in 1926, the year of Akeley's death, it was still on paper. Its originator, who had never *really* recovered from his bout with the elephant, died in camp, in high gorilla country in the Belgian Congo, and was buried there.

Work on African Hall was carried to its conclusion by James L. Clark. Mr. Clark, who is now eighty-five and still drops in at the Museum, first dropped in seventy-five years ago, when he was living in Jersey City. "I spent the whole day at the Museum," he recently told a friend. "It was the most wonderful day I ever had. I had never seen anything like it in my life. My next visit was eight years later, in 1902, when I came to see Dr. Hermon Bumpus about a job. He was a former professor of comparative anatomy at Brown, and he had just been made the Museum's director—the heart of the scientific staff. He was a good live wire. He happened to be looking for a young man who could sculpt animal forms in clay—and perhaps, eventually, learn the Akeley technique. I got the job! Fifty dollars a month! My first assignment was to model a full-sized bull elk. I had never seen an elk, but I walked across the Park to the Menagerie and studied one. A few months later, when I had made a good many models, including one of the elk, Dr. Bumpus brought a visitor to my room. It was Mr. Akeley! He looked at some of my things, left with Dr. Bumpus, and came back that afternoon, alone, for a chat. Shortly thereafter, he invited me to Chicago for what became a three-month stay. He showed me his secret methods!"

By 1923, when Clark returned from a year's field trip to Africa, he had been named assistant executive secretary and assistant director of the Museum and was receiving a salary transcending that of the director himself. "Professor Osborn offered me a salary of twelve thousand dollars, which was what the director was getting," he informed his aforementioned friend. "I asked for fifteen thousand, and the trustees gave me an extra three thousand *secretly*, so as not to seem to be paying me more than the director." The director at that time was Dr. Frederic A. Lucas, who in 1911 had bumped Dr. Bumpus. When Osborn became president, in 1908, he inherited Bumpus as director, but the relationship between the two men was something less than ideal. On one occasion, Osborn wrote the live wire, "In order to free the exhibition halls of dust, it is very important that cloths should be used rather than feather dusters; in this manner dust is taken out of the Museum instead of being redistributed." And on a later occasion he wound up a testy letter to Bumpus, a fellow-member of his in the Century Club:

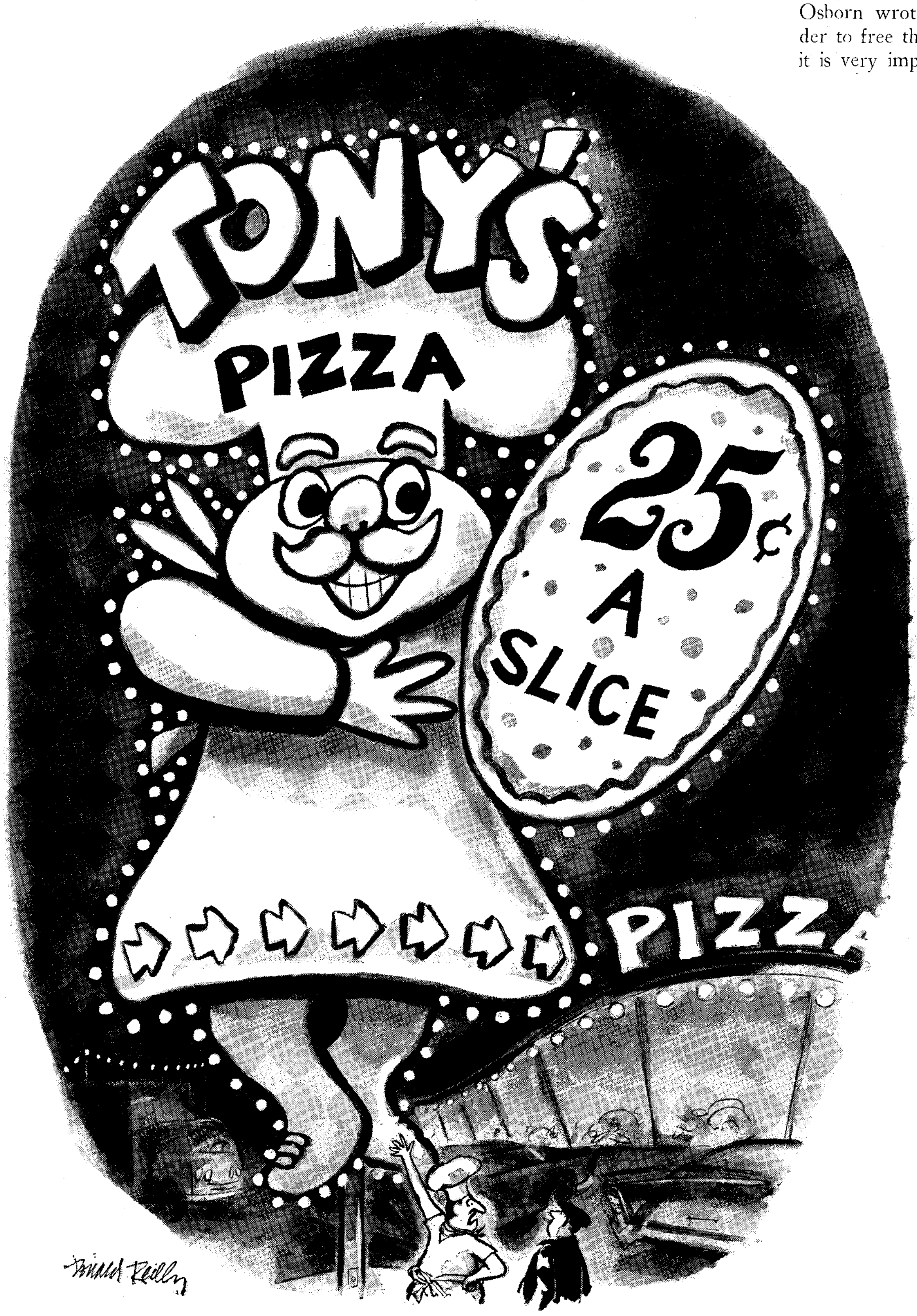
> Will you not kindly remember to place notices in the hall directing visitors to your offices? There is a constant string of visitors and book peddlers finding their way into our work rooms.

Thereupon, the ex-Brown professor, no stranger to the peremptory note ("My dear Mr. Abramson," he had once written a Museum contractor. "It is only two hours ago that I saw your cabinet-maker leave the building. Since then two of the chairs have dropped apart"), answered the ex-Princeton professor as follows:

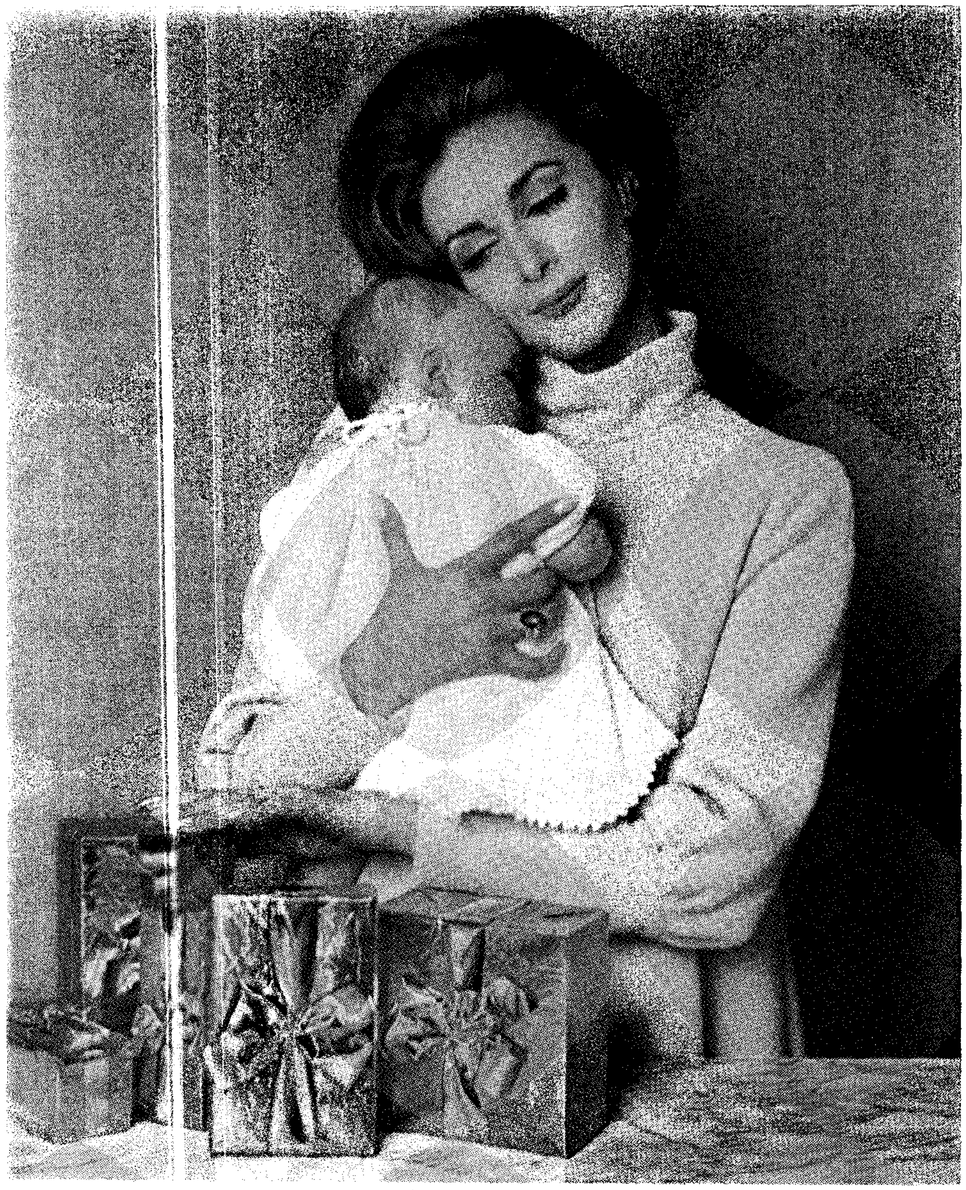
> In regard to the last paragraph of your letter, I would say that the facts are so exaggerated I feel sure that it was written without your knowledge, and I am therefore returning it to you.

Professor Osborn re-entered the fray:

> As regards the book agents and visitors in our laboratories, my statement was made from personal experience. It is not true that there is a constant succession of interruptions; but it is true that there are frequent interruptions by visitors who



"What the hell do they mean—'blight'? That thing cost me ten thousand bucks!"



At Christmas

*. . . there is no such thing as too big a hug, too "little"
a present, too huge an emerald or too much of a really great fragrance.
A woman could get quite exuberant on receiving all sixteen
of the flower-and-fern, gold-and-glossy Royal Secret Series—from
Spray Concentrée to Luxury Lotion—to the essence itself.
If you're in a mood for superlative Christmas gestures,
give her the works. Then stand back and watch!*

Royal Secret

Germaine Monteil

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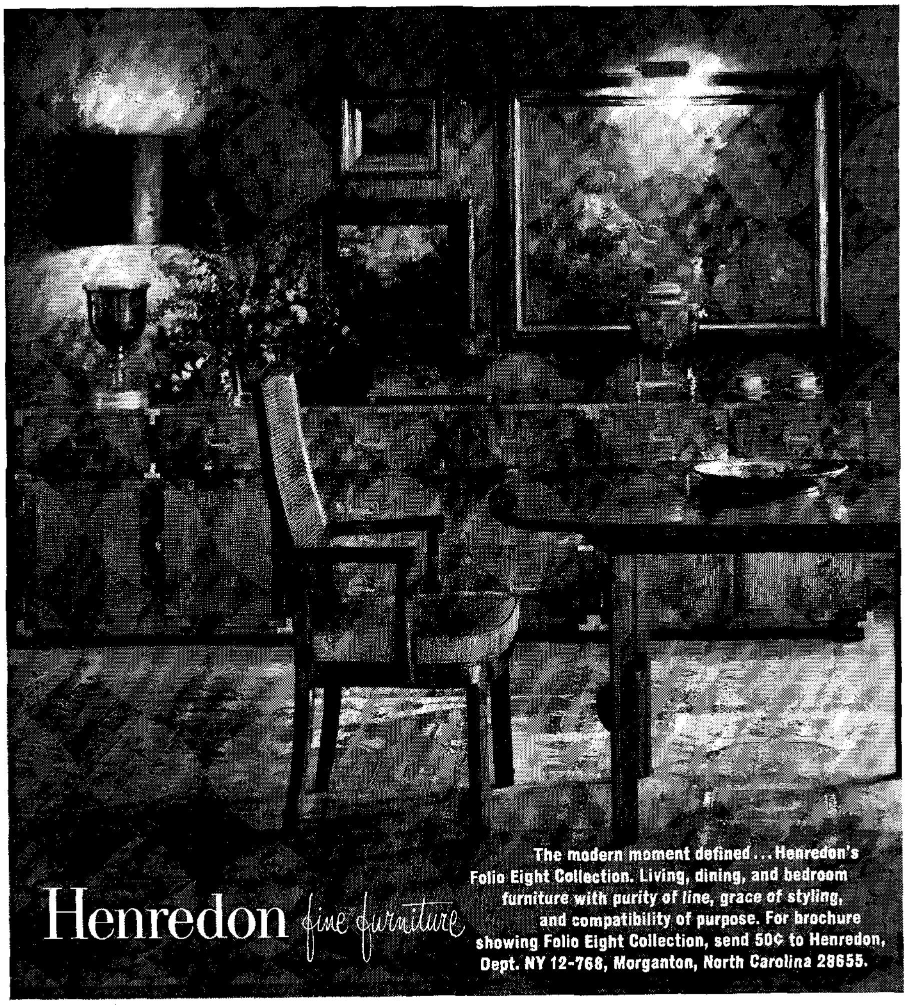
Cook *in* it. Serve *in* it. But please don't eat those luscious fruits that grow all over it. They're for decoration. Not dessert. The Royal Worcester collection of Flameproof Porcelain consists of casseroles, ramekins, baking dishes, and soufflés in all sizes and shapes. All in white. The better to show off the sun-ripened colors, individually fired in the great English tradition. From $2.00 to $45.00 at stores that serve only the best. Casserole shown, 2¼ qt., $25.00. Also available in Canada. Write to Royal Worcester, Dept.NY12,11East 26th Street, New York 10010 for a free Flameproof folder.



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have no business in the laboratories. I spend comparatively little time there, but in the last two weeks I have been solicited by a book agent and an insurance agent. Mr. Granger informed me that such business is quite frequent, and that there is no way of keeping these people out.

A few weeks later, Osborn, about to take a holiday, one-upmanned the director with a "My address while abroad will be: c/o J. S. Morgan & Company, 22 Old Broad Street, London. But I really do not wish to hear anything about Museum affairs unless absolutely necessary."

In 1910, when the champion of the cloth duster had been in the presidential saddle only a couple of years, he treated his director to an unexpected six-month leave of absence, at the end of which Dr. Bumpus redistributed himself as business manager of the University of Wisconsin. He later became president of Tufts College (now University). In 1927, he politely backed away when, along with more than five hundred Osborn colleagues and friends from all over the world, he was invited to contribute his signature to an illuminated book of greetings to Osborn on the occasion of the latter's seventieth birthday. Nor did he show up at a birthday reception held in the Museum. Five years Osborn's junior, Dr. Bumpus outlived his ancient foe by eight years, dying, at eighty-one, in 1943. His death passed unnoticed in the Museum's *Annual Report.*

Frederic Lucas, Dr. Bumpus's successor, had spent twenty-two years with the Smithsonian Institution (mostly as a curator of comparative anatomy) and seven years as curator-in-chief of the museums of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences by the time he was tapped by the American Museum, in 1911. Although Professor Osborn got along better with Dr. Lucas than he did with Dr. Bumpus, the Museum's 1919 and 1920 *Annual Reports* suggest that the relationship between the president and the director had again become something less than ideal. "Our fifty-first annual report is regretfully opened with the statement that the Museum as a whole is now going backward, not forward," Osborn wrote in 1919, and went on:

> This is not said in criticism or complaint of anyone ... [but] in hall after hall the arrangement is less truthful and more misleading than it was twenty years ago, because the collections are jumbled together out of their natural order.

Dr. Lucas, who on becoming director had been specifically charged by Dr. Osborn to devote the larger part

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of his time to the educational arrangement of the exhibition halls, did not take Dr. Osborn's squawk lying down. In his section of the 1920 *Annual Report*, he wrote:

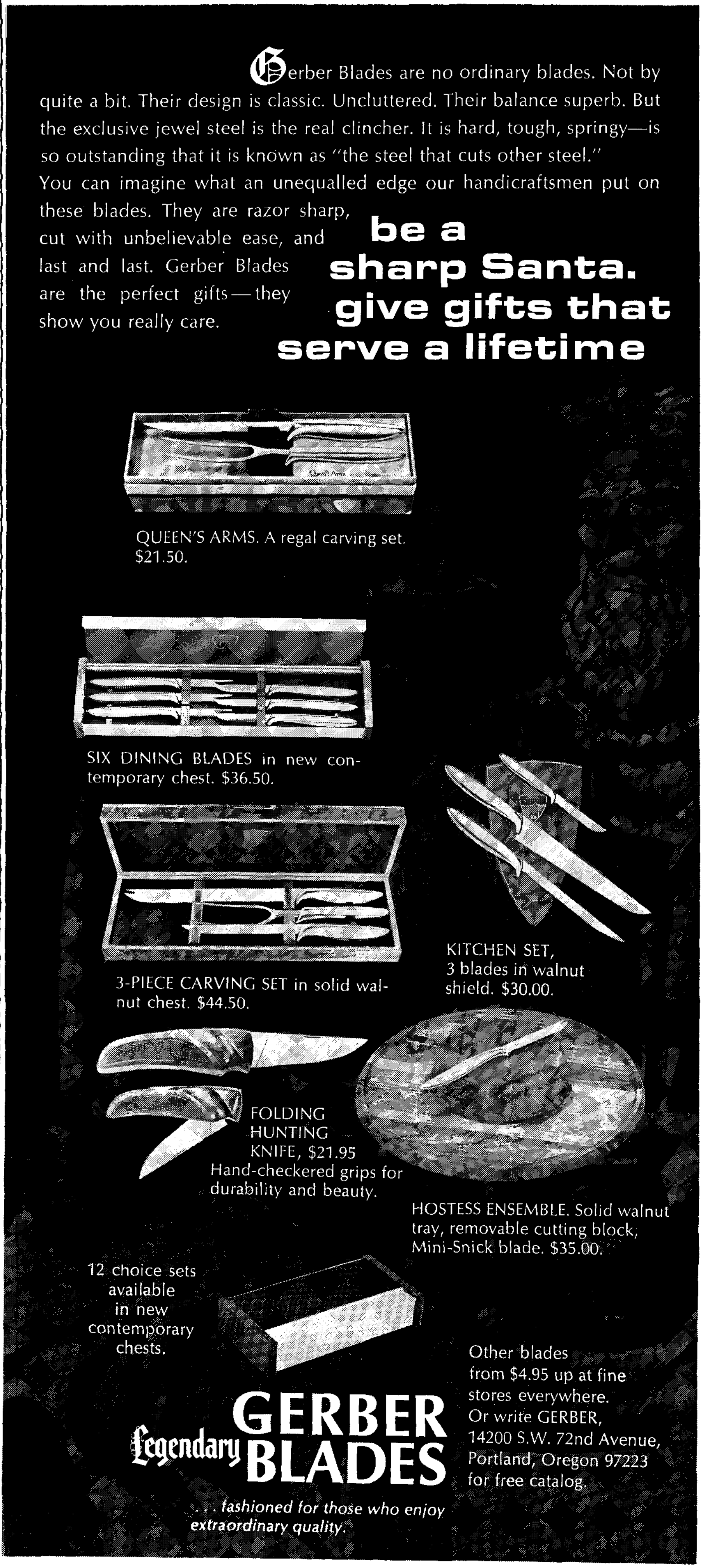
> In the Report for 1919, the President stated that the Museum was going backward; to the Director it would seem that the situation is that of a vessel voyaging through Arctic ice; her progress is impeded; it is not possible to proceed in a direct line, but here and there a lead opens, and by taking advantage of each opportunity that offers, there is steady though slow and indirect progress toward the desired point. . . . Excellent illustrations of what can be accomplished are shown in the various halls devoted to Mammals. . . . It is pleasant to report that the attendance during the past year has been the largest in the history of the Museum.

The Museum's president did not take *this* lying down. During the next two or three years, his correspondence with his director shows what can happen to a scientist who turns into an administrator. Here are some extracts:

> Visiting the Age of Man Hall today, I was surprised to find the two new cases going up without provision being made for interior lighting, which I expressly ordered.
>
> I regret to see that the promised effect in the sloth group has not been obtained by the reflectors of the globes. There is great concentration of light at the top and head of the big sloth, while the lower part is insufficiently lighted.
>
> I have just examined the new model in the Eastern Forest Indian Hall. I regret to say that I do not approve.

On one letter from his chief, beneath its concluding phrase, "The American Museum shall progress or I will retire from office and enjoy a peaceful life," Lucas has written, "And so would we."

Well, back, at long last, to Mr. James L. Clark, whose services the trustees, *in camera*, valued twenty-five per cent more highly than those of the director. (Osborn was no stranger to financial secrecy; after his first few years at the Museum, he took no salary, but he received a secret annual allowance of sixteen thousand dollars from Uncle Pierpont for his fossil department. This bounty did not show up in the Museum's books, and when discovered by Mr. Beardsley Ruml at a time when he was looking into the Museum's economy in connection with a request for a grant from the Spelman Fund of New York, of which he was a trustee, caused him to raise his eyebrows.) In terms of *réclame* for the Museum, Clark earned his pay. He went all over the country recruiting and training taxidermists until he had



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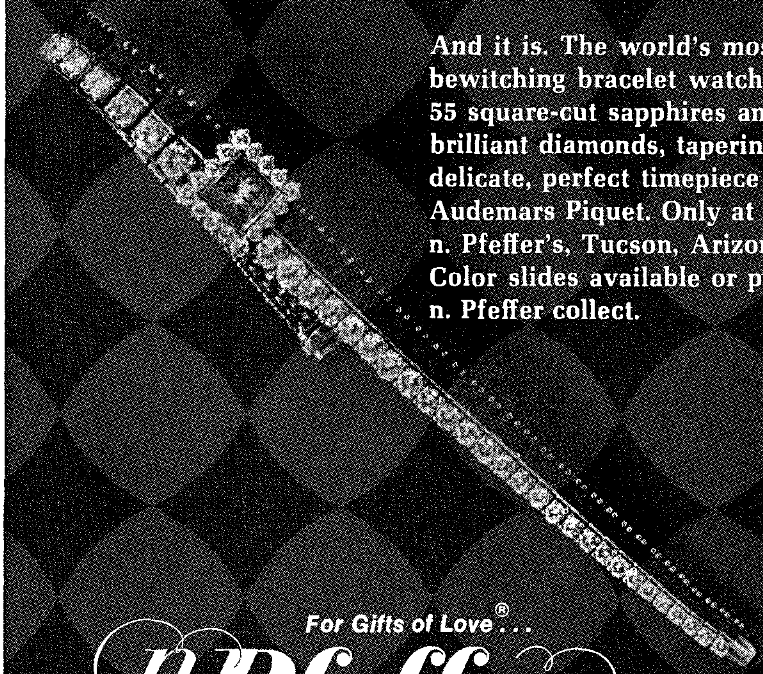

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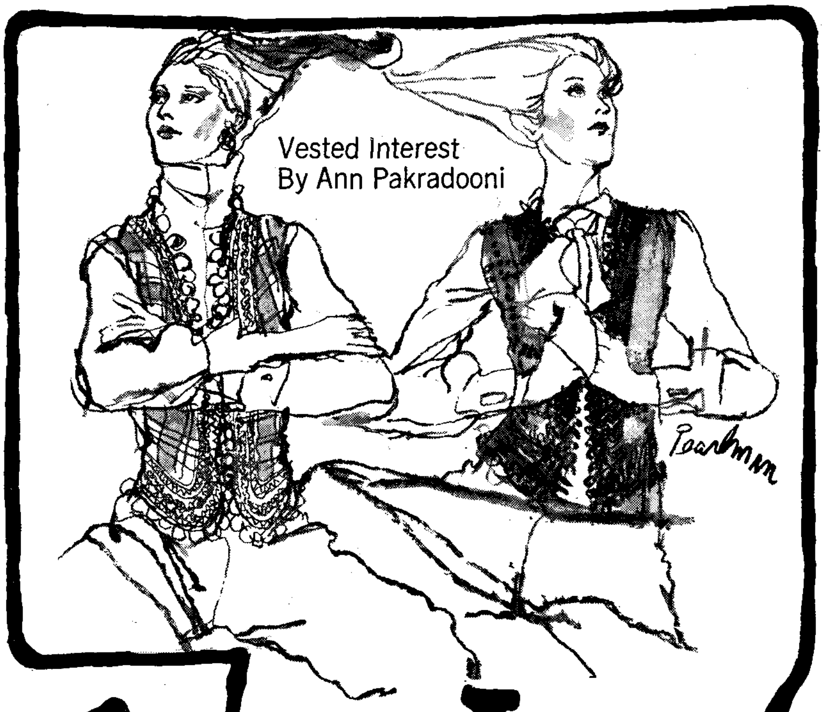

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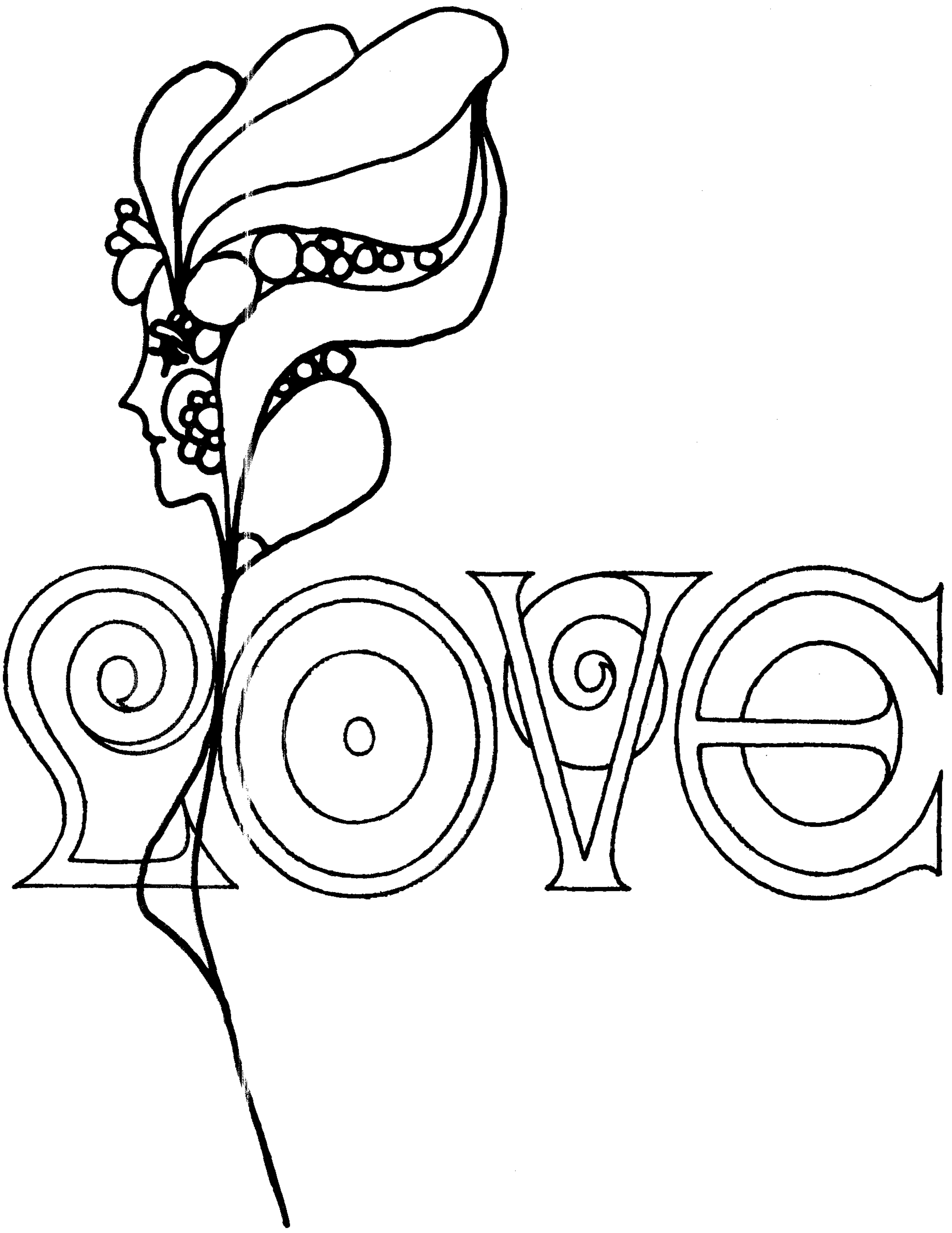
built up a staff of fifty handpicked men. Besides African Hall, he supervised the mounting of (and in some cases himself mounted) the habitat groups for two other spectacular mammal exhibits, both of which, like the Akeley Hall, are still Museum cynosures. The first of these to open (in 1930), and the first hall wholly occupied by habitat groups specially designed for it, was the Vernay-Faunthorpe Hall of South Asiatic Mammals—eighteen alcoves, arranged around a pair of Indian elephants in the middle of the hall. The alcoves' lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, deer, antelopes, water buffaloes, and so on, were collected in India, Burma, and Siam in the nineteen-twenties by Arthur S. Vernay, a rich English antique-furniture dealer, orchid raiser, flamingo fancier, and big-game hunter—who, accompanied by Clark preparators and artists, conducted fifteen expeditions for the Museum and became a trustee thereof—and by a friend of his, Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Faunthorpe, the British Resident Commissioner of Lucknow, India. In 1942, six years after the dedication of African Hall, the third great Clark-directed attraction—the Hall of North American Mammals—opened. This hall boasts *twenty-eight* alcoves, spearheaded by ones featuring the Osborn caribou and the Grant caribou, named (by Museum scientists) after Trustees Osborn and Madison Grant.

Mr. Clark, whom I really ought to call *Dr.* Clark (he never went to college, but Wesleyan College gave him a D.Sc. in 1933), now bears the title of Director Emeritus, Preparation and Installation, in the Museum's Department of Exhibition and Graphic Arts. He is still fond of secrets. In a recently published book, "Good Hunting: Fifty Years of Collecting and Preparing Habitat Groups for the American Museum," he writes, apropos of a lunch given in 1930 at the Knickerbocker Club by Mr. Vernay:

> When the luncheon finally broke up, I rose to take a stretch and casually walked over to a window to observe the green trees in Central Park. As I stood there, a middle-aged man walked up to me and said, "You know, I would like to go on an expedition some day." Having no idea who he was, I talked briefly with him, asking him to come over to the museum some time to discuss it. And in a week or so he walked into my office.
>
> Because I had had so many similar requests, both in person and by mail from people wanting to go on an expedition, I simplified my dilemma by using the questionnaire that I had made up earlier and had used down through the years. One of the questions I listed was: "Could you donate to the Museum Expedition a sum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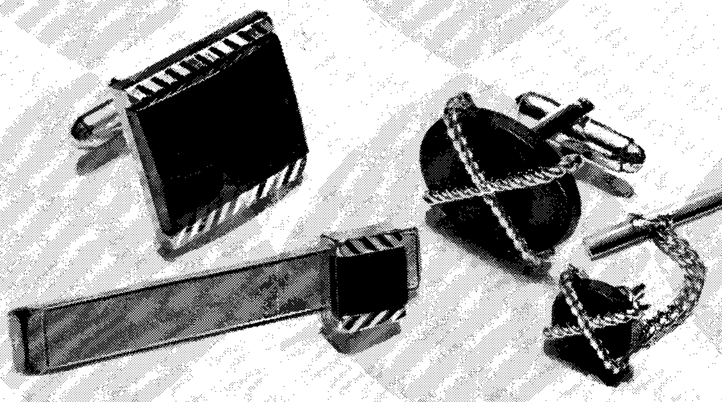

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of money to help pay your expenses? If so, how much?" Since this fellow's name meant nothing to me and since he had volunteered nothing very constructive, I gave him a questionnaire to fill out and bring in to me in a week or so. Again he returned in due time, and, sheepishly laying the questionnaire on my desk, said, "If that sum isn't enough I can get more." Hastily I opened the paper to where this particular question appeared, and I fear I must have gulped when I read "fifty thousand dollars." But I quickly collected myself and said, "I think that will be enough."

This resulted in one of the most interesting expeditions of my long experience, a trip to the very heart of Africa in the very remote area of southern Sudan, to the west of the White Nile.

Good hunting in the book's index, which illuminates this passage with a name, reveals that the sheepish sponsor was Mr. C. Oliver O'Donnell, who in due time (about ten minutes) became an Associate Founder, and who today is commemorated by an engraved label in the Akeley Hall reading, "Giant Eland Group: C. Oliver O'Donnell."

IN the early nineteen-forties, when the war had put a stop to geographical exploration, and the Museum, its staff crippled by that conflict and by Depression-bred expulsions and resignations (salaries had been cut in the nineteen-thirties), was floundering around in a kind of post-Depression depression of its own, the trustees, hoping for guidance, asked Dr. Clark Wissler, who had just retired as curator of anthropology but was still *in situ* emeritus, to write a critical historical survey of the institution. Dr. Wissler had been surveying the Museum, out of a corner of his eye, for forty years. He was an authority on the American Indian, on whom he had written several books. (These have been credited with reflecting a pioneering recognition of the importance of the psychological element in anthropological research—a point of view that has been more outspokenly emphasized by Dr. Margaret Mead, who, as an ethnology curator, has been writing *her* books at the Museum for *more* than forty years.) Dr. Wissler was also, at least in the Indian field, a man of remarkable financial judgment. In 1910, when a collection of three hundred and sixty-eight paintings and fifty sketches by George Catlin—mostly of Plains Indians—were offered to the Museum by Miss Elizabeth Catlin, one of the artist's daughters, for twenty-five thousand dollars, Wissler advised the Museum to make a bid of ten thousand dollars for them. Dr. Lucas

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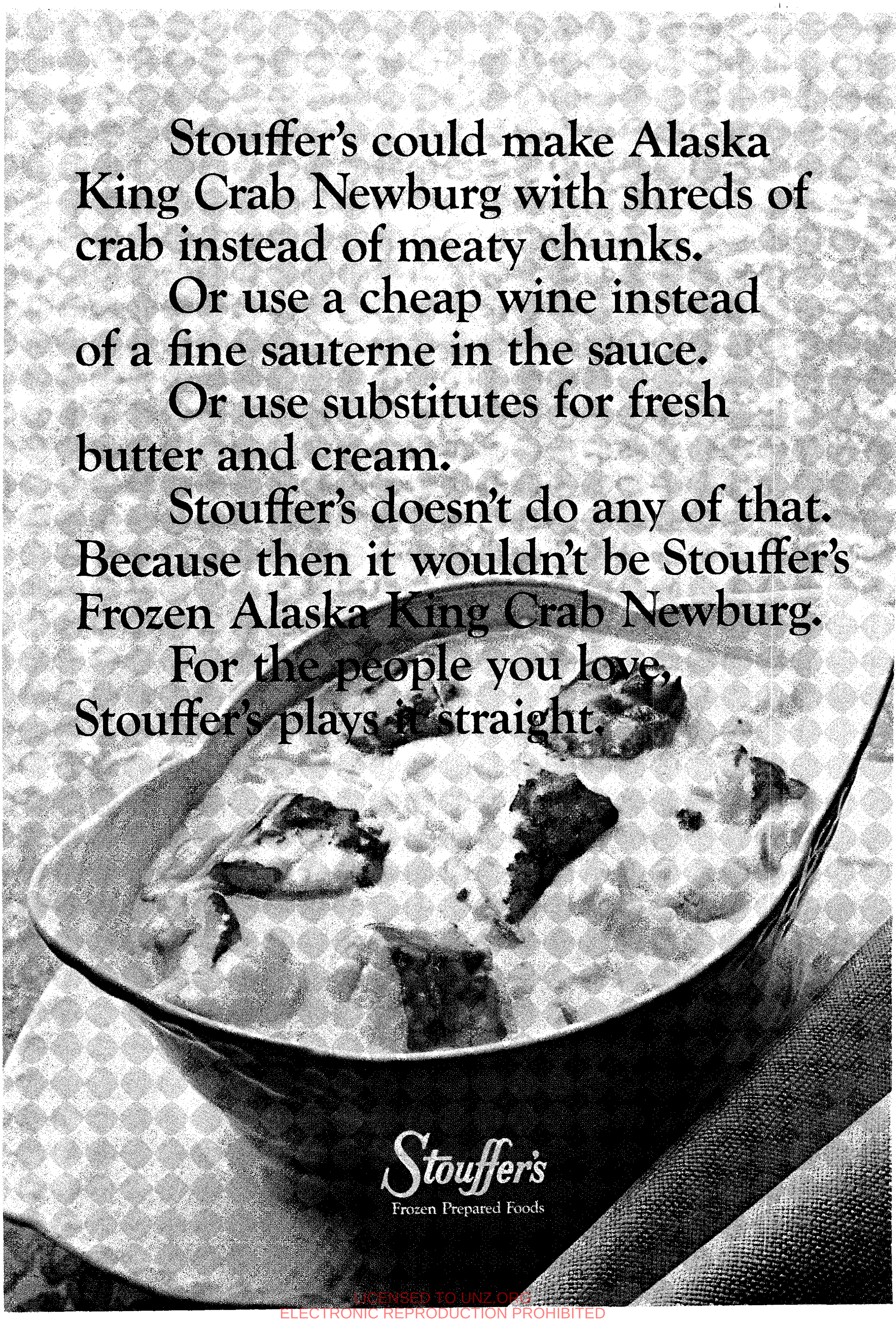

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eventually voted against this, on the ground that "the price . . . is very large in proportion to their value," but President Osborn overruled him, and, moreover, got Ogden Mills to put up the ten thousand, which Miss Catlin accepted. For half a century, the collection's headquarters was a storage room. In 1958, the Museum sold the Catlins—minus a score or so, which it kept to draw upon for Indian-hall backgrounds—to the Kennedy Galleries, as agent for Paul Mellon, for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Mellon sent them on to the National Gallery, in Washington. Despite all his savvy about Indians and pictures of Indians, however, Dr. Wissler may have been a bit tendentious as a museum historian. Like many of the Museum's anthropologists (the department currently lists twenty names), who concern themselves with *people*, he had a slightly patronizing attitude toward those of his colleagues who dealt with animals. (Staff anthropologists today have their own lunch table in the curators' section of the employees' cafeteria, where they nod politely to the zoologists.) The Wissler survey, which rambled along for four hundred typewritten pages, inclined toward an anti-Akeley, anti-mounted-zoo philosophy. It observed, a trifle sourly, that the big-game mammals favored in Museum exhibits "may be threatened by improved zoo techniques;" that preparation men outranked the heads of scientific departments; that publication and research had often been curtailed in the past; and that data and collections had piled up unstudied while the Museum went on to more and more "publicity explorations."

I want to go on, or back, to the greatest publicity explorer of all, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews (another of Dr. Wissler's implied targets), but first let me backtrack a good deal further, to a curious episode involving Professor Osborn that took place *before* he became president. On February 27, 1906, Dr. Samuel P. Langley, the third Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, died, and the regents of the Smithsonian started to cast about for a successor. In May, after reading an article in the New York *Evening Post* that included his name in a list of candidates, Professor Osborn sent a telegram to Mr. John B. Henderson, a former senator from Missouri and chairman of the regents' executive committee:

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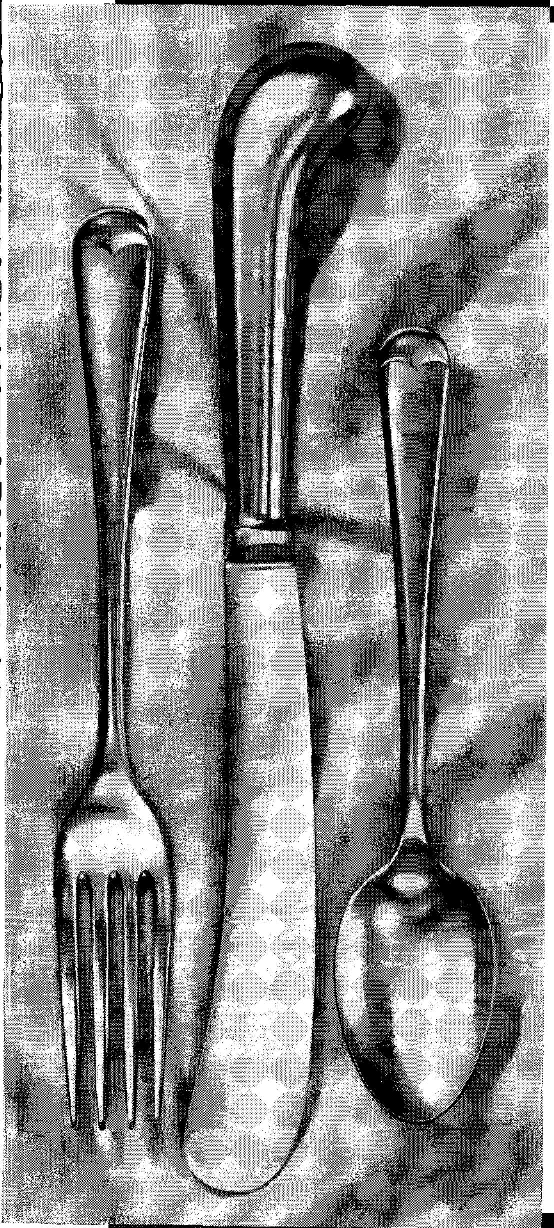

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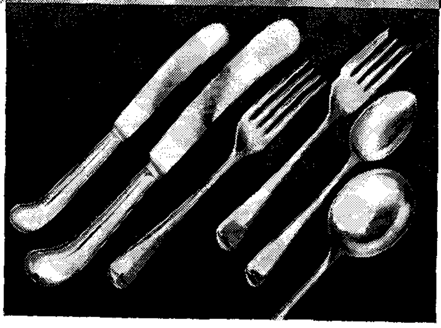

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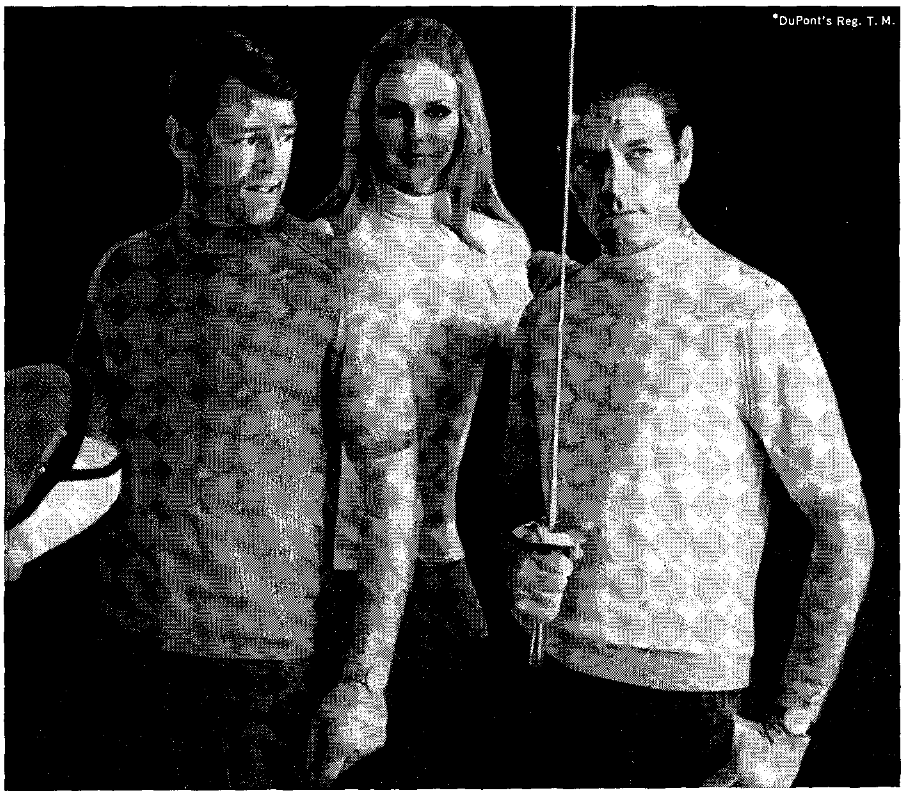
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scientific researches and publications for the Geological Survey [the titanotheres monograph] and the American Museum would prevent acceptance even if the very high honor of a call should happen to come to me. I trust you will kindly make known to the Board that I am not on the list of candidates.

In November, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the Pooh-Bah of the Smithsonian's regents, urged the Professor to reconsider. "Of course I *can* give you no assurance beforehand that in any event you will be elected," he wrote, but he also wrote, "If there is no hope of our obtaining a man of your eminence in the scientific world, there is serious danger of the position being degraded to that of a mere administrative officer, and Pure Science in America will suffer."

Osborn apparently rejected the idea of coming to the rescue of Pure Science. "I have positively decided that my original decision was a wise one," he wrote Dr. Bell.

The inventor of the telephone did not take two noes for an answer. A few days later, he buttonholed Osborn at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in Boston and assured him that the regents especially desired an investigator as well as an administrator, and that the Secretary would be encouraged to continue his scientific researches. This chat seems to have encouraged Dr. Bell, at least, for following it he wired Osborn, "THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA ARE AT STAKE AND I WOULD URGE AN IMMEDIATE REPLY CONFIRMING OUR VERBAL UNDERSTANDING IN BOSTON." However, his telegram crossed a letter from Osborn that contained another no—"My chief scientific duty lies here in New York. . . . This high post . . . would make a serious break in my line of investigation"—and suggested the election of Dr. Charles D. Walcott, an eminent geologist.

The regents of the Smithsonian did not take *three* noes for an answer. On December 4th, they unanimously elected Osborn Secretary; communications to this effect were sent to him by Dr. Bell and by the Institution's chancellor, Melville W. Fuller, the Chief Justice of the United States. The papers were full of the news. "Scientific men of Washington are congratulating themselves upon the acquisition of so distinguished a man in the scientific world as an addition to the local colony," the Washington *Post* declared, and ran a picture of someone else. "A worthy successor to Henry and Langley," said the Boston *Transcript*. Dur-

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ing the next few days, the nominee received over a hundred messages of congratulation. One was from Fairfield Osborn, now president of the New York Zoological Society and then a Princeton sophomore, who sent a telegram "from your admiring Son" and at the same time wrote his other parent:

> DEAR MARM:
> Isn't it splendid about Papa? What does it mean? I was never so surprised in my life, because you remember your remark of how there was no chance of Papa's accepting it. . . .

The regents' choice appears to have wavered. "I shall take [the invitation] into most earnest consideration and hope to reach a decision in the course of a few days," he wrote Chancellor Fuller on December 5th, and he drew up a statement for the newspapers that ran, in part, "The invitation to coöperate in this work is very tempting and I am very carefully considering it. . . . Yesterday's action of the Regents has taken me completely by surprise. I now feel bound to reconsider the matter, because the invitation comes in such a generous and kindly spirit." This period of deliberation was punctuated by a serious phone call. In an undated, pencilled interoffice note (which I have had the privilege of inspecting in the Museum's files, where it is listed as having been written between December 5th and December 11th), Osborn read, "*Please call up 672 Madison* for a message from J. Pierpont Morgan." Under this, in Osborn's handwriting, in red crayon, there appears the notation "Strongly advises against acceptance."

On December 11th, at the end of a week during which the press all over the country had run eulogistic editorials about the new Secretary, the minuet came to a close. That day, Osborn wrote the chancellor a letter that covered a good deal of ground, without, however, mentioning Uncle Pierpont:

> The most honorable post of Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution . . . is the greatest honor I have received or expect to receive. I consider it, moreover, a call to the service of my country. . . . After several days which I have devoted almost exclusively to reflection on this matter from every standpoint I find myself unable to accept your invitation. . . . Acceptance would involve a change of career just at a time when I am trying to publish the results of thirty years of research. . . . For the past sixteen years . . . I have been interrupted and drawn away by executive and administrative work of the *very* character which would be demanded of your new Secretary on a grander scale.

No sooner had the axe fallen on Pure Science in the nation's capital than Professor Osborn received another round of congratulatory messages—this time for declining the Secretaryship and remaining at his post. In January, 1907, Dr. Walcott became the fourth Secretary of the Smithsonian, and a year later Professor Osborn became the fourth president of the American Museum.

"ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS was born here," the Columbia Encyclopedia states in its four-sentence account of Beloit, Wisconsin, after drawing attention to such other local assets as shoes, papermaking and woodworking machinery, diesel engines, electrical equipment, winter sports, and Beloit College (coeducational). The Museum's most celebrated staff explorer (Akeley was a free lance, not on salary) was a striking victim of the not unfamiliar process whereby a valuable museum field man or indoor researcher is turned in middle life into a somewhat less valuable administrator. Cast out in his prime by the institution whose fame he had increased and to whose collections his expeditions had contributed more than ten thousand paleontological treasures, including many previously unknown to science, Andrews spent his nineteen remaining years in semi-retirement in Connecticut and California, rehashing his early experiences in popular books, several of them written for children. He died at seventy-six in Carmel, in 1960. The Encyclopædia Britannica (as well as the Columbia Encyclopedia, under a separate biographical listing) has been delighted to honor him, but his death passed unnoticed in the Museum's *Annual Report.* "Roy was a peculiar fellow," Dr. Robert C. Murphy, once head of the Museum's bird department, and now, at a thriving eighty-one, Lamont Curator of Birds Emeritus, has said. "His knowledge was full of hiatuses. He was exposed to a great many things that never took. He didn't know whether he believed in the inheritance of acquired characteristics or not." Superficial, enthusiastic, personable, brave, a great field-trip organizer, and a marvellous public-relations man and money-raiser in the years immediately preceding the Depression, Andrews produced only one or two scientific papers but twenty-two books, none of them very scientific and many of them criss-crossed with identical passages. What

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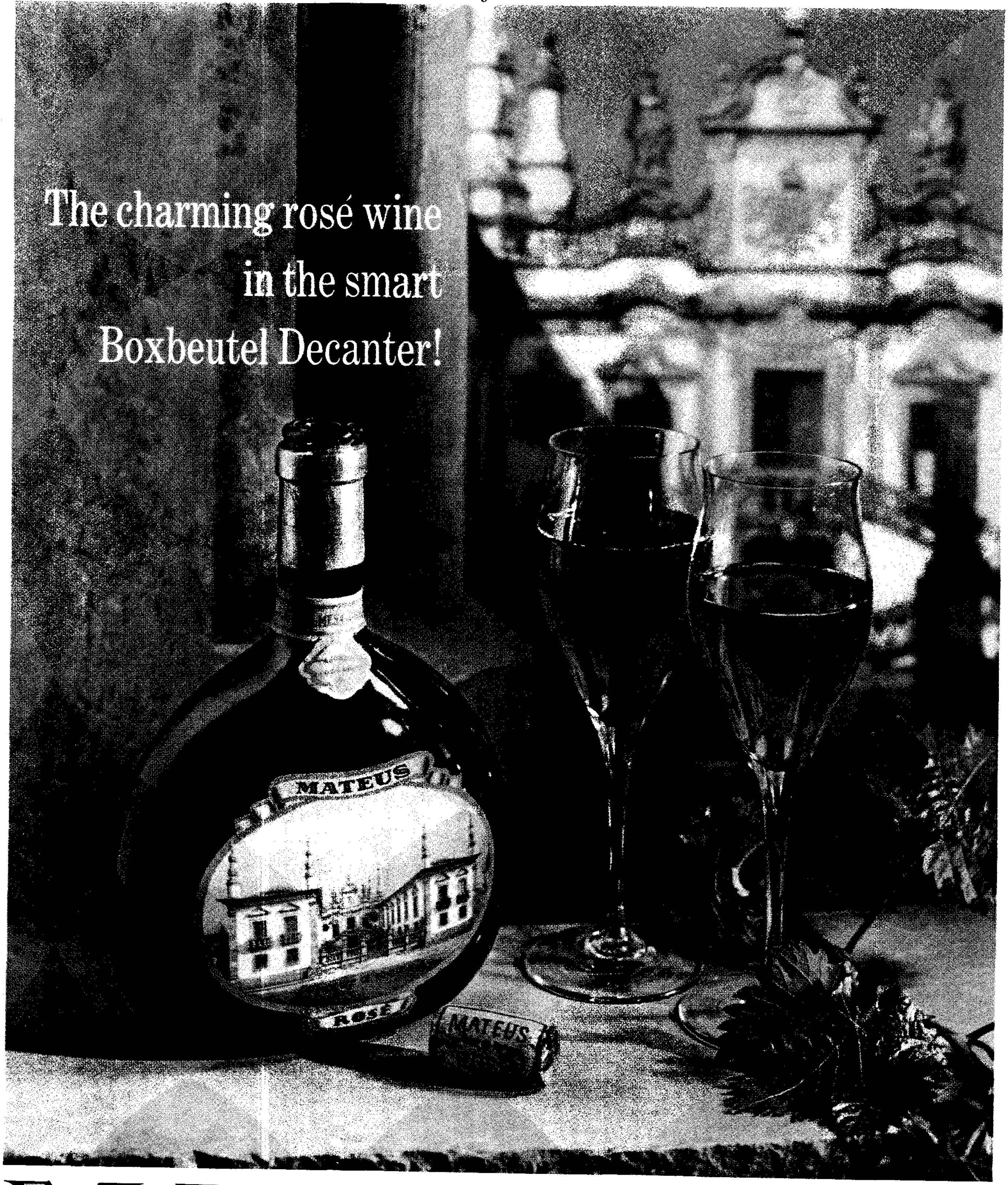
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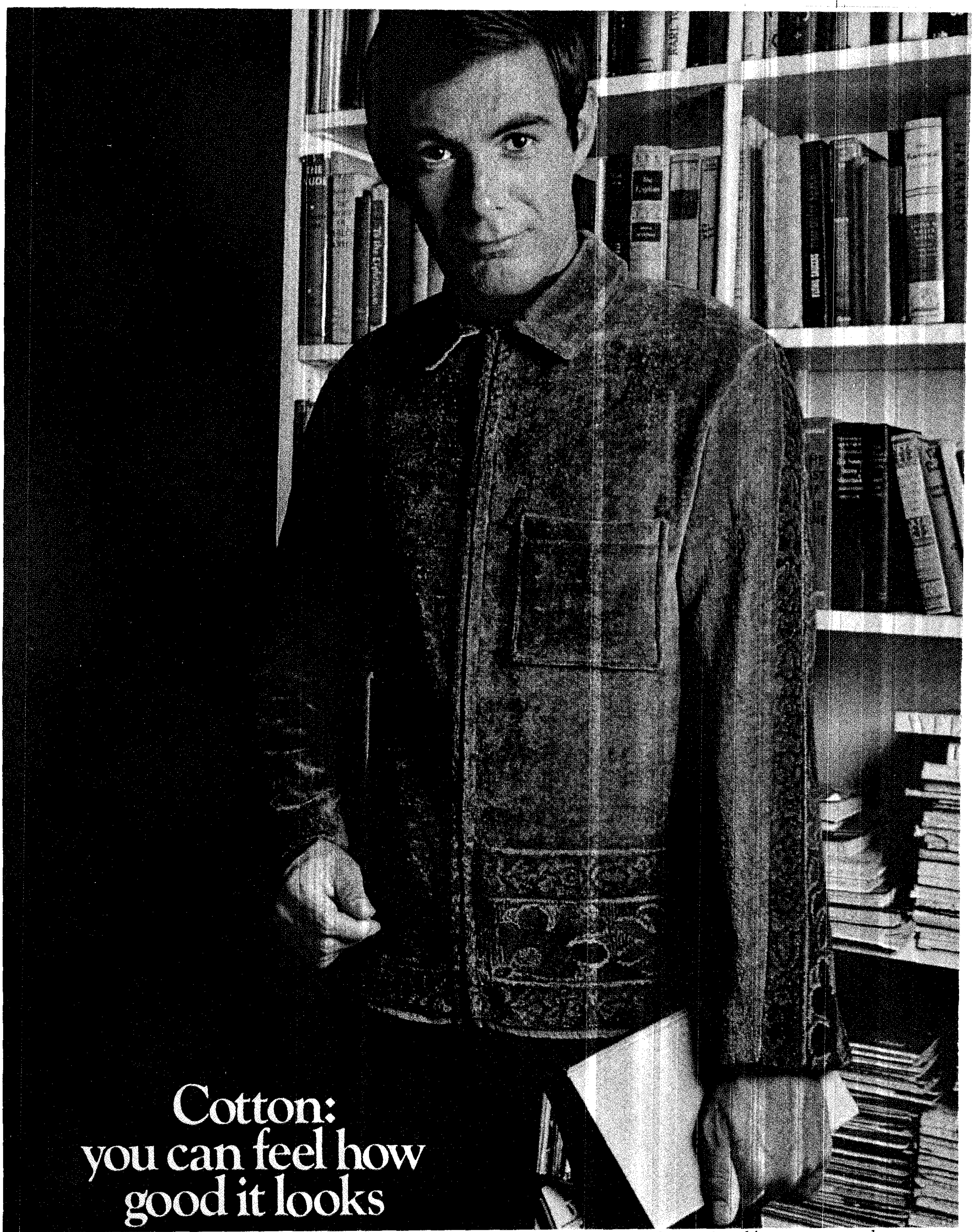

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sort of man was he? His "Ends of the Earth," published in 1929, starts out, revealingly:

> Almost every day someone asks me: "How did you start exploring and digging up dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert?"
>
> I can answer simply enough: "I couldn't help it. I happen to have been born to do it. I am sure that I would have been a rotten failure doing anything else."
>
> Ever since I can remember, I always intended to be a naturalist and explorer. Nothing else ever had a place in my mind. My first shotgun was given to me when I was nine. . . . Every moment that I could steal from school was spent in the woods along the banks of Rock River or on the water itself. . . . Taxidermy was a necessity, so I taught myself from books. . . . To enter the American Museum of Natural History was my life ambition.

Andrews' Bachelor of Arts degree, conferred by Beloit College in 1906 (Beloit and Brown gave him honorary degrees two decades later, when he was at the height of his expeditionary fame), was only a few weeks old when he gained the office of Mr. George H. Sherwood, then an assistant to Dr. Bumpus and later director himself. Sherwood passed his visitor along to the director, who at first shook his head, and then, suitably entreated ("You have to have someone to scrub the floors, don't you?"), nodded.

> Never before or since have I been as happy [Andrews wrote many years later]. The day I was introduced to Frank Chapman I nearly suffocated with delight. He had written my bible the "Handbook of North American Birds." I used to hang about the meteorites in the foyer at one o'clock to get a sight of Professor Osborn when he went to luncheon. I never hoped to really meet him.

The floors that the young hero-worshipper was permitted to scrub were those of the Taxidermy Department, and his first close Museum contact was James L. Clark, then rounding out his fourth year there. Both men were twenty-two. Clark got Andrews into whales. He enlisted his help in the construction of a wire-netting-and-papier-mâché model of a seventy-six-foot sulphur-bottom whale, which was a Museum fixture for sixty years. (It has recently been replaced by a *ninety-four-foot* steel-fibre-glass-and-plastic blue whale in the new Hall of Ocean Life.) Andrews' second whale assignment came in the winter of 1907. A fifty-four-foot North Atlantic right whale had been harpooned and beached at Amagansett, Long Island, and Clark, instructed by Bumpus to buy it and bring back its bones, took Andrews along. The expedition, which achieved its purpose, confirmed Andrews in an

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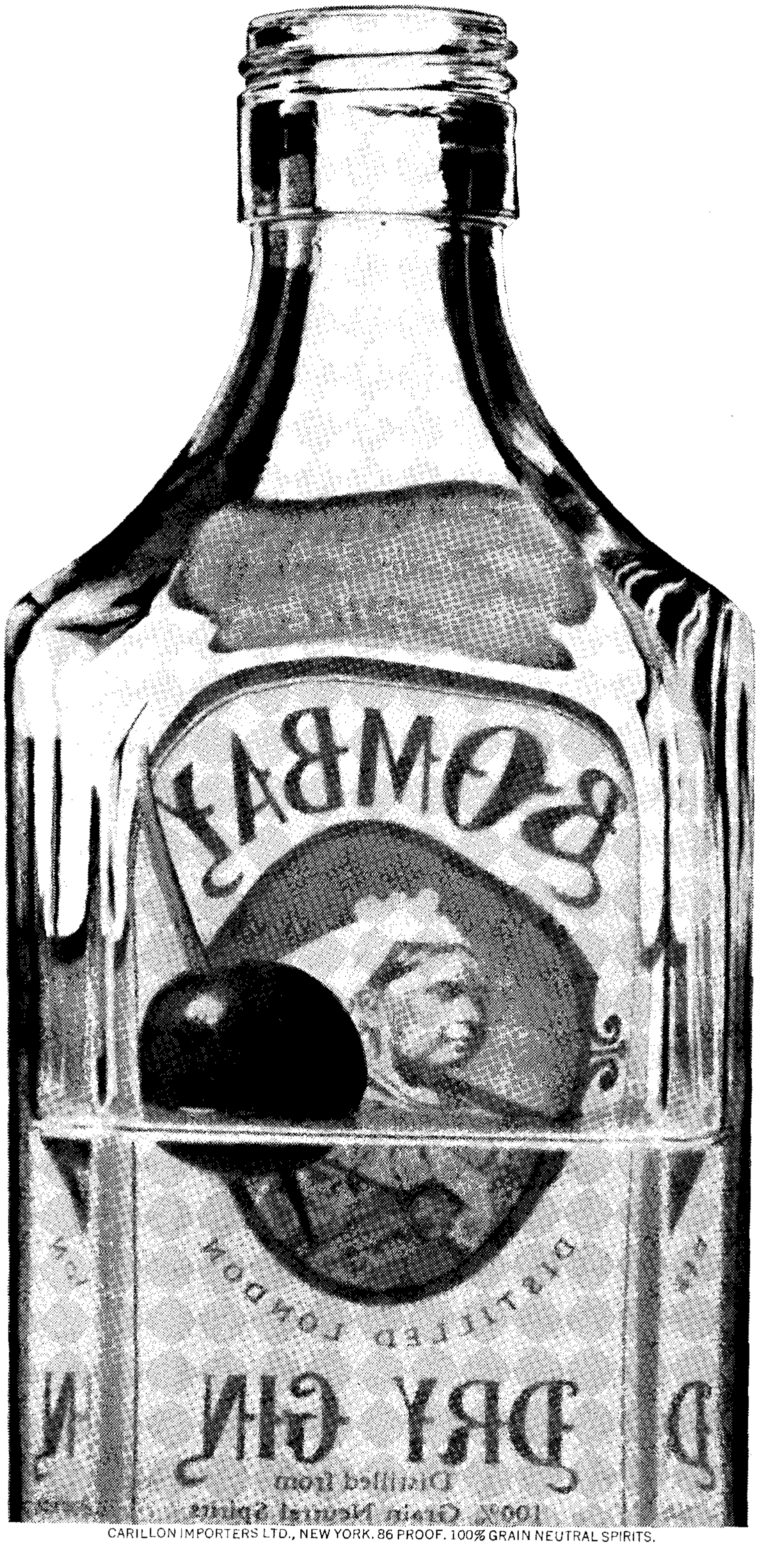

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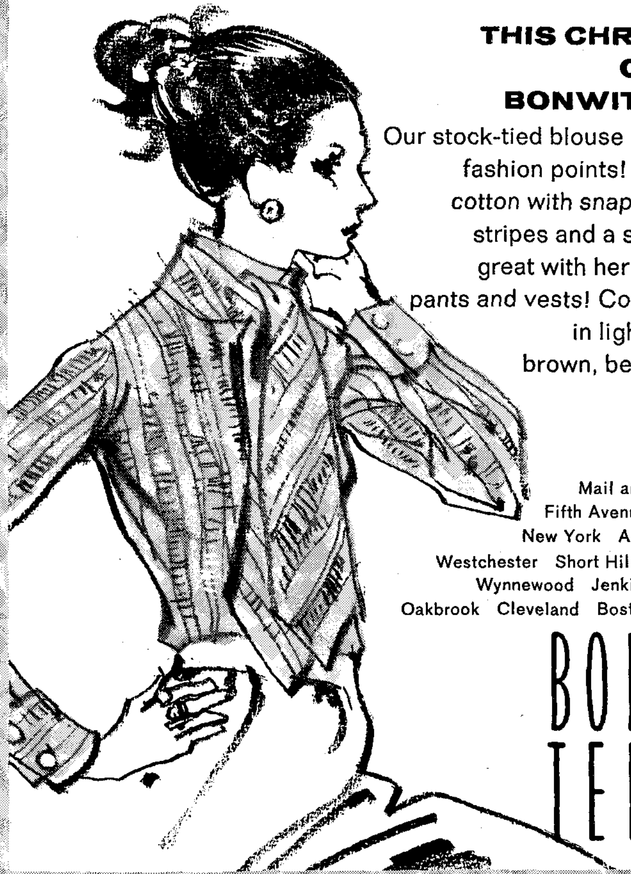
interest in cetology. During the next seven years, he collected, photographed, measured, and took notes on whales in Alaska, British Columbia, Korea, and Japan. In New York, between trips, he lectured on and wrote about whales ("It was almost indecent the way I spied upon their private lives. . . . I even went so far as to crawl into the tummies of several just to see what sort of apartments Jonah had rented"), and he also developed into a general lecturer and popularizer. He talked about whales so much, both publicly and privately, that a New Bedford friend of his sent him a book about them. For all his Biblical-real-estate approach toward whales, Andrews' reaction to this was more scientific than literary. "I read very carefully the book you gave me some time ago called 'Moby Dick' by Melville," he wrote his friend, and went on:

> and am surprised to see how much all New Bedford people seem to think of him. Some parts of it seem to me to be good, but as a whole I think it is uninteresting and tremendously inaccurate in many parts. The story would be good if about one-third of it were cut out and Melville had learned something about whales before he tried to write it. He seems to know nothing whatever about the anatomy and very little of the natural history of whales. He even contends that whales are fish which, at the time this book was written, was known pretty well by everyone to be erroneous. I presume its appeal to New Bedford people is because it does give a good picture of New Bedford during the time of whale days.

Around 1915, Andrews, now assistant curator of mammalogy, stopped talking about whales and started talking about Central Asia. He found a sympathetic ear in President Osborn, who in 1900 had prophesied that this area would be found to be the birthplace of primitive man. Dr. William Diller Matthew, the assistant curator of vertebrate paleontology, had strung along with this theory, and both men also believed that Central Asia was the place of origin of many non-human mammals that later migrated to Europe and America. Encouraged by these colleagues, Andrews made a couple of reconnoitring trips in the neighborhood of Mongolia. In 1921, after personally raising most of the money for its initial stage, he organized what was called the Third Asiatic Expedition, which carried on, with interruptions, for nearly a decade. It was far and away the most ambitious such venture ever undertaken. With headquarters established in Peking, it employed an army of Museum and Museum-connected paleontologists, pa-



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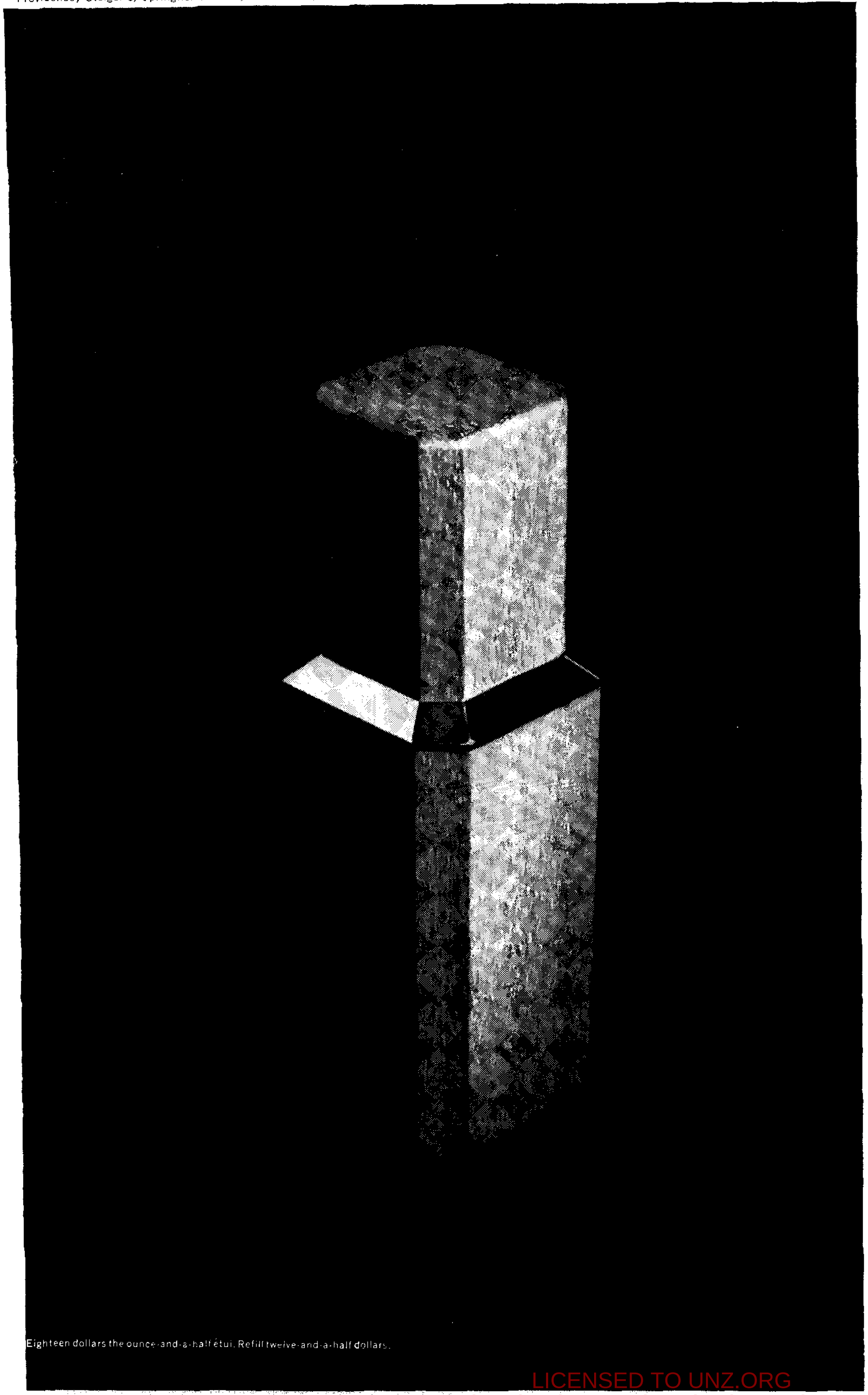

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I call my perfume *Partout*, which, in English, means Everywhere. I have prepared it in two utterly refreshing fragrances. A sophisticated floral which we call Fanfaron. And Sue Sue, a light and fresh and green floral.

For those wary of the new and unfamiliar (and often with cause, I must admit), I have also prepared spray *étuis* of Fanfaron and Sue Sue in the traditional way. In that form, they are the equal of any other perfume; beyond that, I make no extravagant claim for them.

Andrée Biallôt

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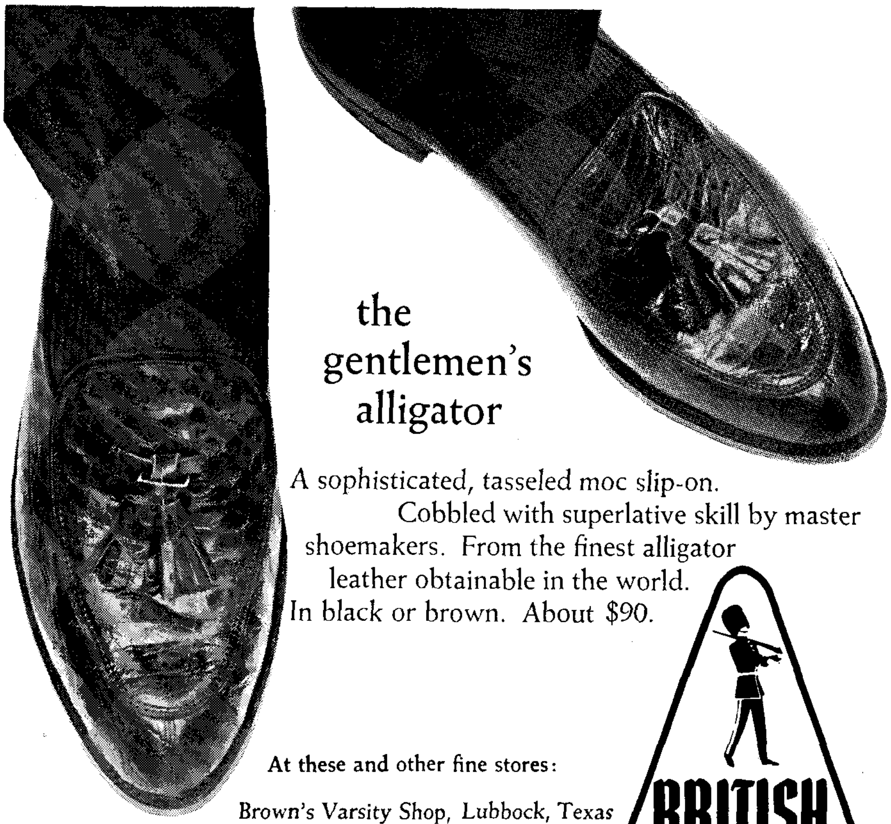

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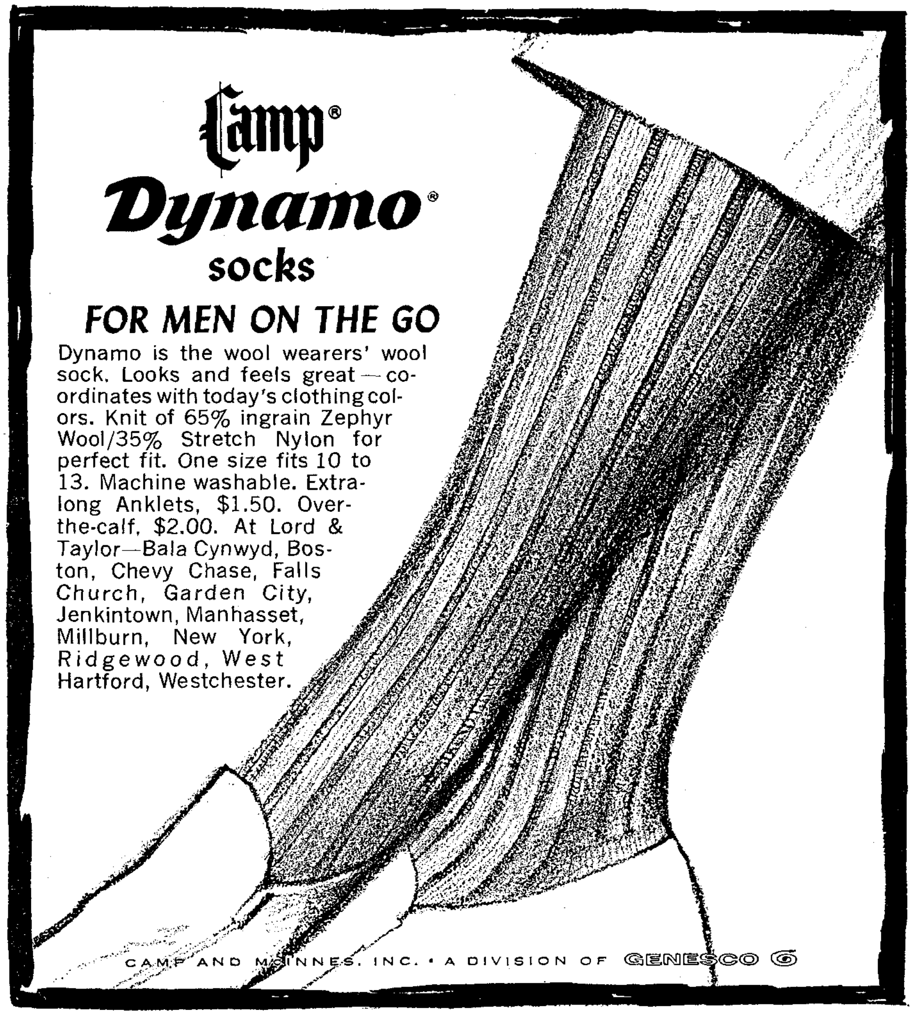

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leobotanists, archeologists, zoologists, topographers, herpetologists, surgeons, and geologists (Teilhard de Chardin was one, in 1930), who pioneeringly traversed the Gobi in fleets of motorcars; it spent close to a million dollars; it coped with bandits, a treacherous terrain, and the vagaries of Chinese officials. It never did discover primitive man, although for a while the Museum hinted that the Osborn-Matthew theory was correct. "The Expeditions found evidences of prehistoric man but no fossil bones," Dr. Chester A. Reeds, the curator of geology and invertebrate paleontology, wrote in a Museum publication. Taking its cue, perhaps, from the Museum, the Encyclopædia Britannica stated in 1929, "The expeditions discovered . . . extensive evidence of primitive human life on the Central Asian plateau," but it dropped this claim in a later edition. The Third Expedition did produce, however, a dazzling succession of non-human fossils, including the skull and other parts of a baluchitherium, a tree-browsing rhinoceros that was the largest known land mammal, as well as the dinosaur eggs that got the Museum on the first page of newspapers all over the world. The first batch of these—twenty-five, after the fragments of shell had been assembled—was found in the summer of 1923. The eggs were identified as dinosaurian by Dr. Walter Granger, Andrews' second-in-command, the chief paleontologist and, in fact, the scientific backbone of the Expedition. (Andrews never had much idea of what he was looking at, scientifically speaking.)

Back in New York, the eggs, which were respectfully examined at a trustees' meeting attended by the Messrs. Percy Pyne, Madison Grant, Felix Warburg, Cleveland H. Dodge, Ogden L. Mills, and other amateur oölogists, helped Andrews—in the course of lectures and personal solicitations he made in the winter of 1923-24—raise two hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars for further Gobi excavations. An egg that particularly helped him locally was one that was bought for five thousand dollars by a member of the Colgate soap family and presented to Colgate University. This purchase, enthusiastically reported in the press, proved, however, something of a boomerang abroad. The Chinese government got the idea that dinosaur eggs were *worth* five thousand dollars apiece, despite the Museum's subsequent disclaimer and concomitant announcement that the Colgate-egg price was a fictitious one, arrived at for reasons of publicity. In 1925, a great

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many more eggs were moved from the Gobi to Central Park West. A projected 1926 expedition was called off because of civil wars in China, and four years later the Expedition wound up.

Mongolia is now behind the Iron Curtain. The Museum would like to duck under this curtain and get back to the Gobi, and it has extended appropriate feelers, so far in vain. In the summer of 1964, however, Dr. Malcolm C. McKenna, then an associate curator and now Frick Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology (as such, he is sorting out an unrivalled collection of North American fossil mammals that Childs Frick, a longtime trustee, left the Museum, along with an endowment currently worth about seven million dollars, in 1965), spent eleven days in the Gobi, unofficially. "I went there because the Andrews expeditions—the largest privately endowed land expeditions ever to leave the United States—brought the Museum an immense collection of Mesozoic and Cenozoic fossils, some of which are now being studied for the first time," he said on his return. "No one from here had been to Mongolia since his trips, and the younger men, like me, don't know—or didn't know—what it looks like, geologically speaking. I wanted to find out more about the local rocks and sediments. The United States doesn't recognize the Mongolian People's Republic, and my wife and I had to go in as tourists. No collecting. We took hundreds of notes and hundreds of slides, including color photographs of some of the old Andrews Expedition sites in the so-called Gobi Desert—the word '*gobi*' is merely the Mongol term for a long, sandy valley between mountain ranges; the phrase 'Gobi Desert' is tautological. I got the sort of background data that we need in studying our collection of fossil remains, and I'm corresponding with a Mongolian scientist in the hope of setting up another expedition there sometime." Nothing has come of this correspondence. The Russians have done some profitable digging in the Gobi, post-Andrews, and not long ago a team from the Institute of Paleozoology of the Polish Academy of Sciences brought out thirty-five tons of Mongolian fossils, including the skull of a ninety-five-million-year-old mammal, which Dr. McKenna, with the freemasonry of paleozoologists, has prepared for the Polish institute.

THE Central Asiatic expeditions marked the peak of the Museum's period of great explorations. A couple of

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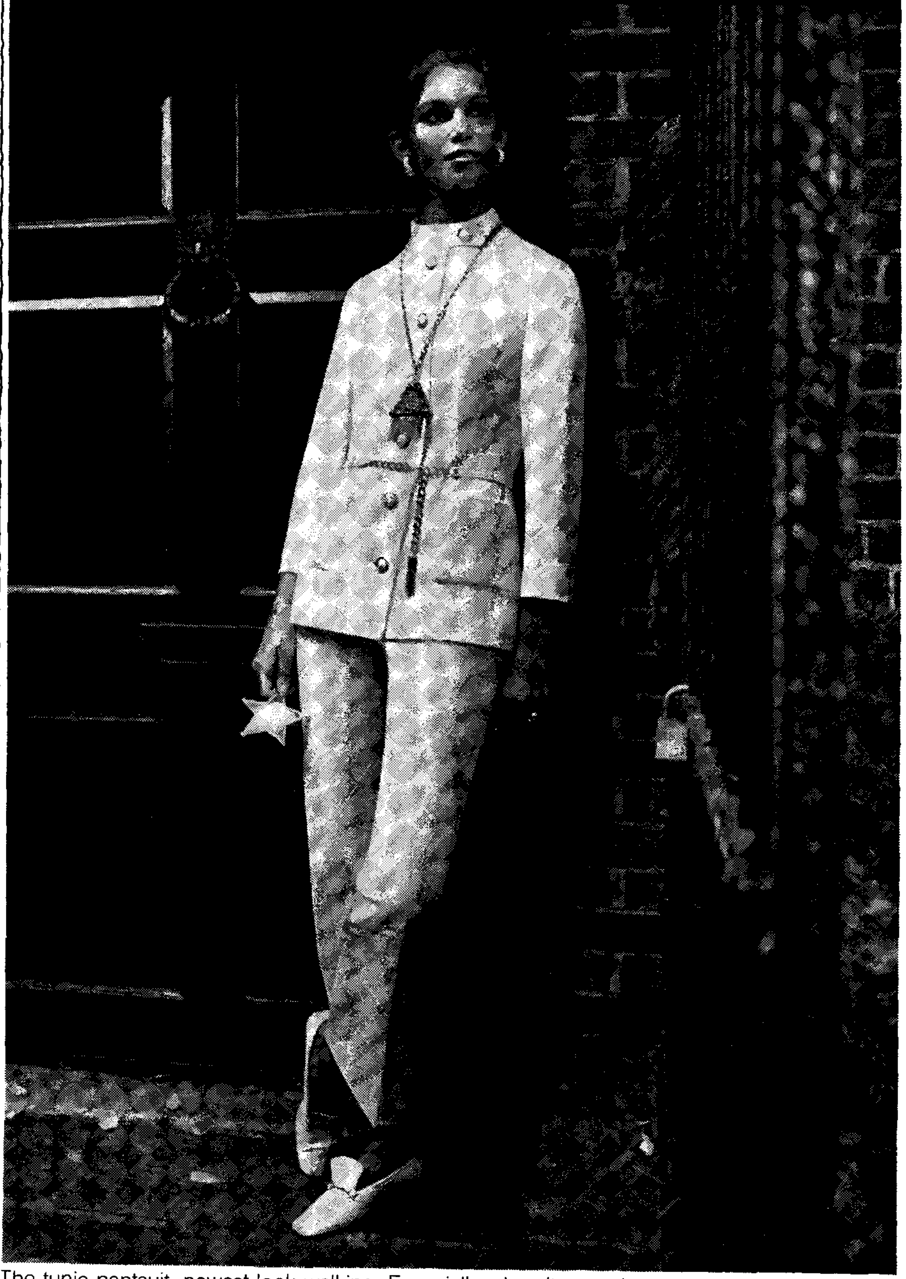

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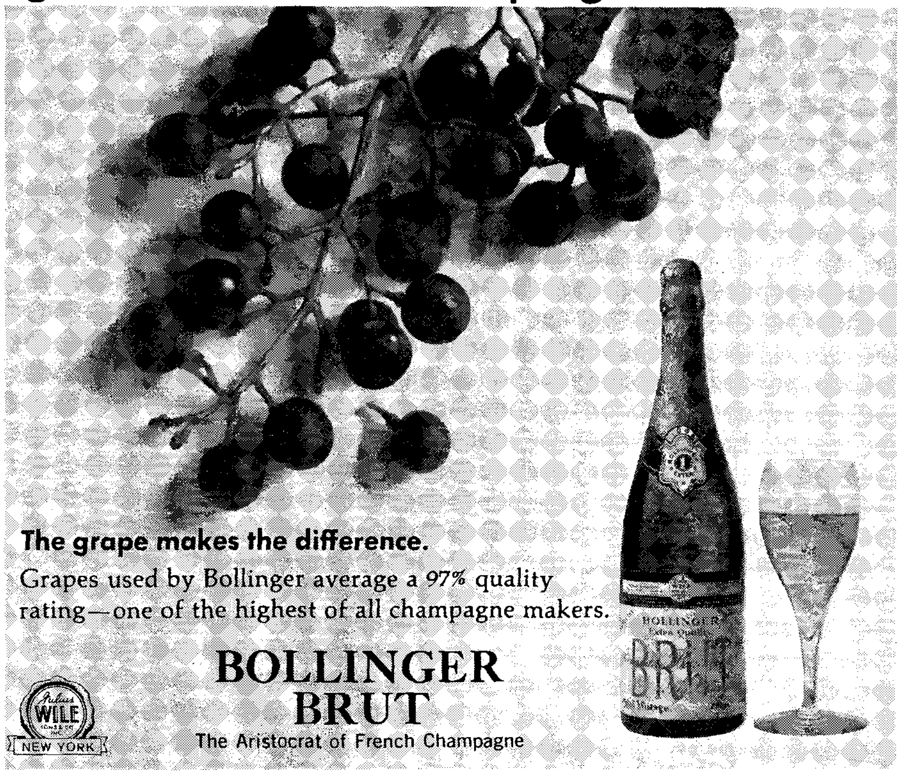

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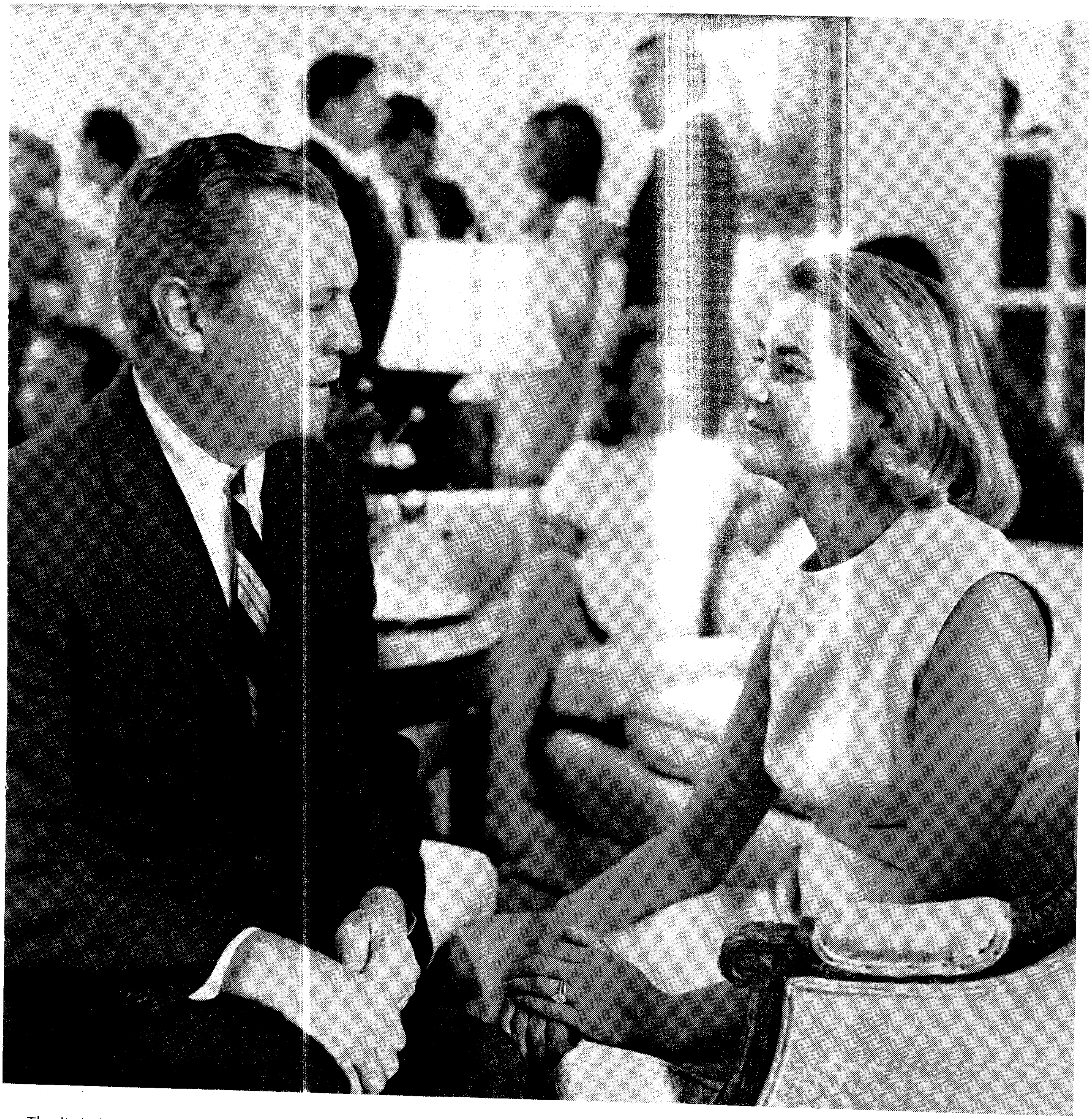
years after the Gobi was declared off limits to Central Park West, the Depression set in in earnest, putting an end to field expeditions other than those supported by special endowments. Professor Osborn, the ardent champion of big-game and big-fossil excursions, retired, at seventy-five, and his chair was filled by a non-scientist, F. Trubee Davison, a trustee and the son of a late trustee and Morgan partner. In 1934, Mr. Sherwood, the third consecutive director to abandon this title on request, was bumped by Dr. Andrews, then a co-vice-director with his old whale-retrieving companion, Mr. Clark. The new director was more of an outdoors man than an indoors man; he missed the Gobi. He was not happy as an administrator, and after six years he was bumped in his turn. The instrument of his downfall was a document known in the Museum as the Ruthven Report. In 1941, when this report—"A Study of the American Museum of Natural History Made for the Board of Trustees"—was issued, Alexander G. Ruthven was president of the University of Michigan. Originally a herpetologist, he had composed several previous reports, bearing titles like "Butler's Garter Snake," "Variations and Genetic Relationships of the Garter Snakes" (including Butler's), and "Description of a New Salamander from Iowa." (He came from Iowa himself.) The American Museum trustees had invited him to study their institution at a time when its physical plant was deteriorating badly; when there was a large operating deficit; when Robert Moses, the Commissioner of Parks and an ex-officio trustee who held the city's purse strings as far as the Museum was concerned, was lambasting the place for "nepotism" on the board (which was graced by a number of second- or third-generation Dodges, Morgans, Osborns, Rockefellers, Whitneys, Warburgs, and Davisons); when three curatorial bigwigs—Frank Chapman, Barnum Brown, and Clark Wissler—were about to retire; when a good many of the younger men were away on war service; and when staff morale and scientific publication were at a low ebb.

"All is not well with this institution," Dr. Ruthven Reported, and went on, in part:

> The building is poorly designed for museum purposes, and the best judgment has not been used in assigning space. It will be enough to cite here the collection of woods and the anthropological hall. Here one is completely overwhelmed with a tremendous series of almost identical flint points, baskets, ceramics, textiles,



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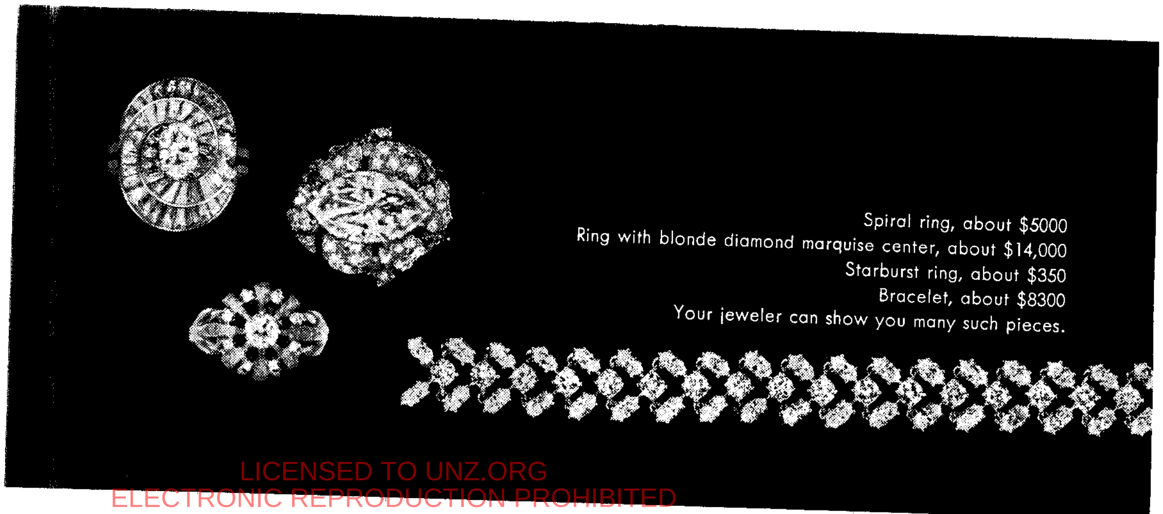

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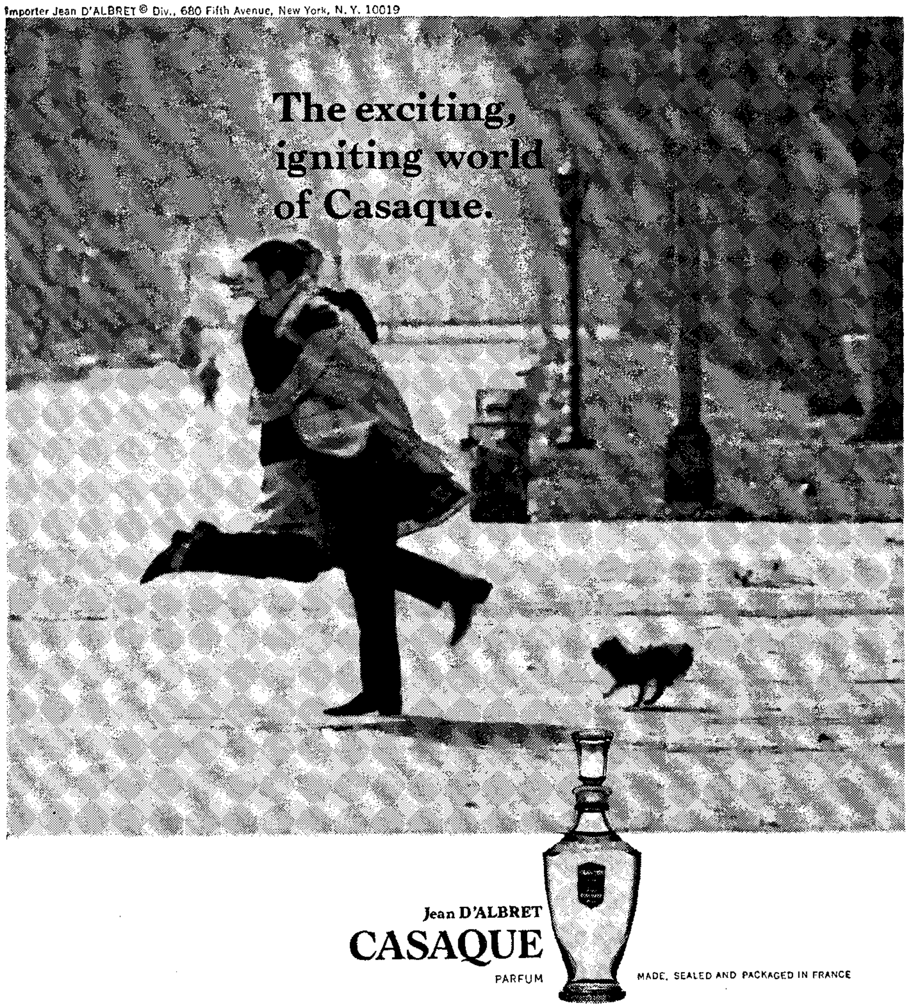
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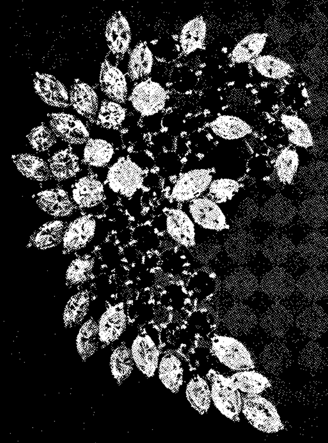

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etc., and is wholly incapable of comprehending the details of any single object or group of objects. The same is true of the natural history displays. [In the habitat groups] such details as food habits, enemies, breeding habits, and the like have been largely sacrificed to artistry. A weak administrative policy has resulted in a faulty organization. The principal difficulty, then, being in administration, it is firmly believed that if this were strengthened by changes in personnel, confidence would be restored.

The chief change in personnel that resulted from the Ruthven Report was the replacement of Dr. Andrews by Dr. Albert E. Parr, a Norwegian-born ichthyologist who was director of the Peabody Museum at Yale. According to some students of the American Museum, the transmogrification of Dr. Parr was a kind of Yale plot. President Trubee Davison, Yale 1918 and a member of the Yale Corporation, was heavily involved in it, and so was Dr. Leonard C. Sanford, Yale 1890, an ornithological-minded Museum trustee who in 1932 had negotiated with Lord Rothschild for the sale to the Museum of the famous Tring Collection of two hundred and eighty thousand bird skins. "Sanford was a tribal Eli," Dr. Robert C. Murphy, the Nestor of Central Park West, has said. "The choice of Dr. Parr was a Yale conspiracy. There was an Eli group here that wanted him, and an Eli group at New Haven that wanted to get rid of him. Those old Elis were like Tammany. While they were considering Dr. Parr for the Museum, Trubee asked my opinion of a paper Parr had written. Trubee said he couldn't understand it. I wrote him that it was O.K., but incomprehensibly written. I ended my letter, 'For God's sake, don't let him write the labels here.' "

Dr. Parr may or may not have written labels for the Museum, but as a showman he had some original ideas. He was especially fond of the use of a color that his colleagues called fire-engine red. "It has been an old tradition of natural-history museums to attempt to match the color of dirty fingermarks in their general décor, and to seek a 'natural' color for the background of the objects they display," one of his early directorial reports observed, and continued:

> Probably the true explanation of this predilection for drab buffs and oatmeal grays lies in the meaning of the word "neutral," which is used in their description. Their "neutrality" consists chiefly in their inability to provoke any strong objections from anyone, although they may add to the boredom of all. . . . The remodeling of the Hall of Mexican and Central American Archeology was the first

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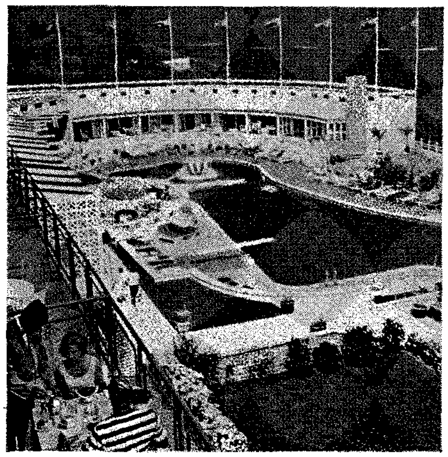
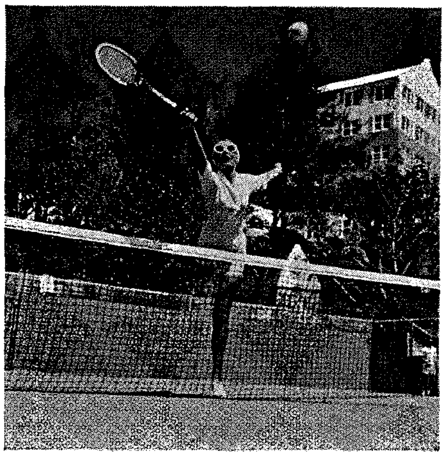


1. Breakfast on a terrace.
2. Admire the views.
3. Plunge in the pool.



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11. Swim in the ocean.

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13. Have a picnic.
14. Go sightseeing.

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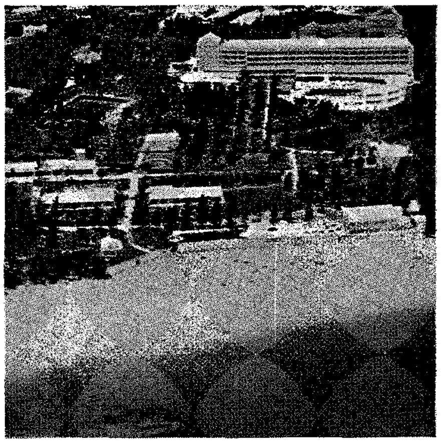
16. Feel free to go casual.

17. Discover the swizzle.
18. Dine bountifully.
19. Forget those calories.

20. Go to the nightclub.
21. Dance past midnight.



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occasion on which the American Museum broke with the tradition of color neutrality on a large scale, both within and around the exhibits. A further step in the same direction was taken when a strong red color, boldly complementary to the prevailing green in the habitat groups, was used in the redecoration of the Whitney Hall of Oceanic Birds, in order to stimulate interest and help bring out the beauty of the exhibits by a deliberate use of contrast rather than harmonious uniformity.

The opening of new exhibition halls flourished during Dr. Parr's regime, but by 1958 he, too, was on his way out. His exhibition techniques were admired by some, he was popular with the maintenance staff's softball teams, whose games he sometimes umpired, and he had been largely responsible for the raising of curatorial salaries to the plateau of first-rank university professors, but he was not the soul of tact, and he failed to ingratiate himself with many of his trustees and scientific colleagues, two of whom—George Gaylord Simpson, the vertebrate paleontologist, and Ernst Mayr, the ornithologist—departed (for Harvard) during his regime. The departure of the Museum's fifth director was gracefully arranged (the Museum's bumping techniques have improved in its old age), and gracefully described in the 1958-59 *Annual Report*:

> An action of major importance was taken by the Board of Trustees during the past year with the adoption of a new administrative policy under the terms of which the Director of the Museum may return to full-time research, without sacrifice of income, after fifteen years of administrative service or upon reaching the age of 60. . . . [This] means that from this time on a director of the American Museum may look forward to active years, after serving in an executive capacity, in which to follow the research or educational pursuits that had been curtailed during the term of his executive office.
>
> Dr. Albert E. Parr . . . becomes the first person to benefit from this policy. On September 15, 1959, he will assume the post of Senior Scientist. On that date, the new director will take office. . . .

As the Museum's first Senior Scientist, Dr. Parr, who went back to New Haven to live, rarely visited a big office that was kept for him. He recently retired from this post, at the statutory age of sixty-eight, but he continues to write articles for *Curator*, a scholarly quarterly published by the Museum, and for other scientific periodicals. In these, he now touches less on fishes than on design and architecture. His successor, Dr. James A. Oliver, who will be sixty in 1974, likes to

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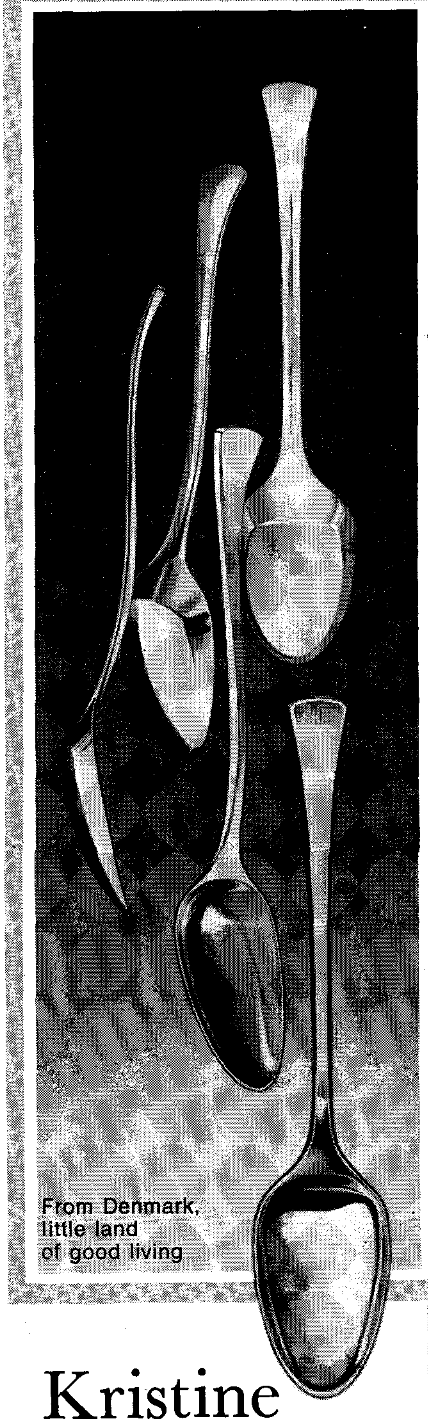

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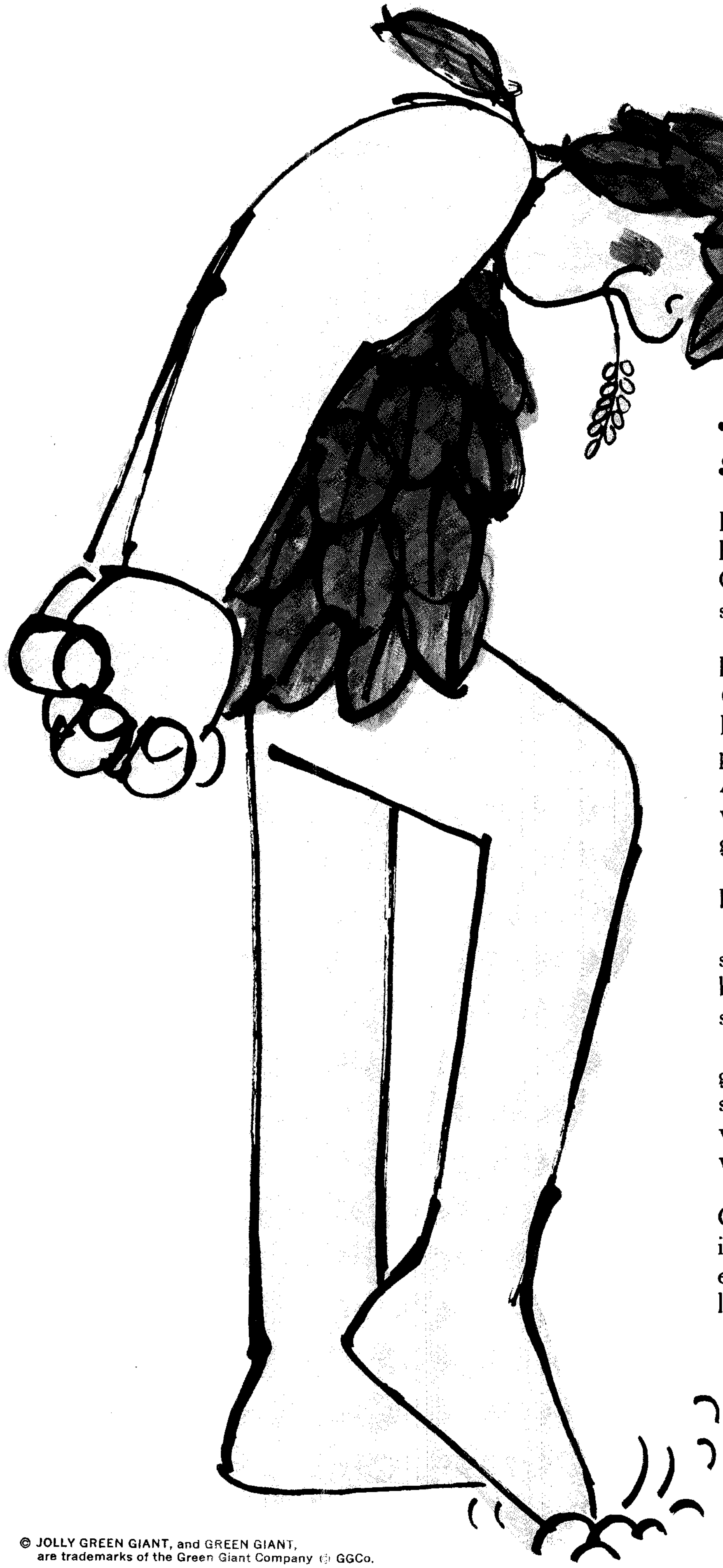
point out that no director of the American Museum has ever quit his post voluntarily. One of the first things Dr. Oliver did after assuming office was to remove the red from the sky of the Hall of Oceanic Birds and replace it with blues and grays. One of the next things he did was to remove the Parr red from the Seventy-seventh Street rotunda. Dr. Oliver now presides over— But first let me take a giant stride backward.

I DO not feel that we have taken proper leave of Henry Fairfield Osborn. He himself did not take leave of the Museum when he retired as president at the end of 1932. Still an active trustee, chairman of the board's Committee on Buildings and Plans, and honorary curator-in-chief of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, he retained an office in the tower at the east end of the Romanesque Revival wing. There, assisted by a detail of secretaries—he had, at various times, up to five ladies serving in this capacity—and a group of scientific colleagues, he kept revising the proofs of his *Proboscidea* monograph and, on occasion, listened sympathetically to the complaints of staff members who were unable to get President Davison to do just what they wanted him to do. Osborn died in 1935, at seventy-eight, at Castle Rock, his ancestral country place in Garrison on Hudson. This, which is still owned by members of the Osborn family, includes not only a castle but a woodsy lodge, where, for the better part of the year (April to December) in the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties, Osborn would attend to his correspondence and other Museum matters. His secretaries took turns going up there two or three days a week. "We'd take a train—two of us, generally—from a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street at six-thirty in the morning and go back in the late afternoon," one of them has said. "Sometimes there would be nothing to do except bring the mail. As long as Mrs. Osborn was alive, we were not asked to the main house for lunch. Servants would bring us cold lamb sandwiches at the lodge. The lodge itself, on the top of a mountain, was pretty cold sometimes. We were sort of handmaidens."

Professor Osborn's last decade was saddened by the death of his wife, who idolized him and predeceased him by five years; embittered by the failure to materialize of one of his favorite projects, an Inter-Museum Promenade across Central Park between the American Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which he tried hard to promote in negotiations with the City of New York for a dozen years or more; and clouded (in the eyes of some) by an enthusiastic trip he made in 1934 to Nazi Germany, where he picked up an honorary degree at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University. Some of Osborn's friends have ascribed this enthusiasm to the vagaries of old age, but as early as 1916 the Professor had contributed an approving preface to his fellow-trustee Madison Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race, or, The Racial Basis of European History," in which Mr. Grant had written:

> There exists today a widespread and fatuous belief in the power of environment, as well as of education and opportunity, to alter heredity, which arises from the dogma of the brotherhood of man.... Thus the view that the negro slave was an unfortunate cousin of the white man ...played no small part with the sentimentalists of the Civil War period, and it has taken us fifty years to learn that speaking English, wearing good clothes and going to school and to church does not transform a negro into a white man.... We shall have a similar experience with the Polish Jew, whose dwarf stature, peculiar mentality, and ruthless concentration on self-interest are being engrafted upon the stock of the nation.... The Nordic race is nearly everywhere distinguished by great stature.... No one can question the race value of stature who observes on the streets of London the contrast between the Piccadilly gentlemen of Nordic race and the cockney costermonger of the old Neolithic type.... The laws against miscegenation must be greatly extended if the higher races are to be maintained.... We Americans must realize that the altruistic ideals which have controlled our social development during the past century and the maudlin sentimentalism that has made America "an asylum for the oppressed" are sweeping the nation toward a racial abyss.

Osborn's sympathy with Grant's racial theories (in a *second* preface, to a 1918 edition of "The Passing," the Professor wrote, "It should be remembered . . . that many of the dark-haired, dark-eyed youths of Plattsburg and other volunteer training camps are often three-fourths or seven-eighths Nordic, because it only requires a single dark-eyed ancestor to lend the dark hair and eye color to an otherwise pure Nordic strain") caused Dr. Robert H. Lowie, an American-Indian-specializing ethnologist who had left the Museum in 1921 after thirteen years there, to decline to sign the Osborn seventieth-birthday tribute—for reasons less personal than Dr. Bumpus's. "I am not a friend or admirer of President Osborn's. Specifically, his sponsorship of Mr. Grant's book, in my judgment,



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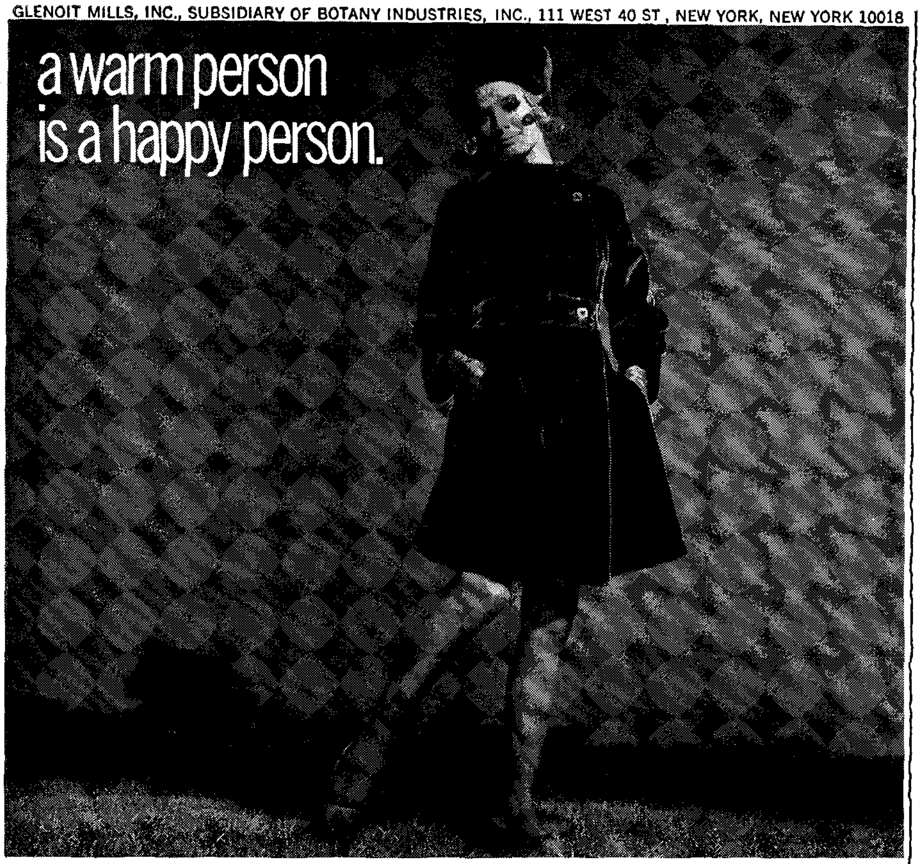

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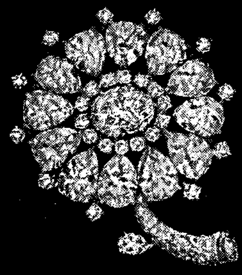

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puts him beyond the pale as a representative of science," he wrote Dr. William K. Gregory, a multiple-department Museum scientist (ichthyology, comparative and human anatomy, physical anthropology), who, as secretary of the Committee for the Celebration of Professor Osborn's Seventieth Birthday, had sounded him out.

When Dr. Gregory took polite exception to this judgment, Dr. Lowie replied, "The over-conciseness of my previous communication has not made for clarity," and went on, in part:

> To President Osborn I have never imputed Mr. Grant's sadism. However, his active sponsorship of the book, as attested by his two prefaces, proves to my mind that he substantially shares his friend's prejudices and condones even his counterfeiting of biological laws. . . . I admit that [this] conduct, inexcusable as I consider it, does not automatically exclude constructive work. But I regard the offender as "beyond the pale" *as a spokesman and interpreter of the scientific spirit. . . .* I personally find it impossible to render homage to President Osborn. . . . The issues are important moral ones, I think.

I want to get on, or back, to Mr. Davison, so I will take leave of Professor Osborn with a few quotations about him, culled from a cornucopia I have filled.

Walter Meister, assistant director and executive secretary of the Museum: "Professor Osborn never picked up the telephone to make an interoffice communication. He generally dictated letters, on presidential stationery, to members of the staff, and he sometimes sent them telegrams, which slowed things up. His letters were delivered by hand. He wouldn't carry anything himself, not even an envelope. He had two offices—one presidential, one paleontological. If he wanted a memorandum taken from his fifth-floor office to his second-floor office, one of his secretaries would call a messenger; the two men—Osborn and the messenger—might go down in the same elevator."

Cleveland E. Dodge, a third-generation trustee, now honorary: "His sister-in-law, Mrs. William Church Osborn, was my aunt. He ran the Museum on a personal basis. Until the Depression, J. P. Morgan, Ogden Mills, my father, and others would make up the annual deficit. Professor Osborn couldn't understand why this didn't continue *after* the Depression set in. Before the Depression, the wealthy trustees would give the annual dinners at their houses. White-tie. Now these dinners are held at the Museum. Black-tie. Osborn was a very nice man. He had a very gracious personality. He

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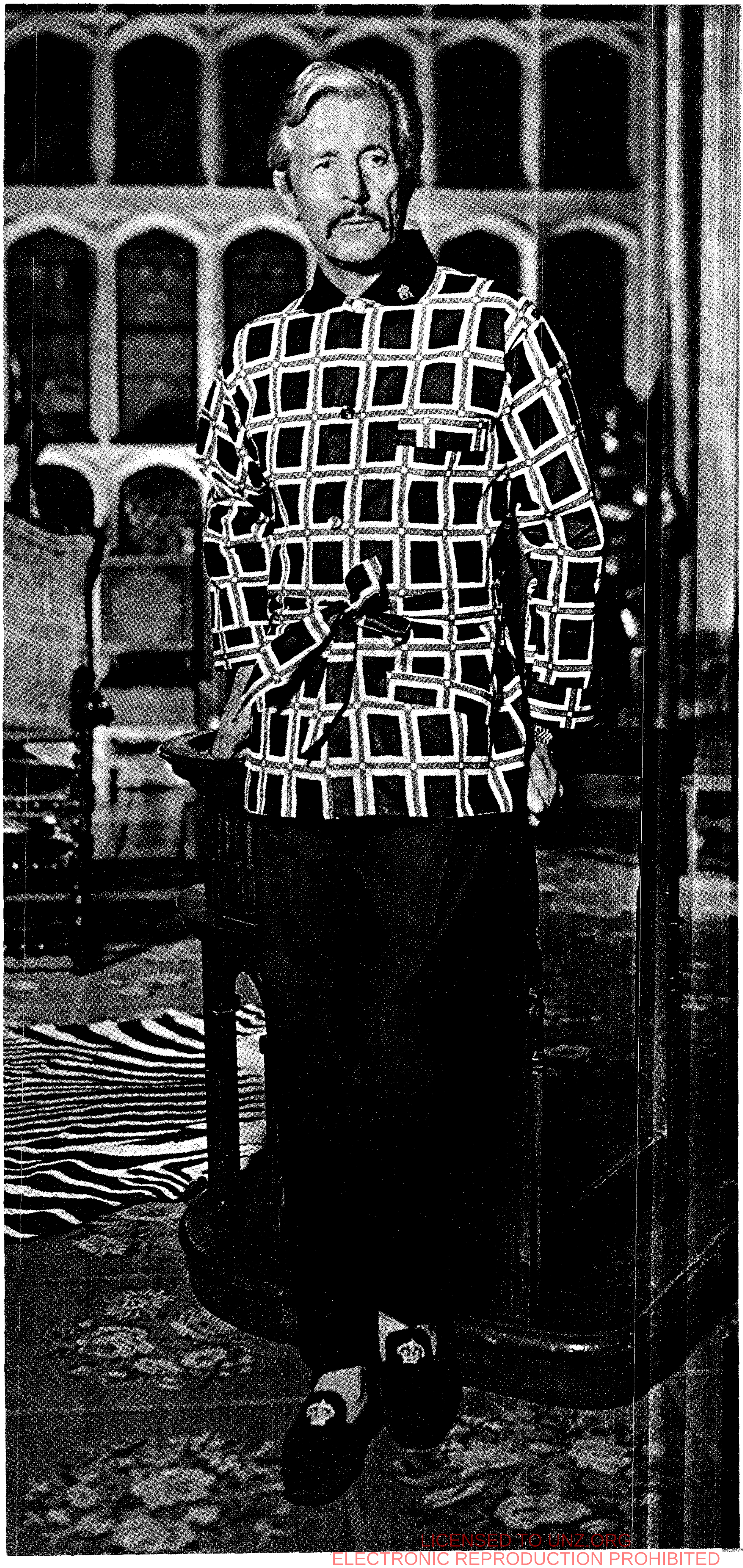

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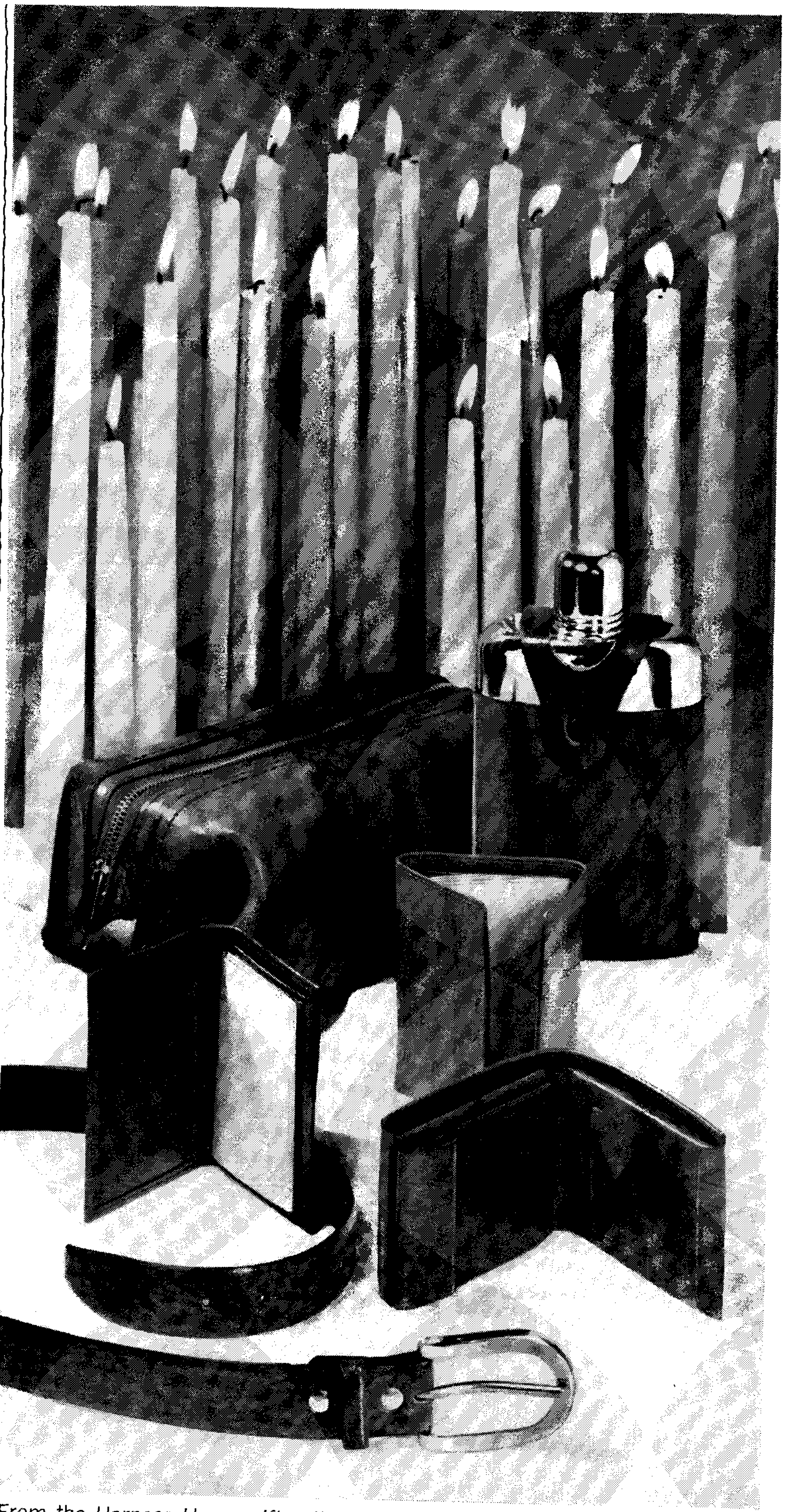
liked to have his own way. He got a lot of these wealthy men on the board. They were a very loyal bunch " One of the wealthy men whom Osborn welcomed to the board—in his first year as president—was the junior J. P. Morgan, whose affection for the Museum was such that he once wrote the Professor, "I indeed wish with you that we could change jobs for a little while. The peace of the Museum, although it is the peace of poverty, would, I am sure, do me good."

A lady curator, now emeritus, who has worked at the Museum for more than sixty years: "He was impossible. He was exceedingly rude. He'd knock you over getting into the elevator."

Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, chairman of the Department of Anthropology and the Museum's senior curator in point of tenure: "I was twenty-four when I came here, in the summer of 1926. I was in my last Ph.D. year at Harvard and tutoring undergraduates when Earnest Hooton, one of my professors, recommended me for an opening in the Museum's Anthropology Department. I rearranged my schedule for a couple of days around Christmas of 1925 and came down for an interview. Dr. Wissler, the chairman of the department, was off on a field trip, so I saw Dr. Pliny E. Goddard, the acting chairman. After our talk, he said, 'The Professor wants to see you.' Osborn took me to lunch, and then invited me to his house for dinner. I bowed out. I'd been down two days, and I wanted to get back. Dr. Goddard was horrified. It was most unusual for the president to interview on such a lowly level, he said, not to mention *lunch.* Not to mention *dinner!* Back in Cambridge, I was bawled out by Hooton. Well, I was appointed anyway, and the job was held for me until July. The whole Museum was an extension of Osborn. During my first winter here, he'd often walk down the corridor and drop in on me. He was Hudson River Bracketed, in a way. He had a very lordly manner. He had a squirearchical attitude. He had a belief in himself that you rarely encounter these days. I was enchanted by his method of correcting his books in page proof; he couldn't be bothered to correct galleys. This predilection was a little expensive. Osborn was a great fellow for getting staff members to help him with his books. 'I want a section on thus-and-so,' he would say. Poor Nelson wrote most of his 'Men of the Old Stone Age.'" (Poor Nelson was Nels C. Nelson, who joined the Museum in 1912 and died in 1964,



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at eighty-nine, as curator emeritus of prehistoric archeology.)

Dr. Murphy, the Macaulay of West Seventy-seventh Street, in his "Reminiscences":

> If . . . Professor Osborn did not always welcome opinions that differed from his own in the administrative sphere, I should hasten to make it clear that in scientific research no such attitude was ever apparent. Here he not only tolerated but actively encouraged criticism of his own interpretations and conclusions. He never . . . expressed either objection or pique when even his youngest fellow-workers disagreed with him on public platforms. . . . The Professor was a man of such unvarying dignity and serene self-confidence that merriment could hardly be called a feature of his daily life as seen by his colleagues. . . . Nevertheless . . . he could be wholly jovial during hours of relaxation with the members of his family, particularly with those of the youngest generation. [Osborn was the great-grandfather of some of Dr. Murphy's grandchildren.] . . . He carried many profound discoveries of a scientific epoch into homes and schools throughout the world, changing "dinosaur" from a high-brow to a household word and making Mesozoic dragons almost as familiar to children as the creatures of Noah's Ark.

As an American Museum president, Osborn was a sport. He is the only scientist ever to have headed the institution; all the other presidents have been businessmen. Mr. Davison at the time of his election was a New York lawyer (later a director of the New York Trust Company and the Mutual Life Insurance Company); Alexander M. White, his successor (as of 1951), was a partner in the brokerage firm of White, Weld & Co.; and Gardner D. Stout, *his* successor (as of this past October 28th), is chairman of the executive committee of the brokerage firm of Dominick & Dominick, although he is also a practicing birder, having had a hand in the preparation of the recent book "The Shorebirds of North America," and having served for twelve years as a bigwig of the Audubon Society. Davison, an easygoing Republican who liked to describe himself as "the first member of Hoover's Cabinet [Assistant Secretary of War for Air] to be put in a museum," made this transition in 1933. He had been at the helm of the Museum only a year when he accepted a position as Robert Moses' manager in that ex-officio trustee's unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign against Herbert Lehman. Davison's political activities caused some Museum hands to feel that he simply wanted to take a breather on Central Park West before springing again into public service, but this *recu-*

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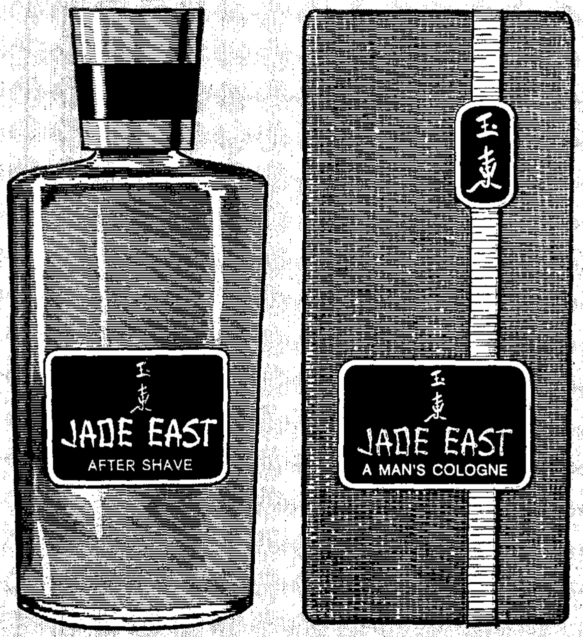

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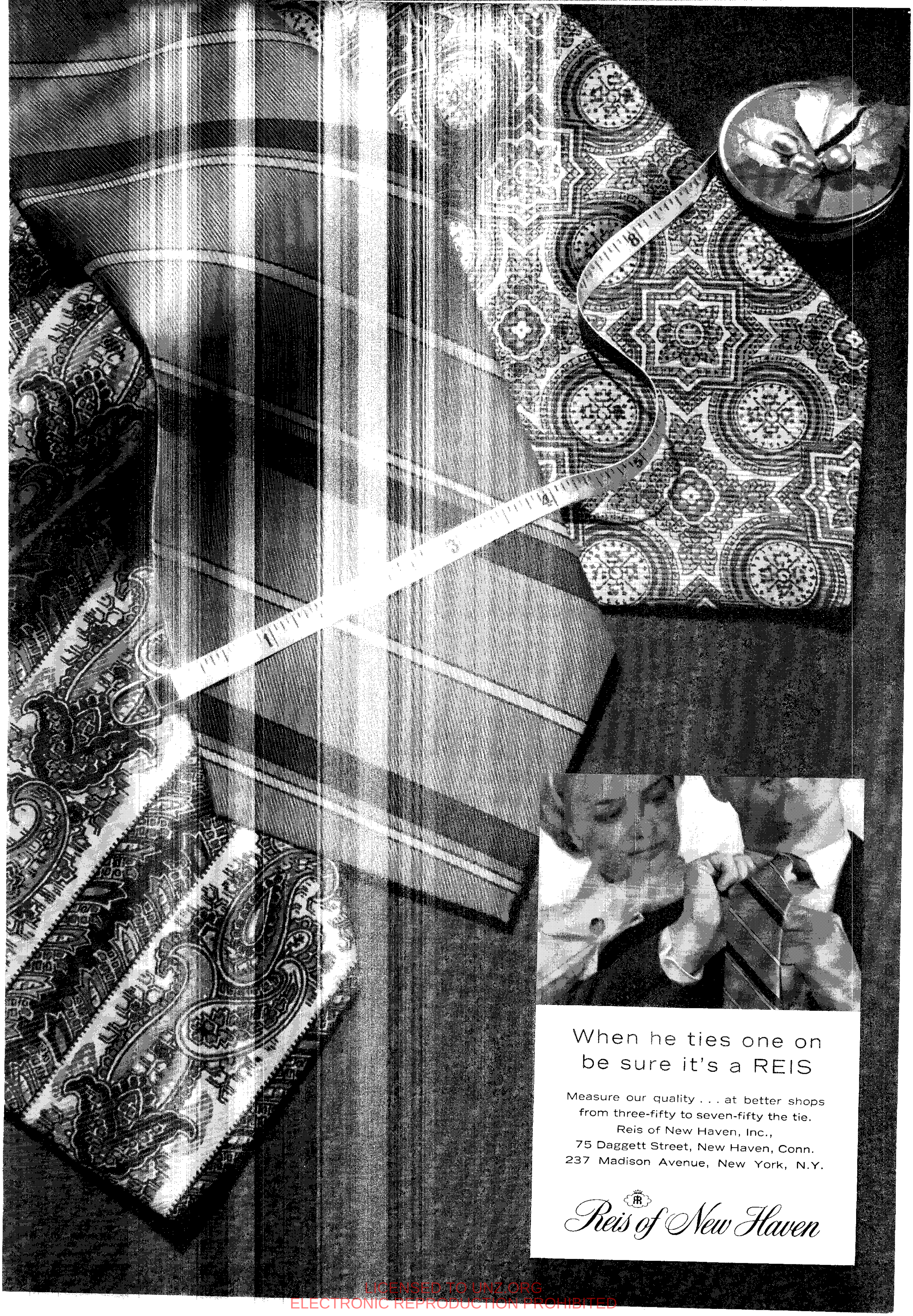

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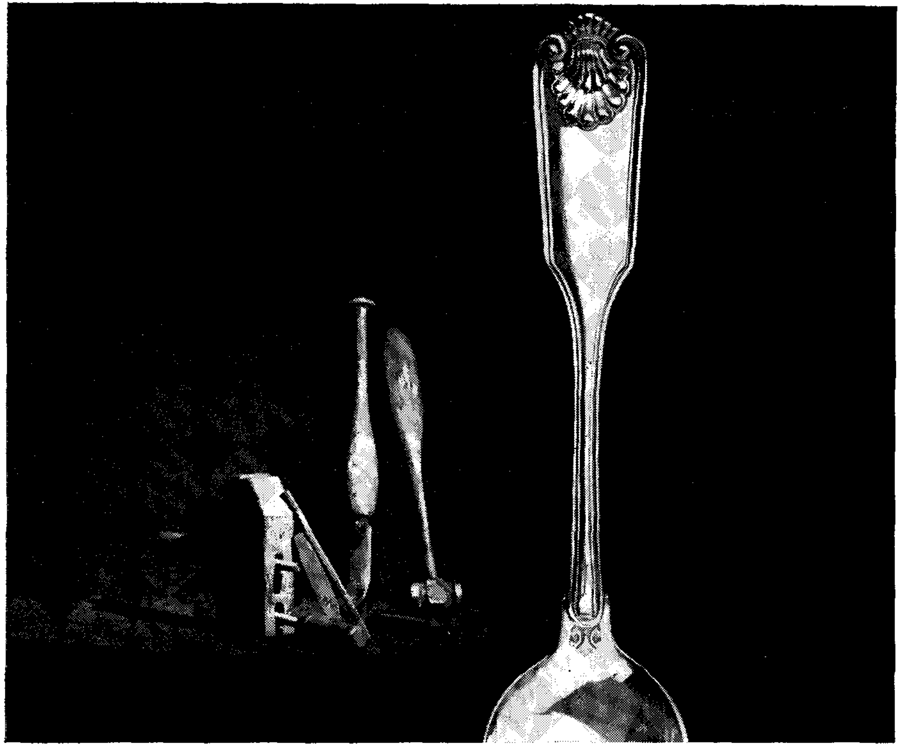

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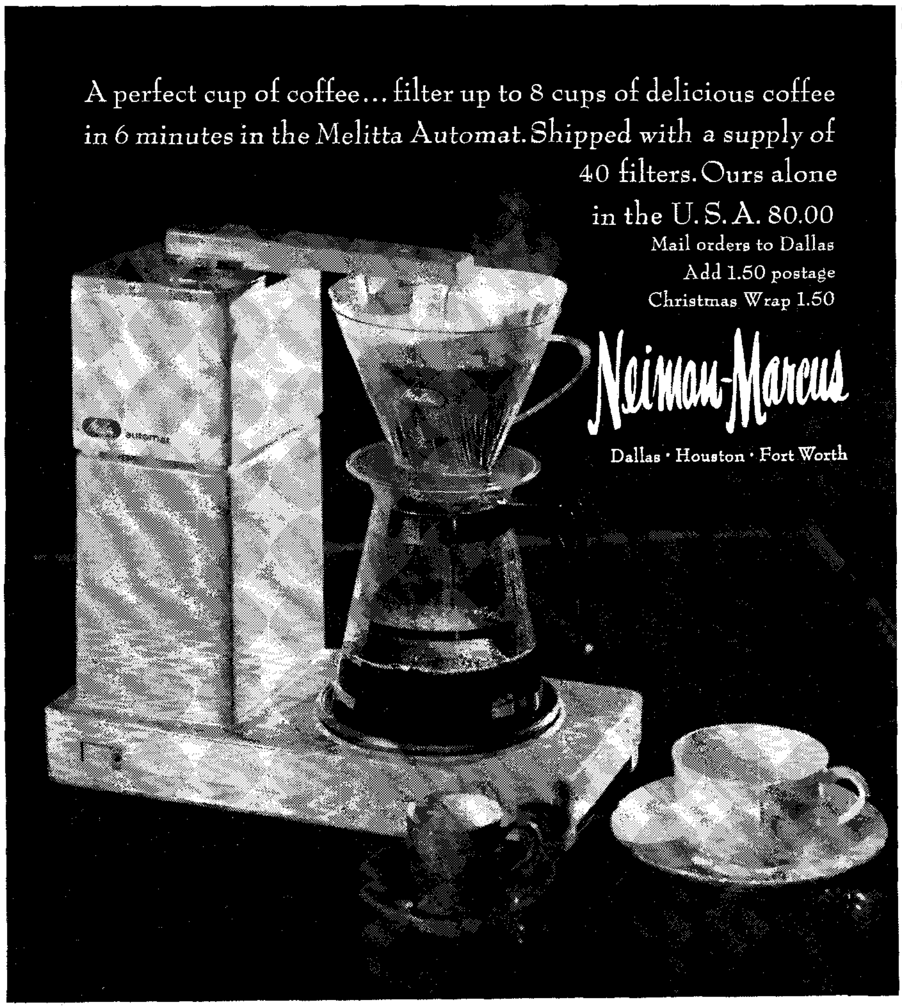

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ler-pour-mieux-sauter theory (which cannot be evaluated precisely, in view of the long Republican eclipse that set in) has received no support from its subject. "My father had been on the Museum's board, and its treasurer," Davison told me when I recently interviewed him at his place in Locust Valley. "In 1922, when he died, I succeeded him as a trustee. Ten years later, when Professor Osborn was planning to retire, a trustees' committee of Junius Morgan, Childs Frick, and Cleveland E. Dodge asked me to take the Museum on, as president. It was the one thing in the world I wanted to do most."

One of the first things the new president did was to spend three and a half months in Africa with his wife, shooting and photographing elephants. "Four of the eight elephants in the Akeley Hall are ours," he said. "On my return, in the fall of 1933, my brother Harry met me at Quarantine and said that Charles Hayden, the investment banker, was interested in the Planetarium. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation had agreed to put up the money for a building—the building and its furnishings eventually came to six hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more was needed for a Zeiss projector and a Copernican orrery. The government couldn't pay for these, since they were manufactured in Germany and it had to buy everything here. Well, the next day Kermit Roosevelt, one of our trustees, got on the phone and told me the same thing about Charlie Hayden. I didn't know him, but I went down to see him at the Hayden, Stone office. He was a short fellow, sitting in a revolving chair. He revolved around so that I was facing his back. 'The greatest spiritual thing in my life has been the Adler Planetarium in Chicago,' he said. 'You're all set on the building, but I'm sorry that you have to use Museum funds for the instruments. I'll give ten thousand dollars if you get fourteen others to put up the rest.' I went to the trustees and said, 'I think if we name the Planetarium after him, he'll give the whole hundred and fifty thousand.' They agreed to try this. So I went down again and put the proposition. 'I'll be very glad to do it,' he said. I offered to show him plans, but he said not to bother. I was in his office only five minutes. We should have asked him for a million dollars. The R.F.C. bonds for the Planetarium later defaulted, and we had to buy them up. Mr. Hayden was no longer living at this time, but his family foundation

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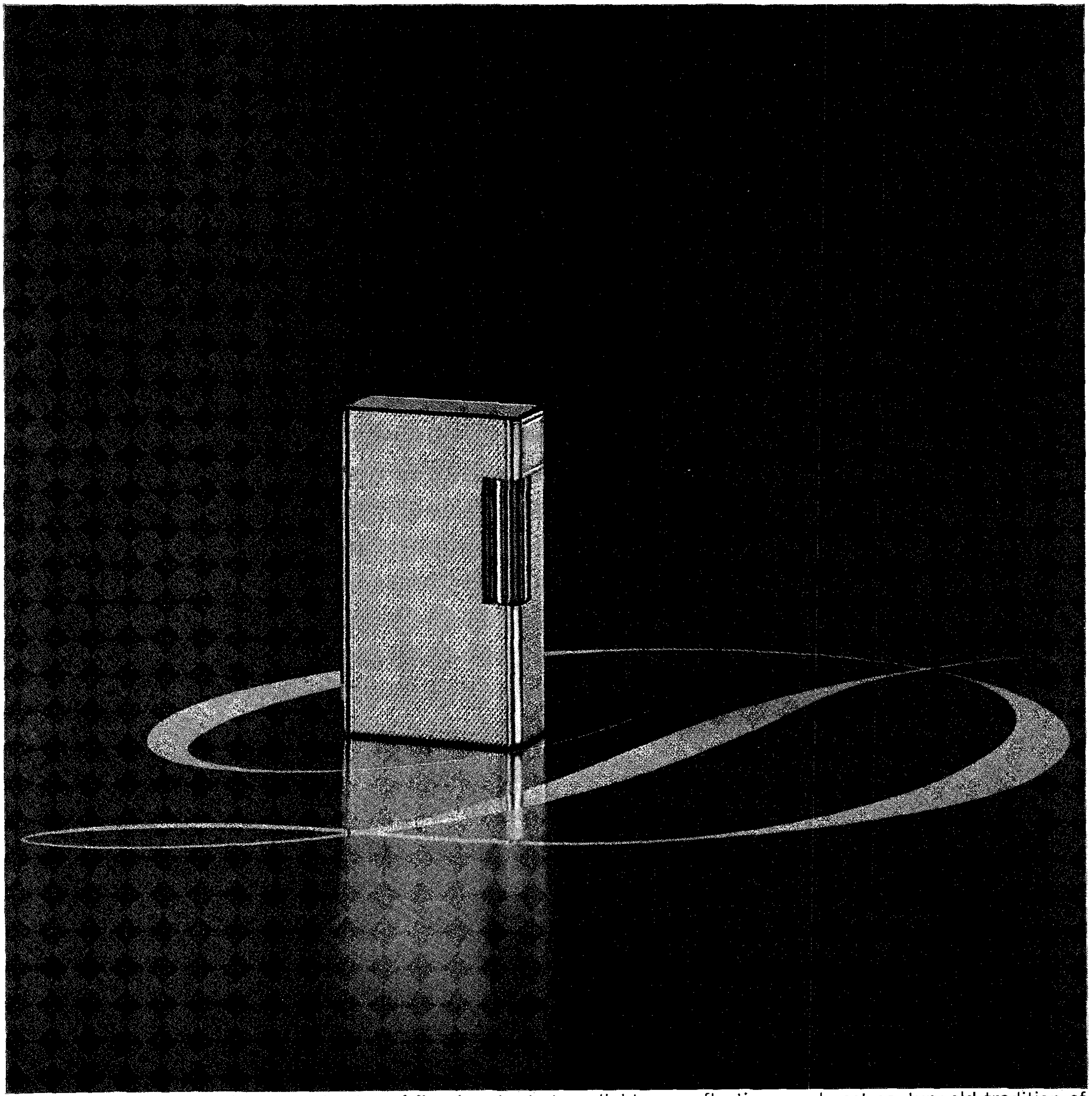

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helped us out with a gift of two hundred thousand dollars."

As president of the Museum, Mr. Davison exhibited an easygoing attitude toward natural history not unlike that of the late Gilbert H. Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society, toward geography. ("Our interpretation of geography is very wide," Dr. Grosvenor once told a man who had queried the relevance of the *National Geographic's* coverage of such subjects as the tetrahedral principle in kite structure, American battle monuments in France, and the National Gallery of Art. "When I see a subject that I think would be interesting to our members, I don't scrutinize it to see if it's geographic.") Davison, an aviator in the First World War, is an old friend of Charles A. Lindbergh, and in 1933 he obtained for the Museum a Lindbergh plane in which the Colonel and his wife had flown around the Arctic and elsewhere. This curious object of natural history was suspended in the Hall of Ocean Life, along with the Amagansett whale. "I thought the plane would be interesting to our public, and I think it *was*," its sponsor said to me. "But the Ruthven Report objected to it, so we sent it to the Air Force, which transferred it to the Smithsonian in 1960."

Another important newcomer to Central Park West in the early Davison presidential period—and one that stayed—was the Rothschild bird collection. Although this had been acquired in the late *Osborn* presidential period, it was not completely unpacked, stored in study cabinets, and catalogued until 1938. Lionel Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of the first Baron, was a naturalist who, on his father's estate at Tring, in Hertfordshire, built up the largest and most valuable collection of zoological specimens ever assembled by one man. In 1898, he borrowed from the Museum two Galapagos turtles (one mounted, one a skeleton, and both the fruit of providential deaths in the Central Park Menagerie), which, despite several dunning letters, he did not return until 1909. Such delays are not uncommon in the scientific world, and the Museum bore him no grudge. In 1927, Dr. Sanford, the tribal Eli and ornithological trustee, called, without appointment, at the Tring Museum. "It was my first visit there," he told a friend twenty years later. "I rang the bell, and a German porter came out and said, 'It's Sunday. You can't come in.' I said I'd come all the way from New

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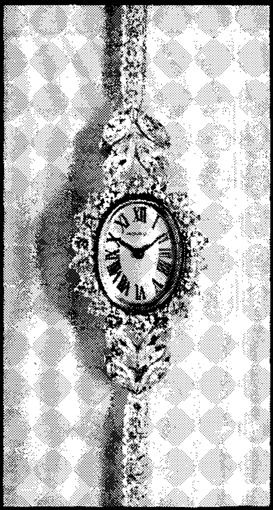
York to see Dr. Ernst Hartert, the director. 'It's Sunday,' the porter said. 'You can't come in.' 'If you tell me what day it is again, I'll beat your brains out,' I said. Dr. Hartert stuck his head out of a second-story window at this juncture. 'Are you the great Dr. Sanford?' he asked, and invited me in." Four years later, when Dr. Hartert's employer was hard up (he had worked in his father's bank as a young man but left it at thirty), he asked Dr. Sanford whether the Museum would like to buy his birds. "He had his choice of selling his insect collection or his bird collection," Dr. Murphy has said. "He thought the birds would fetch more. They fetched a little less than a dollar a skin. After Dr. Sanford had persuaded Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney to put up the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars that was asked, he went to England for the final negotiations. Our director, our lawyer, and I accompanied him. My wife subsequently joined me, to help me and the Tring staff get the specimens packed for shipping. It took us four months to fill a hundred and eighty-five thirty-by-thirty-by-sixty-inch wooden cases. Mrs. Murphy prepared a genus index seven hundred and forty foolscap pages long. After we'd got the specimens sorted out here—some of the series are irreplaceable—we gave the original type specimens of the British Isles to the British Museum. There were thirteen, most of them subspecies. I think the red grouse was the only full type. Dr. Sanford conveyed the gift in person and presented it to the trustees of the British Museum with the compliments of the American Museum."

Thanks largely to the Rothschild haul and the wide-ranging collecting activities of Dr. Chapman and Dr. Murphy, who once held the unique title of Curator of Oceanic Birds, the Museum is without a peer in birds, as it is in dinosaurs. "Frank Chapman told me that our collections of birds were so good that they were better than the rest of the world's put together," Mr. Davison went on, after his Planetarium reminiscence, and this has reminded me (to digress again) of a Chapman exercise in employee relations that turned out, over a period of forty-one years, to be something of a financial coup. In 1917, Mrs. Elsie M. B. Reichenberger, a part-time volunteer in the bird department, asked the management whether she might "receive some remuneration for my work at the Museum for the coming year." This suggestion was at first declined, but in February, 1918, Dr. Chapman

Window shop.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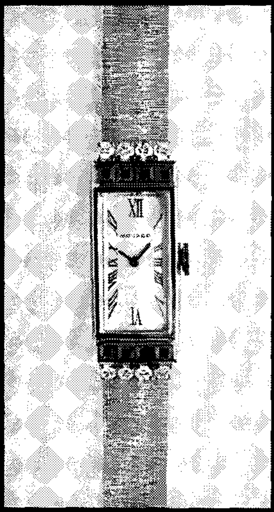
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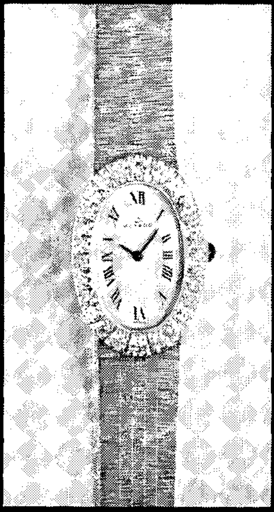
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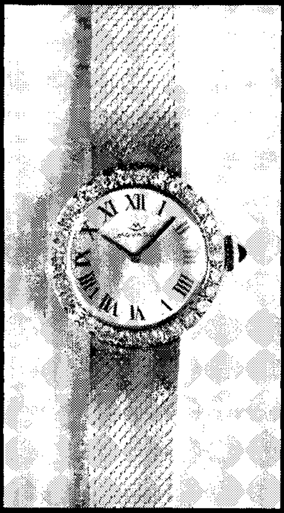
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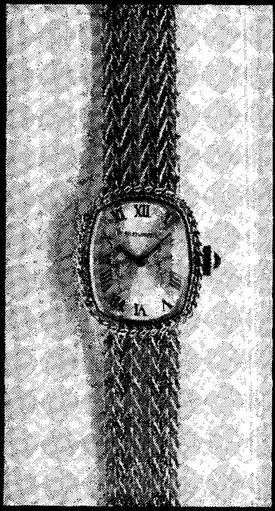
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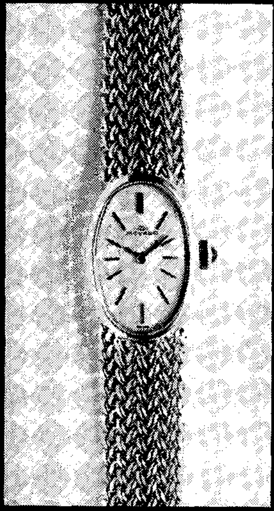
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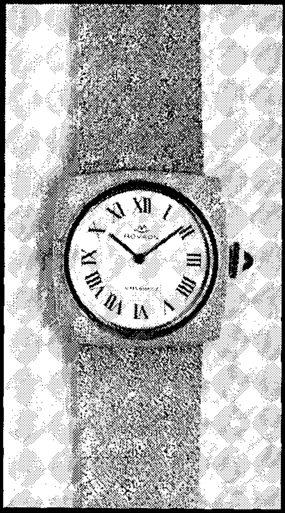
14K gold. $395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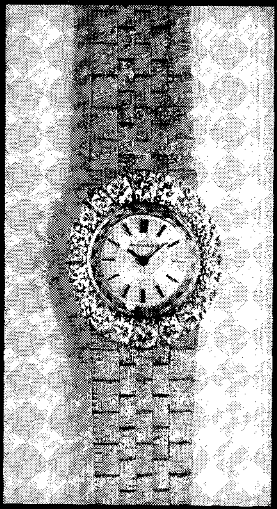
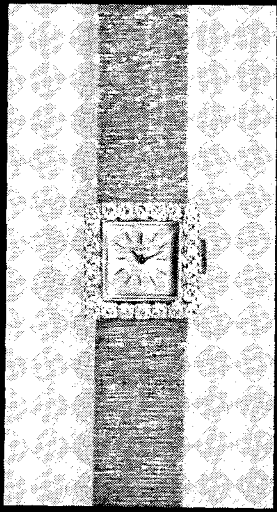

14K gold and
diamonds. $1,600

14K gold. $295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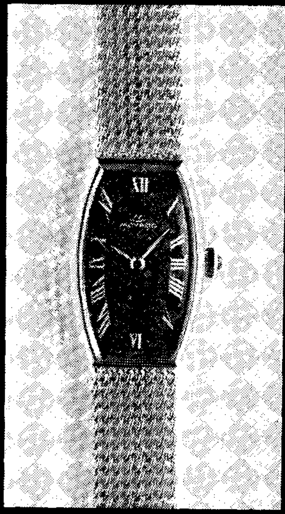
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went to bat with the director, Dr. Lucas, and got Mrs. R. thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a month for her half-time services. In the fall of that year, he had her raised to a hundred dollars a month as a full-time assistant. A widow, she presently married Mr. Walter W. Naumburg, a banker, and continued to work at the Museum, now as an unpaid research associate. Between 1926 and 1932, she financed ornithological field expeditions, mainly to Brazil, that brought in some thirteen thousand specimens, including a rhea's egg from Paraguay. She predeceased her husband, and in 1959, when he died, the Museum's Frank M. Chapman Memorial Fund, which the Naumburgs had founded, received a slice of International Business Machines stock that now hovers, on the stock market, at an altitude of between one and a half and two million dollars.

Mr. Davison took office at a time when even the institution's rich friends were relatively strapped. "Because of the Depression," he said, "our salaries were reduced, some of our positions were abolished, our great exploration program was suspended, and for part of the time ten of our exhibition halls were closed, in rotation. The city reduced its allotment to us, and the trustees could no longer be counted on to make up the annual deficit. I decided to broaden the base on the financial end. We had to get small contributions, because the big ones weren't there."

Mr. Davison asked me to stay for lunch, and I accompanied him to the dining room, where we were joined by Mrs. Davison and a small dog. "I've taught him to bark when I say 'Robert Moses,' " my host said. "Moses tried to put up a bridge across the Sound from Rye to just off my place. Robert Moses!" Nothing happened. "*Robert Moses!*" he repeated, and the dog jumped up on a window seat overlooking the Sound and barked.

VERY well. Dr. James A. Oliver, the American Museum's current director, is an old Missouri boy (born in Caruthersville in 1914, moved to St. Louis at two) with a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, where he specialized in herpetology. He is a friendly, optimistic, serious, convivial, hard-working, energetic, conscientious, youthful-looking, brown-eyed man, who mixes easily with his staff, has a gift for anecdote, and likes to recite poetry in his off hours. Once in charge

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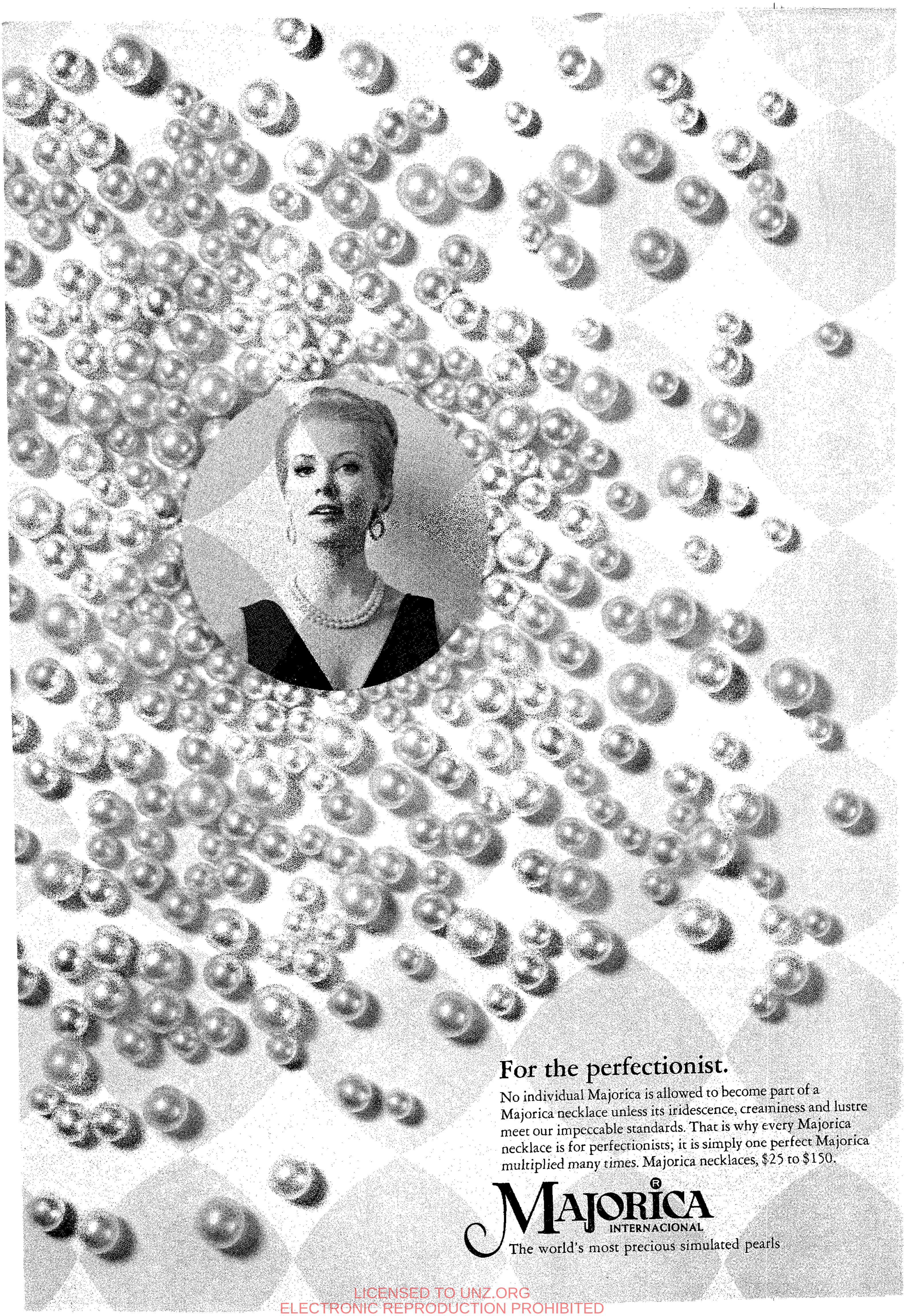

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of the Reptile House at the Bronx Zoo, he used to keep a live rattlesnake in his office at the Museum. I should add, perhaps, that this snake—*Crotalus lepidus*, popularly known as a green rock rattler—was a relatively rare one, and that it was captured in 1963 in Arizona by the director's son, Dexter. Dr. Oliver fed it a white mouse every other Wednesday. "We used to feed it on Friday," says Miss Wendy Wood, the director's secretary, "but we changed to Wednesday in case of indigestion. We didn't want the snake to be sick over the weekend, when the office is generally closed." Unfortunately, Crotalus died last spring. The director now shares his working quarters with a Libyan lizard—*Uromastix acanthinurus*, popularly known as Bell's Darb lizard—whom Miss Wood plies with iceberg lettuce from the employees' cafeteria. Snakes hit the director early. "I can't remember a time when I wasn't interested in snakes," he told me one morning when I called on him and his office rattler. "My family had a farm a hundred and twenty miles south of St. Louis, where I spent my first twenty-one Christmases and most of my summers. Wonderful snake country—copperheads, rattlesnakes, spreading adders. In town, I frequented the St. Louis Zoo and went on so many snake-hunting trips with the reptile curator that whenever I played hooky from school the principal would call the zoo before he called my home."

The Museum's sixth scientific head was no stranger to its halls when he succeeded Dr. Parr in 1959. He had served as a curator of amphibians and reptiles under Charles M. Bogert from 1942 to 1948, taking time off for the Second World War, in which he was communications officer on a destroyer. The conflict separated him from amphibians and reptiles, but it did not cut him off altogether. "We stood offshore at the Normandy landings for eighteen days, bombarding and offering screening covering for the landings, and then were in on the invasion of southern France," he said. "We later did convoy service. I was fortunate in being communications officer, since I could go ashore everywhere to pick up the latest instructions, and also snakes, frogs, chameleons, and other lizards, which I sent to the Museum." In this way, he collected herpetological specimens in Cuba, Panama, Malta, North Africa, and Trinidad. In 1945, he went to Okinawa, and there took in a supply of sea snakes, which flourish only in the warm waters of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. "The war was

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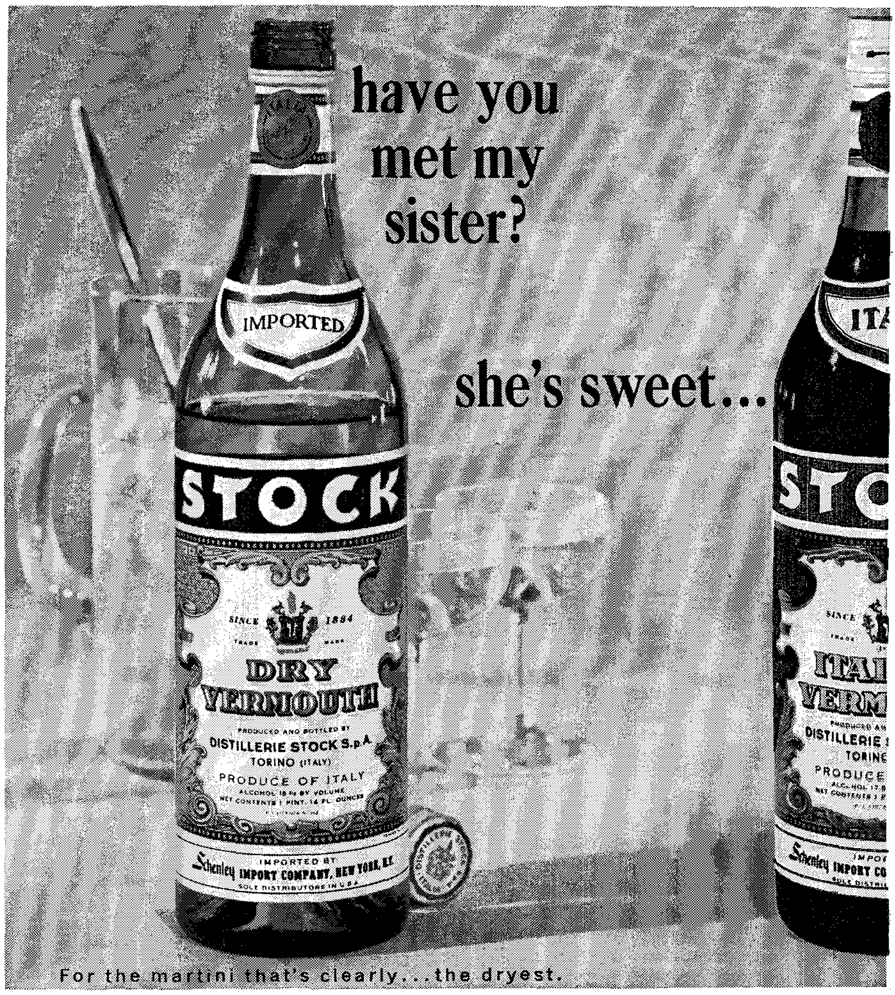
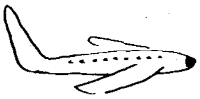
finished, so we could attract them by hanging a light over the side of the ship," he said. "Sea snakes are venomous but docile." On the way home across the Pacific, he persuaded his superior officers to let his destroyer drop out of the squadron for a while so that he could chase sea turtles in a small boat. He got three.

Dr. Oliver's present post, involving the administration of six hundred and fifty employees, budget talks with city officials, and policy discussions with forty trustees, has removed him from active snakesmanship more effectively than the war ever did. Some of his friends think that he misses his old scaly contacts. He now presides over a scientific and educational staff that includes, along with members already mentioned, an army of dedicated specialists to whom I cannot hope to do full individual justice. Unlike Professor Osborn, I cannot take fifty-two years to write a single work. I have started too late, and I do not have an Uncle Pierpont. Let me reluctantly pass over, then, Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, the arachnologist, who kept forty pet tarantulas in big glass jars in his office ("Tarantulas are much maligned"); Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, chairman of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, who sits on banks of shale out West every summer and slits the rock until he finds something of interest, preferably a Jurassic or Triassic fish ("I'm one of three or four full-time paleoichthyologists in the country"); Dr. Malcolm C. McKenna, the Frick Collection curator, who often spends *his* summers in the same area, going through several hundred tons of sandstone for a typical take of a hundred and fifty fossilized mammalian jaws and two thousand mammalian teeth ("I'm pushing back into the Cretaceous and doing less and less work in the Tertiary"); Dr. Jerome G. Rozen, Jr., the Museum's hymenopterist, whose field research on bee larvae in Switzerland in 1964 led to an interesting reclassification of an Old World bee genus called *Melitturga* ("Up to that time, it had been regarded as an intermediate genus between the subfamilies Panurginae and Oxaeinae, but study of its larvae show clearly that it is *not* related to the Oxaeinae. So in all likelihood we can remove the Oxaeinae from the family Andrenidae"); Miss Farida A. Wiley, now, in her eighties, honorary associate in natural-science education, who for more than half her life has been conducting Museum bird walks in Central Park and elsewhere ("I think you have scaup over there");





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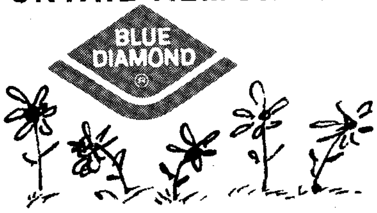

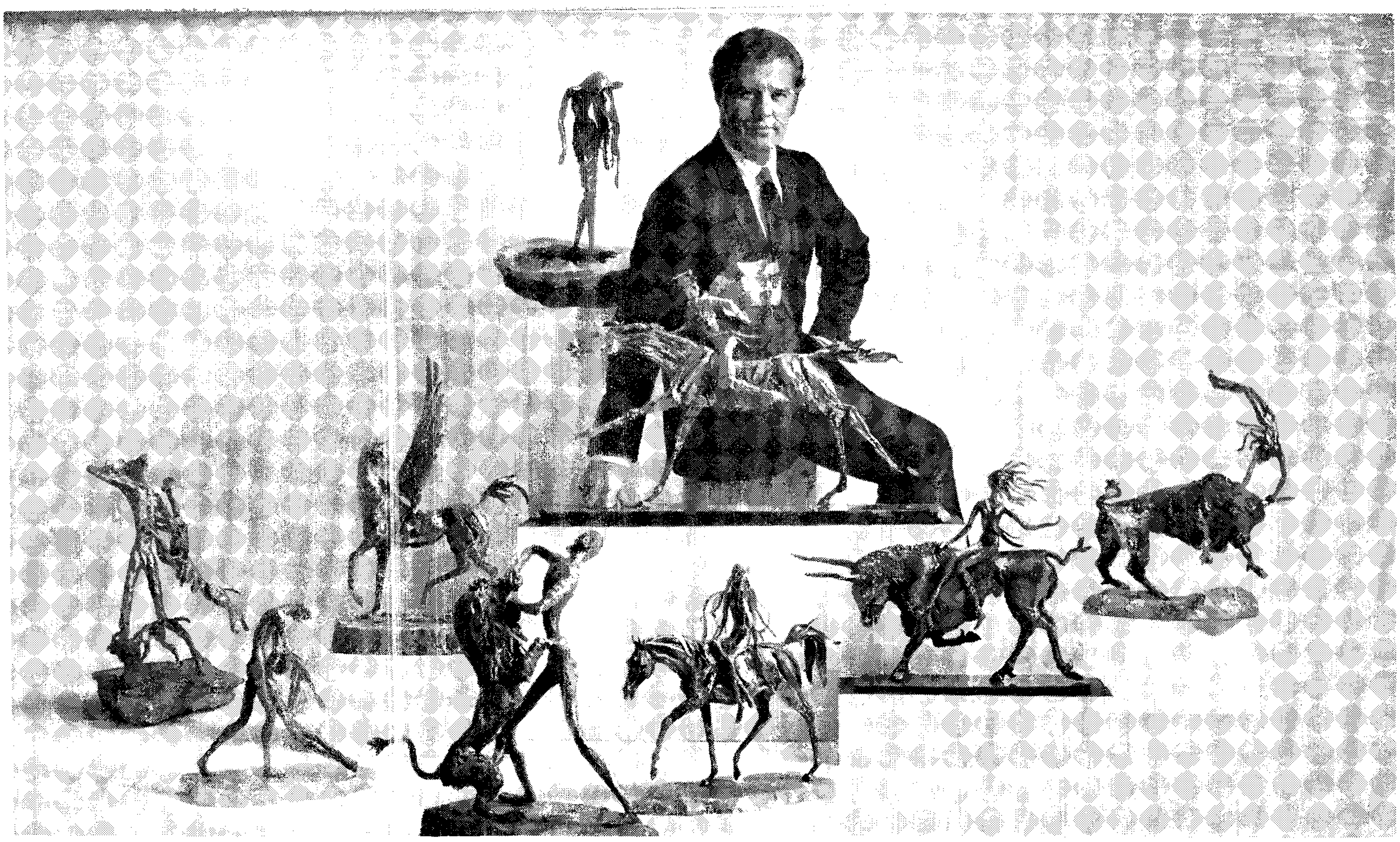

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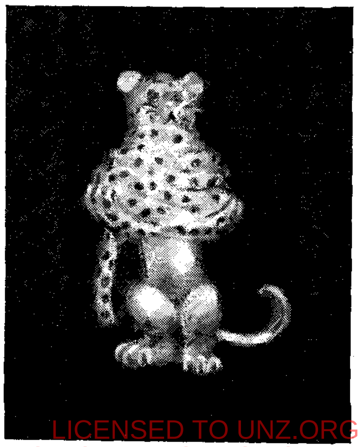

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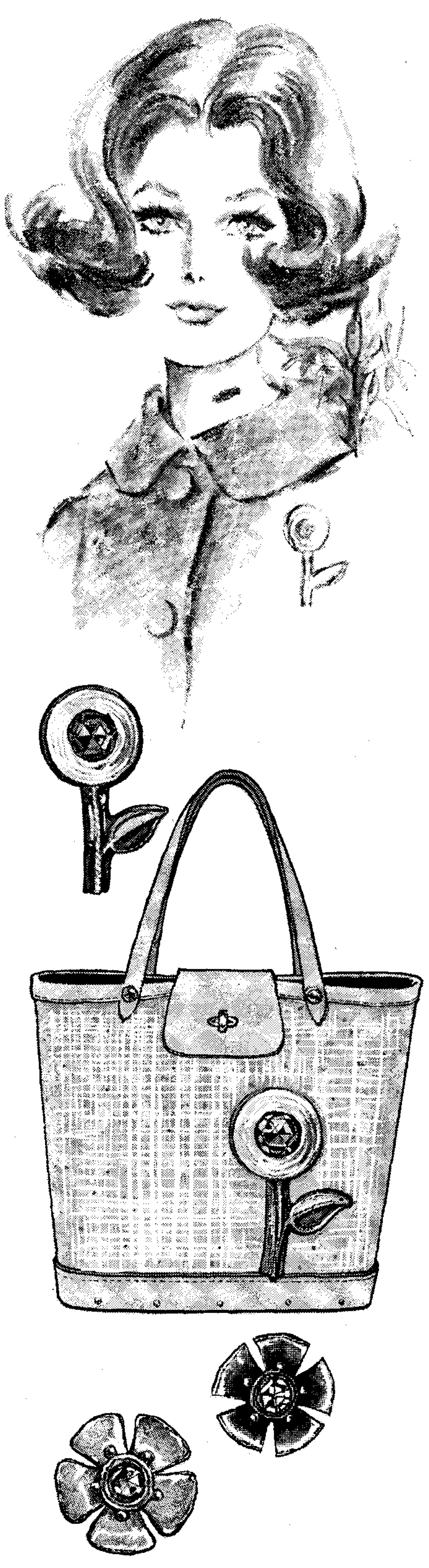

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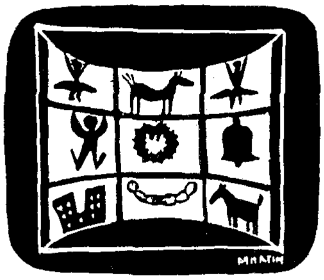
and a host of others, and come, without further ado, to Dr. Junius B. Bird, a man who has firmly captured my fancy.

Dr. Bird, elegantly mustached and quiet-spoken, the Museum's curator of South American archeology, concluded his formal education with his freshman year at Columbia, which he left in 1927. (His only degree is an honorary one from Wesleyan, received in 1958.) "I was living with my family in Rye, commuting to Columbia by train," the latter-day Doctor advised me in the course of a marathon chat in his high-ceilinged, artifact-cluttered fifth-floor office. "One day, I sat next to George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, who invited me to go on a Labrador expedition he was conducting later in the year. The next day, I cut a class to go down to his office and tell him that I would go. We made a survey of the west coast of Baffin Land—now Baffin Island—for the Museum of the American Indian. Bob Bartlett—Robert A. Bartlett, the Arctic explorer—was in the party, and in 1928 I went along with him to Alaska, and later to Greenland, on a joint American Museum-New York Botanical Garden-Smithsonian trip. My interest was in archeology, but we were so busy cruising that we had no time for excavations. We did get some walruses for the Museum, however, and I got to know Dr. Wissler."

In 1930, Dr. Wissler pointed Bird toward South American archeology by sending him, unsalaried but with travel-expense money, to dig up artifacts in Yucatán and Honduras. "I then suggested to Wissler that the Museum ought to know how long people had been in the Strait of Magellan area," Dr. Bird said to me. "We were in the depths of the Depression, but there was a little spite money for this. Frederick G. Voss, an insurance man, had just left the Museum his estate of almost six hundred thousand dollars for field work in anthropology and archeology. He wasn't even an Annual Member. He had come in here, unannounced, with some question about Indians, and Dr. Wissler, without knowing that he *had* six hundred thousand dollars, had seen him and been polite to him. I call his bequest 'spite money' because he had a common-law wife whom he wanted to spite. As a matter of fact, she came in here and raised such hell with George Sherwood, then the director—she threatened him with a cane—that the Museum turned over half the income to her and only got the whole business after her death, in 1949."

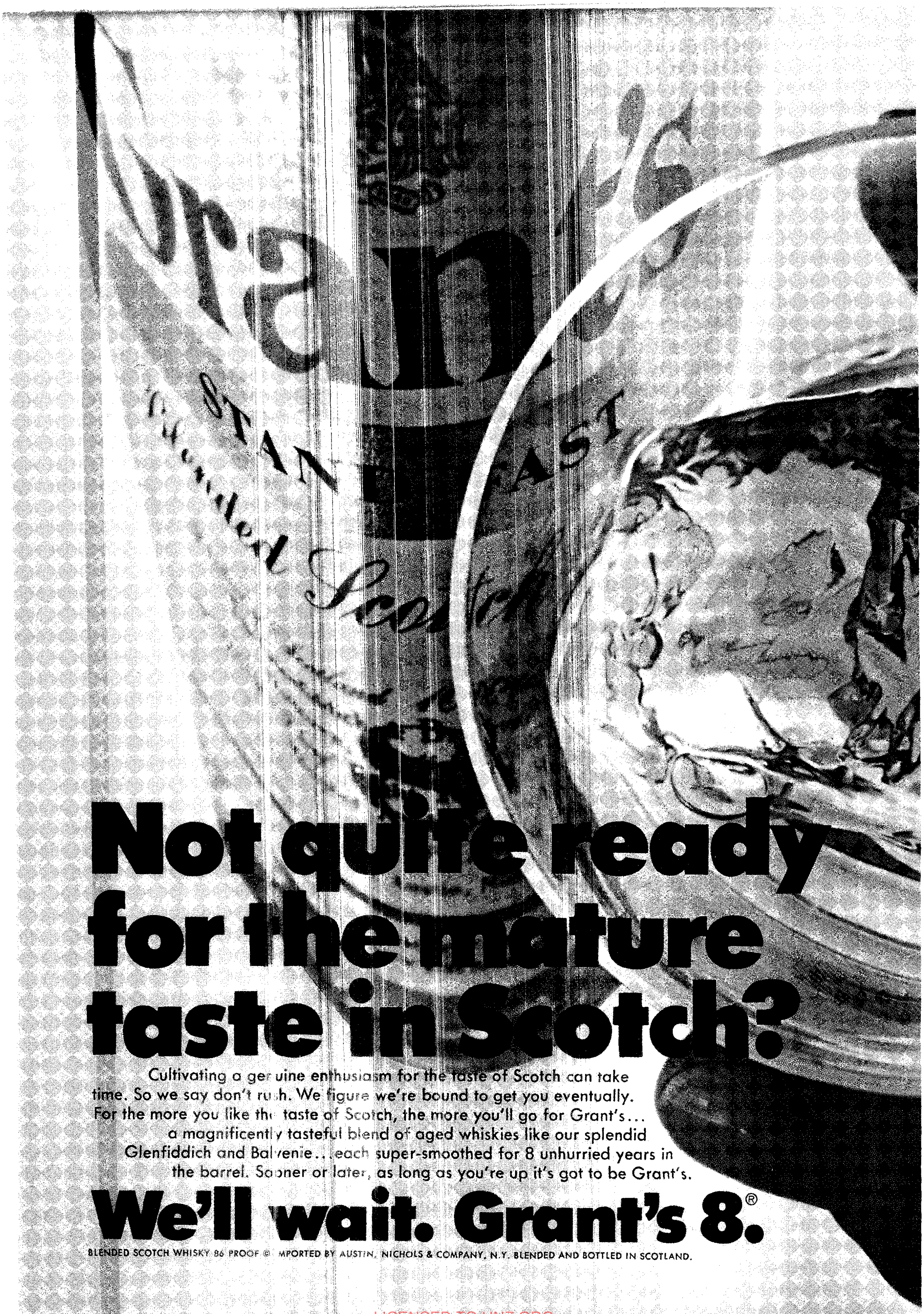
Dr. Bird smiled, and continued, "I told Dr. Wissler that for seven hundred and fifty dollars I could find out a lot about the Strait of Magellan area, anthropologically speaking. I spent the winter of 1932 there, on an island in Beagle Channel, named after Darwin's Beagle, which had gone there in the eighteen-thirties. It was also evident—from mussel-shell knives, harpoon points, and other artifacts of fishing equipment—that the region had long been occupied by people who used canoes. I returned with a canvas duffelbag of bones and stones and five cents in my pocket. A couple of years later, with my wife, Peggy, who works as a volunteer here, I went back to southern Chile and spent two and a half years. We covered a thousand miles, partly by boat—a nineteen-foot cutter we named the Hesperus—and partly in a twenty-year-old Model T Ford that I bought in Punta Arenas for twenty-seven dollars. We drove it for a year and a half. We made a survey along the north shore of the Strait, way up in the Argentine to Comodoro Rivadavia, and inland over the Andes to the Pacific side. On our boat, which contained basic provisions for six months, we ate a lot of cormorants and seagulls. Peggy cooked them. She'd never cooked *anything* before. Seagulls are delicious if you skin them out while they're warm; otherwise, they taste fishy. We did the whole trip for sixty-five dollars a month, including passage. Stay out of hotels!"

I had heard that Dr. Bird was famous for his practical jokes, and I asked him about this.



"Well, there's the Fake Brick Practical Joke," he said. "Abe Lincoln is to blame for that. He had a secretary named John Hay, who had a son Clarence Hay, who has been connected with this Museum for more than forty years as a trustee, honorary trustee, and research associate in anthropology. He's over eighty now, and he still has the use of a room here—where, incidentally, he keeps Lincoln's original life mask. We get it out of its box every Lincoln's Birthday and show it to the public."

Dr. Bird fingered a faded but still patterned textile on a big table in front of him. "A sixteenth-century Peruvi-



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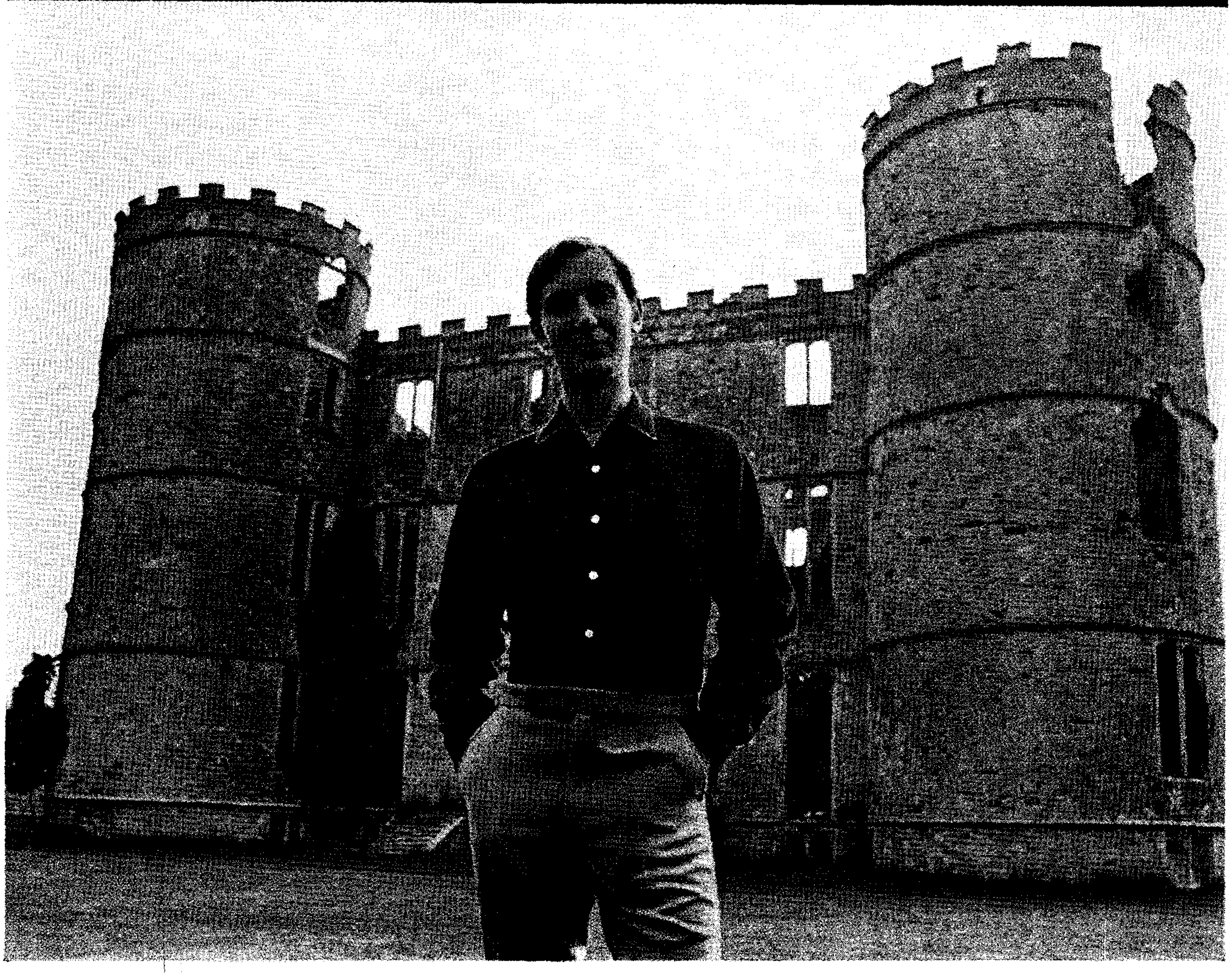

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an's pants—I sifted them from a refuse deposit," he said, and went on, "Gordon Ekholm, our curator of Mexican archeology, has a theory, not generally held, that transpacific contacts in pre-Columbian times led to an Asiatic influence on Mexican sculpture. In 1956, he dug up a lot of bricks in Mexico that he thought might show such a connection. While he was cleaning up and assembling these bricks, he got a pathetic letter from a Chinese student at the University of Chicago. This said that the writer's father had entrusted him with something dug up in the family garden and had enjoined him never to part with it unless he was in desperate financial straits. He now *was* in such straits, he wrote, and was sending his heirloom along. A few days later, into Gordon's office came a package containing an old iron dumbbell. Gordon is a sympathetic man. He was still grieving over the worthlessness of the dumbbell when he received another letter, from a man in Guatemala, who said he was sending him an interesting pre-Columbian artifact. In came the mate to the dumbbell. Clarence Hay had set the whole thing up. He had arranged for confederates in Chicago and Guatemala to write the letters and mail the dumbbells. That was just the beginning of the joke."

Dr. Bird smiled, and held up another Peruvian textile. "Fifteenth-century shirt," he said. "It dates from just before the Inca occupation. I found sixty-three fragments like this in one cubic yard of excavation in a house site only an inch beneath the surface. Many of these sites are being destroyed by real-estate developments. I'm trying to have the area—a strip about a mile long—where I found this shirt and a great many more primitive textiles declared a national archeological preserve."

I congratulated him on the shirt, and he went on, "As Gordon cleaned the mortar and lime from his bricks, some of them revealed sketches that looked as though they had been made by children, and some had real artistic skill. He concluded that they were doodles, made to relieve the boredom of the brickmakers. He had a lot of cleaned bricks lying around in his office, along with a remainder of numbered, unexamined bricks that were still coated with lime and so forth. I decided that maybe Gordon needed another brick to examine. I got hold of a volunteer ceramist in our preparators' department—Robert Sonin—and asked him to make a brick with a deer head and a Buddha sitting on a lotus-plant

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throne, indicating the influence of Southeast Asia on the New World. I told him to draw some crossed dumbbells in a corner, to give the joke away. Then I designed a second brick, with the date 1956 in Mayan characters on it, and a couple of high-relief crossed dumbbells mounted on it. We took the two bricks to my place in Spuyten Duyvil to fire them."

At this point in Dr. Bird's narrative, two well-dressed ladies entered the room. After a bit of chitchat, one of them handed him two small gold sculptures and asked whether they were authentic. He scrutinized them through a lens and pronounced them Costa Rican in style, but copies. The ladies thanked him and disappeared. "I hope you don't mind the interruption," he said to me. "We're continually called on to identify objects, most of which are fakes. These queries take up a good deal of time—I think the Metropolitan Museum curators are more *protected* than we are—but some of the people who make them become donors. One of them used to leave a check—sometimes for five hundred dollars—after his visits. And remember Mr. Voss.

"Anyway, we covered the lotus brick with lime and, after marking it with the appropriate number, substituted it for one we swiped from Gordon's collection," he resumed. "It stayed there for two years, until one of Gordon's assistants, who had been working through the pile, got to it and washed the lime off. He brought it to Gordon and said, 'Look! This is a lotus throne!' Gordon called me in, and he called in Dr. Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., an anthropology research associate, and they got out all the books. I beat it and hid in the library downstairs, expecting trouble, but none came.

"I didn't want Gordon to waste any more time," Dr. Bird continued, "so, to give the thing away, I slipped my high-relief-dumbbell brick into Gordon's room that evening after he'd left for the day. But he had forgotten about the Clarence Hay dumbbells. He guessed that the 1956 brick was mine, but he didn't get the message. The next morning, in the elevator, he said to me, 'Did you get the idea of those dumbbells from the dumbbells on the lotus brick?' Then he laughed.

"We don't do this sort of thing every day," Dr. Bird said, a trifle unnecessarily, and, after thanking him, I went down the hall and called on Dr. Ekholm, who showed me the lotus-throne brick. "It's very well done," he said. "A typically Asiatic drawing of

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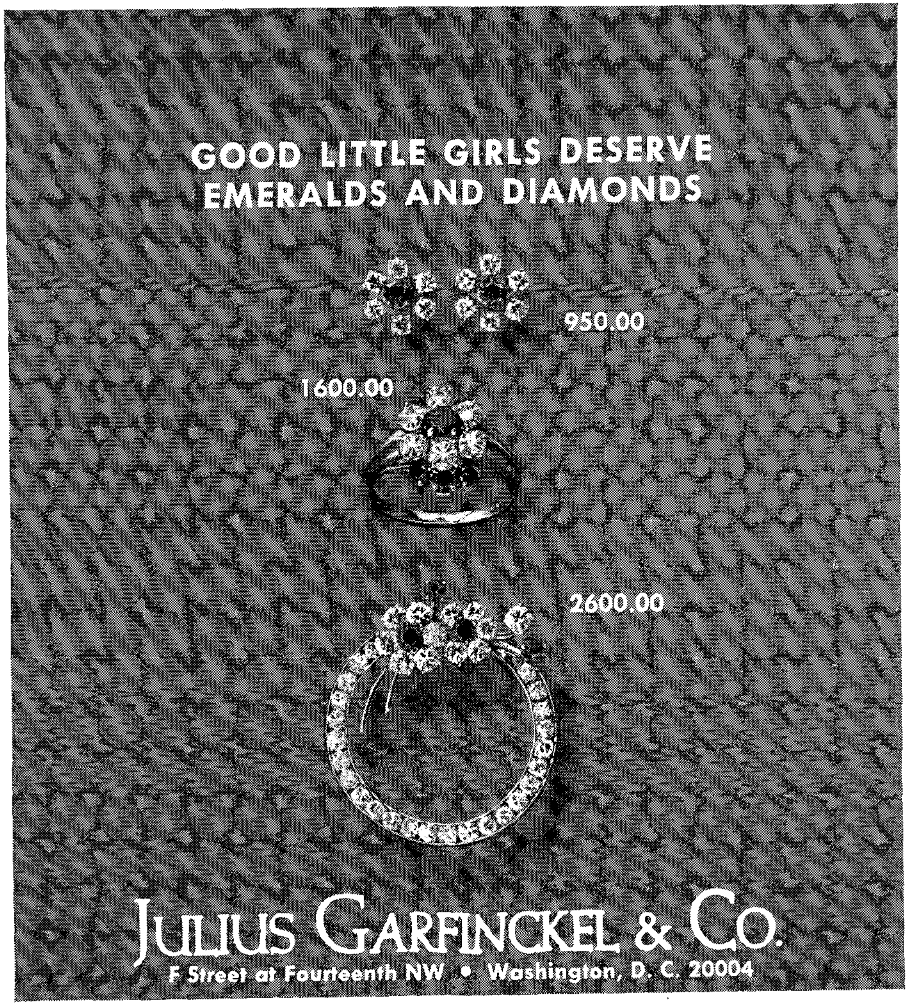
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a person sitting on a lotus plant. Many of the design motifs in the late Mayan period—600 to 900 A.D.—seem to indicate a relationship between the early civilizations of Asia and America. It's a complicated question involving the assumption of travel that can not be proved. There is a consensus that New World sculpture is independent of the Old World, but I tend to disagree. The isolationist trend dominates, and the diffusionist position—mine—is exploratory and tentative, but it is becoming more and more respectable to think and talk about transpacific contacts."

I rose to leave, and Dr. Ekholm said, "Junius Bird is a whiz on pre-Columbian textiles. His analysis of prehistoric weaving techniques in Peru—the oldest known—is the most detailed and intensive ever attempted. Clark Wissler was one of the founders of American anthropology, and the emphasis here has been, and still is, largely on the New World, but there's been a change, heralded by the creation of a curatorship of African ethnology about ten years ago. Its incumbent is Colin M. Turnbull, an authority on the Ik hunting and farming tribe of northern Uganda, and on the Mbuti pygmies of the Congo. He's responsible for our Hall of Man in Africa. The Museum is noted among anthropologists all over the world as an extremely good place to work. I've given a lecture a week at Columbia for fifteen years, and Dr. Shapiro does the same thing twice a week, but there's no pressure of teaching, and exhibition tasks are few and far between."

Dropping in at the big, light drafting rooms of the Department of Exhibition and Graphic Arts, I found its head designer, Mr. Henry Gardiner, about to leave for the Hall of Man in Africa, then nearing completion. "We've been working on it for eighteen months," Mr. Gardiner said as we gained the scene of operations. "It will have three major dioramas and over a hundred case displays of artifacts. At that, we have so many African artifacts that we've had to select brutally. The hall is Colin Turnbull's baby, as you know. What with the current interest in Africa, it's very timely. Dr. Turnbull's approach is in terms of different types of environment. Two disciplines are involved in exhibition—the curator has the concept and tries to develop the story line, and we in the Exhibition Department try to make things visibly meaningful, exciting, and attractive. The African hall will demonstrate the way people live, think and

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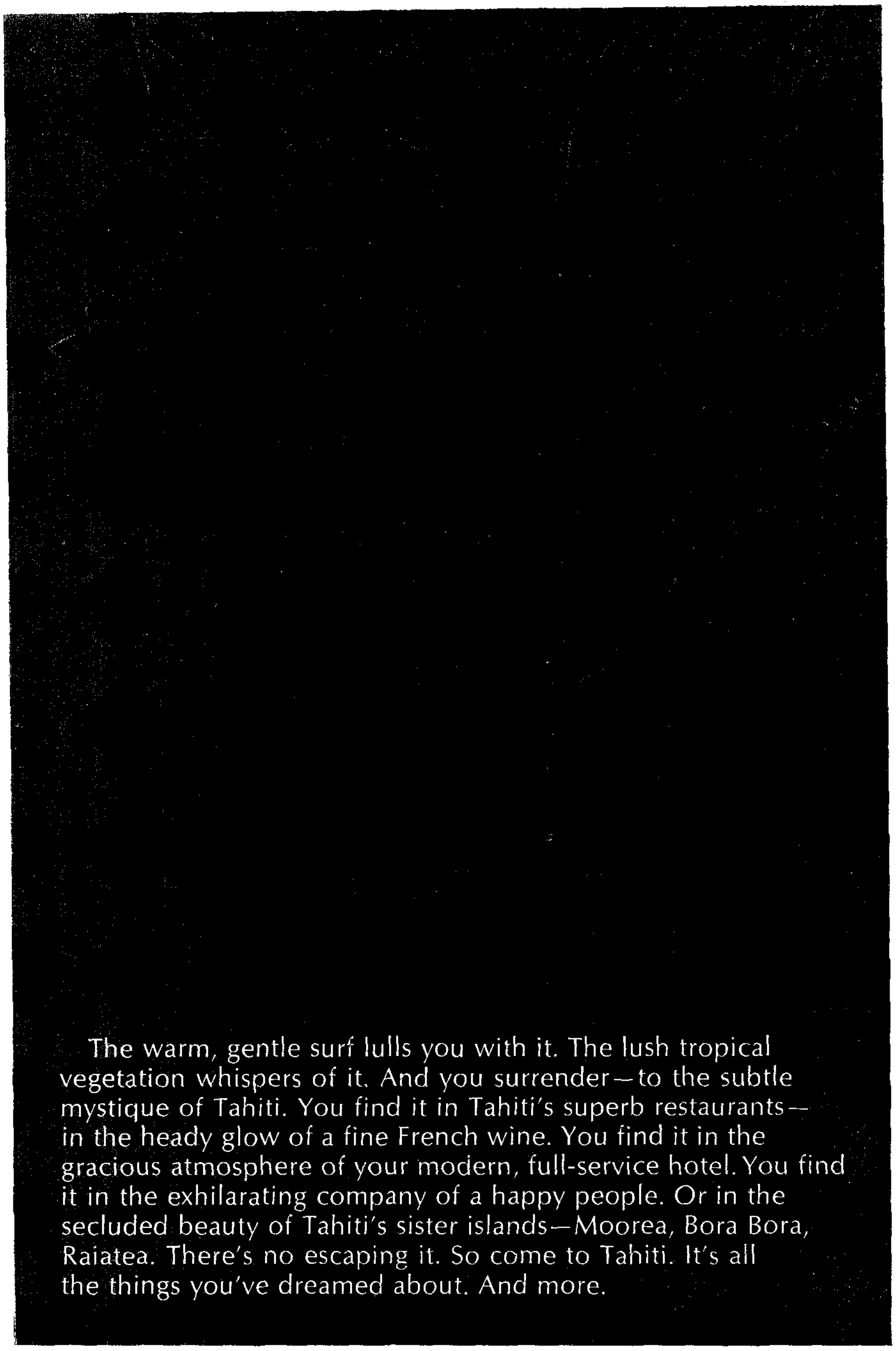

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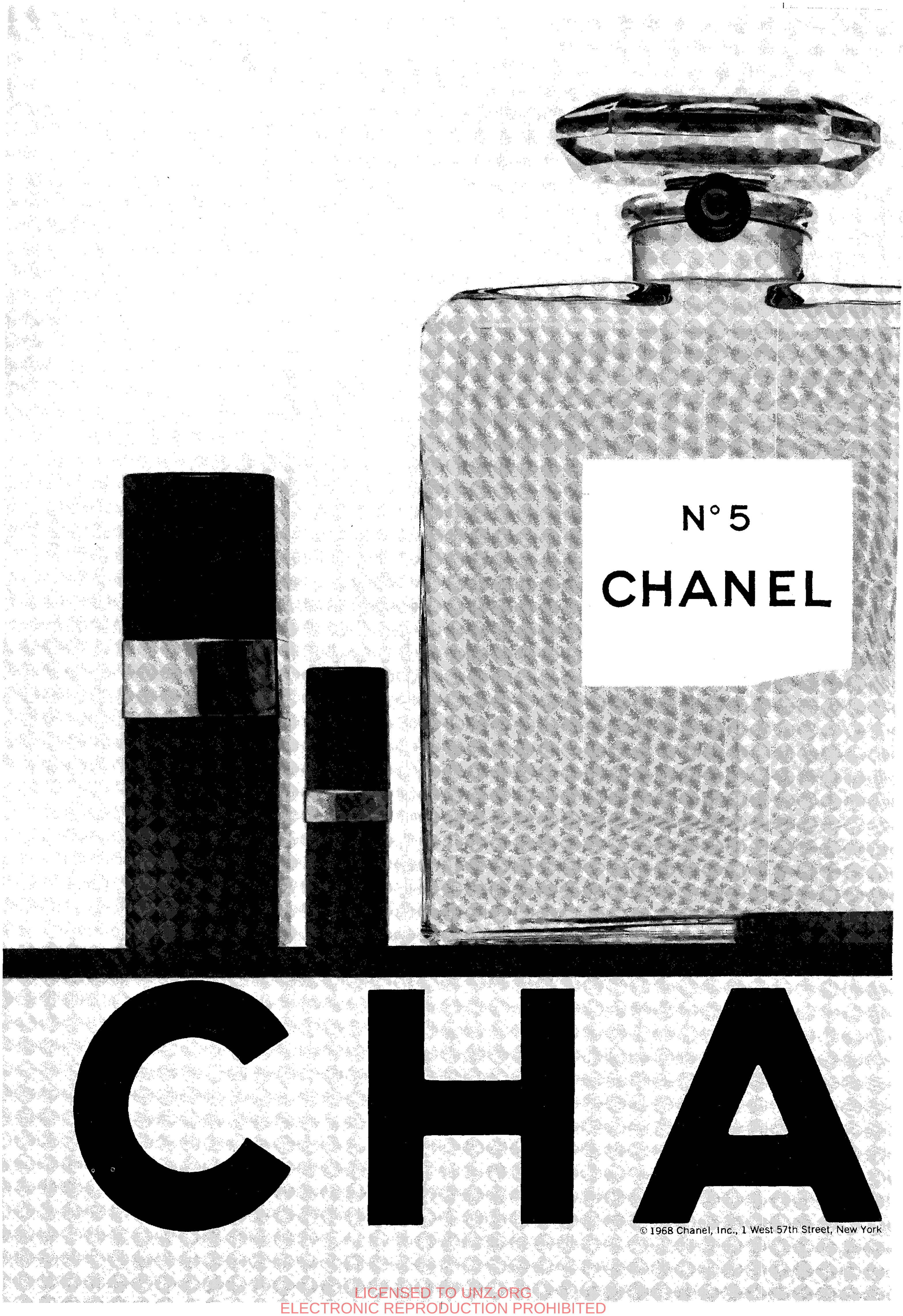
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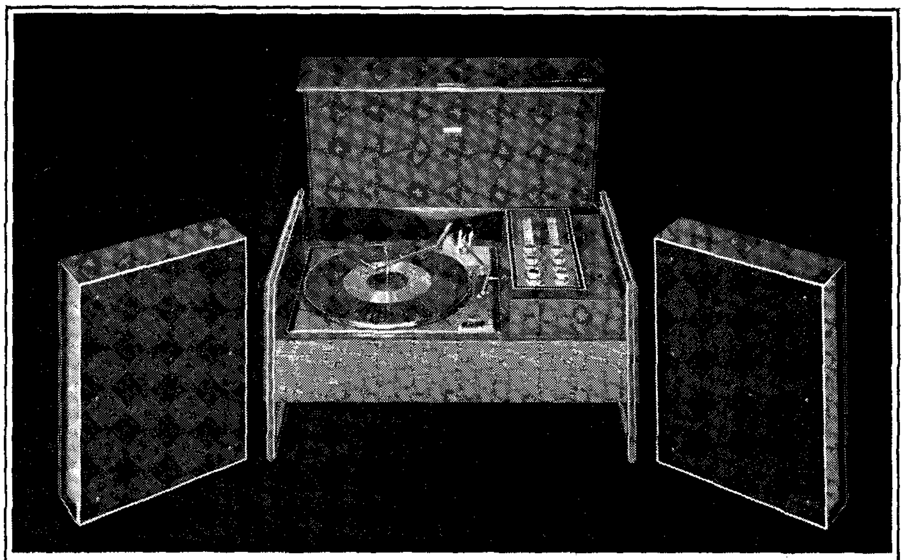

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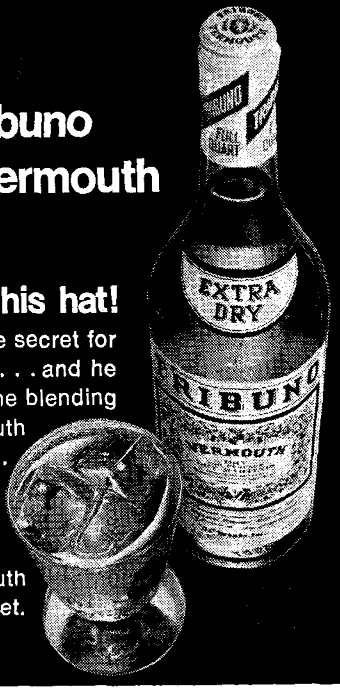
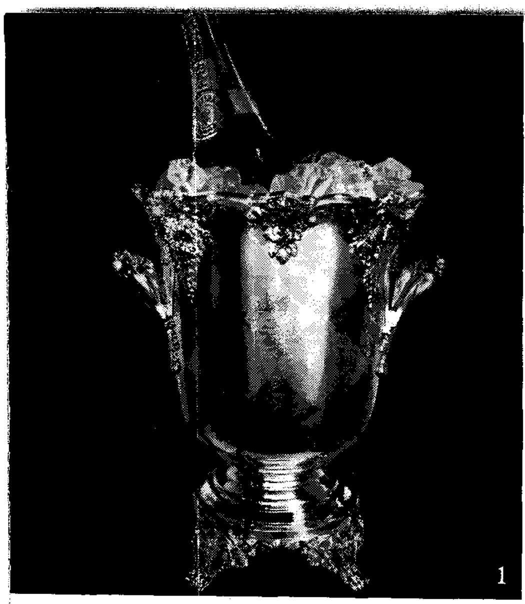


organize themselves. I think we've got a pretty good thing going here."

We inspected dioramas called Grasslands, the Forest, and the Desert, and Mr. Gardiner said, "The Forest shows Dr. Turnbull's favorite pygmies—the Mbuti—in various typical occupations. We've tried to give it a cool, filtered light, such as you'd find in the African forest. The Desert will be bathed in the blue light of a full moon. The Planetarium people have helped us place its stars accurately." At this point, we were joined by Mr. George E. Petersen, the Museum's head preparator, who built the dioramas and has been at the Museum since 1933. "I went to Africa with Dr. Turnbull and collected trees, bark, soil, vines, and other plants for the exhibits," he said. "Plaster molds of the leaves were made in the field, and then we copied the leaves in cellulose acetate in our laboratory. There's a lot of hand work in this sort of operation. We have a staff of over thirty artisans. We're not like a commercial shop, although we do farm out some jobs, such as the Museum's new whale. We went to a plastics firm in New Jersey for that."

As luck would have it, several weeks later I ran into Dr. Turnbull, who spends more time in the field than he does in the Museum. "In 1958, I was deep in the Ituri Forest, living with the Mbuti pygmies, when I got a letter from Harry Shapiro offering me a job at the Museum and asking me to reply at once," he said. "The letter was two months late, so I didn't reply. I next got a letter from him announcing my appointment. I've tried to indicate in the new African hall how man developed in Africa, how tribal organizations came up, and why people there have half a dozen wives. Customs that seem bizarre to us generally have a good, functional reason—they perform a service to society—and comprehension of them should help us understand some of the enormous problems of political Africa. I hope to go next to Little Andaman Island, in the Bay of Bengal, where the surf is so heavy that you can land there only two months of the year, and where the inhabitants are probably pygmy relicts. They are allegedly cannibals, but I don't believe it. *They* deny it, and they have plenty of food. Even if they *are* cannibals, it would be an in-group matter. As an outsider, I wouldn't be worth eating. The Turkana—a herding tribe from Kenya—raided the Ik while I was around and killed one of them, but they told me I wasn't worth killing, because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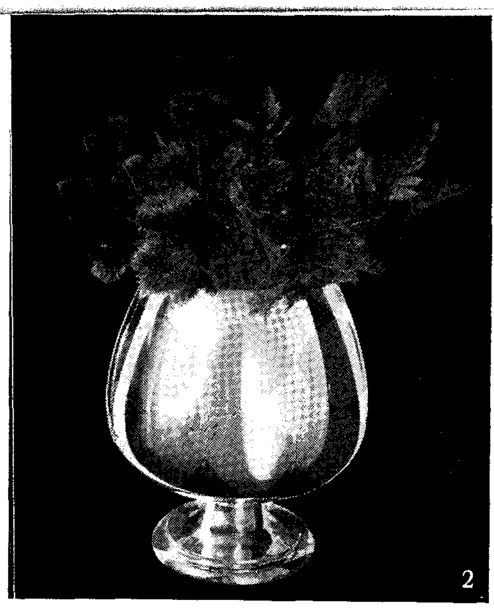
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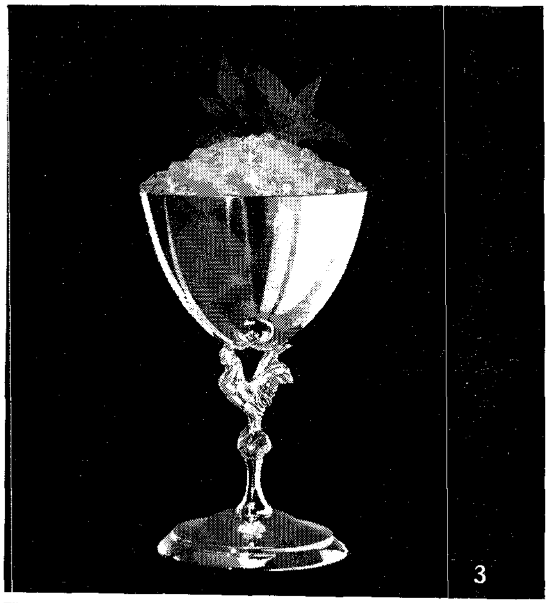
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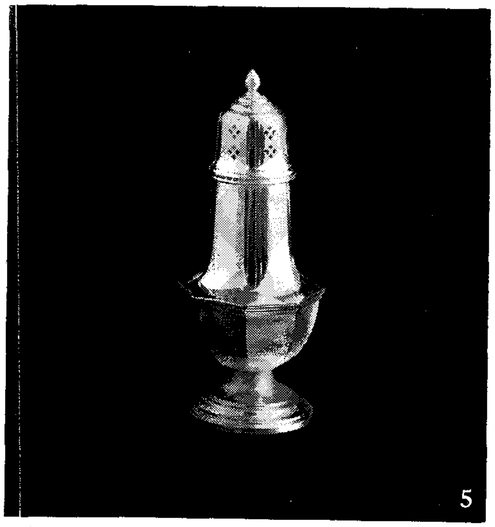
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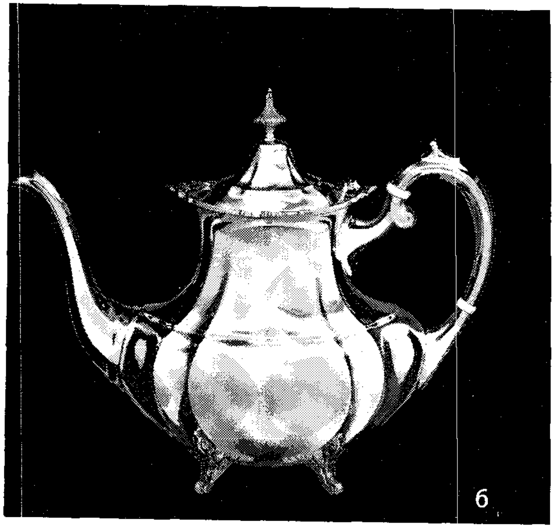
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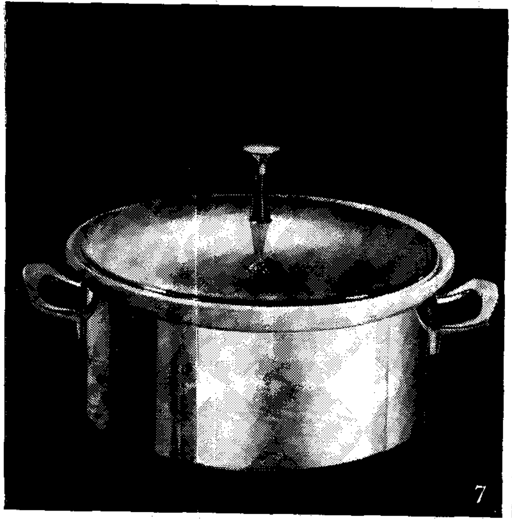
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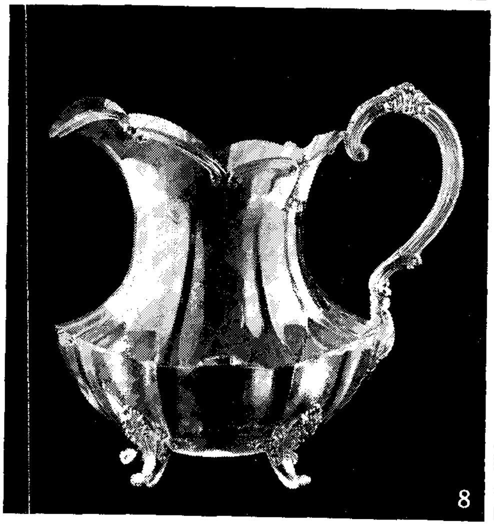
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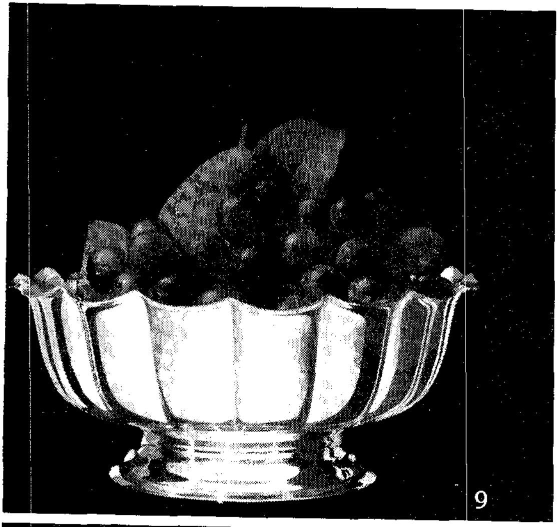
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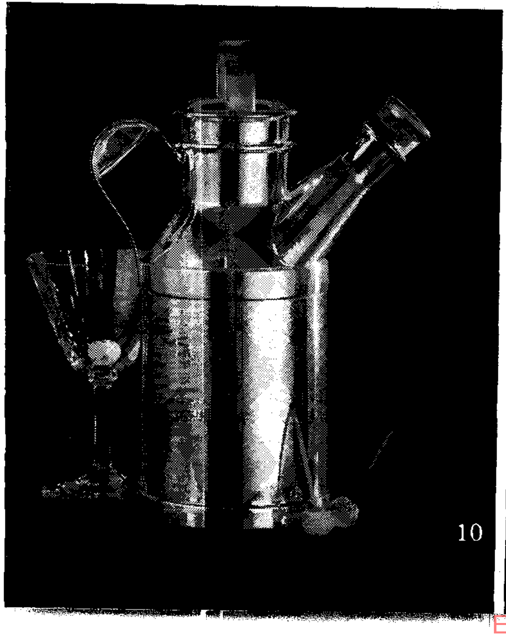
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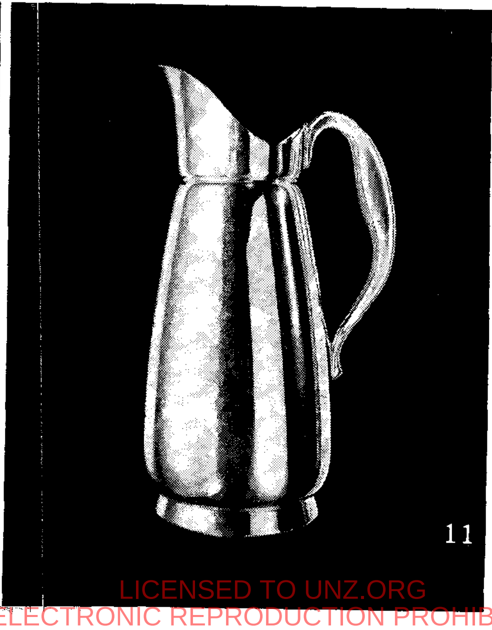
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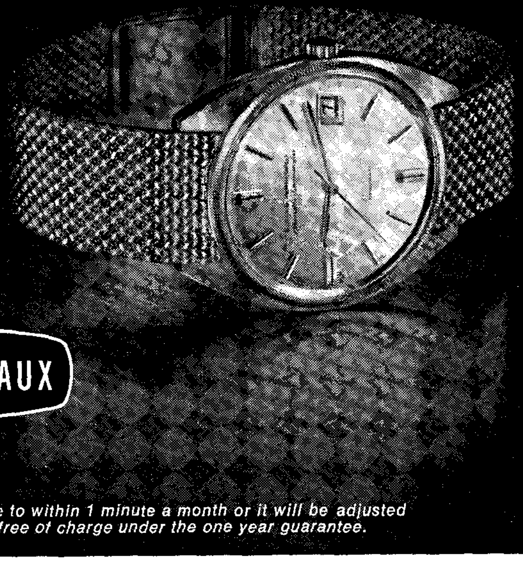

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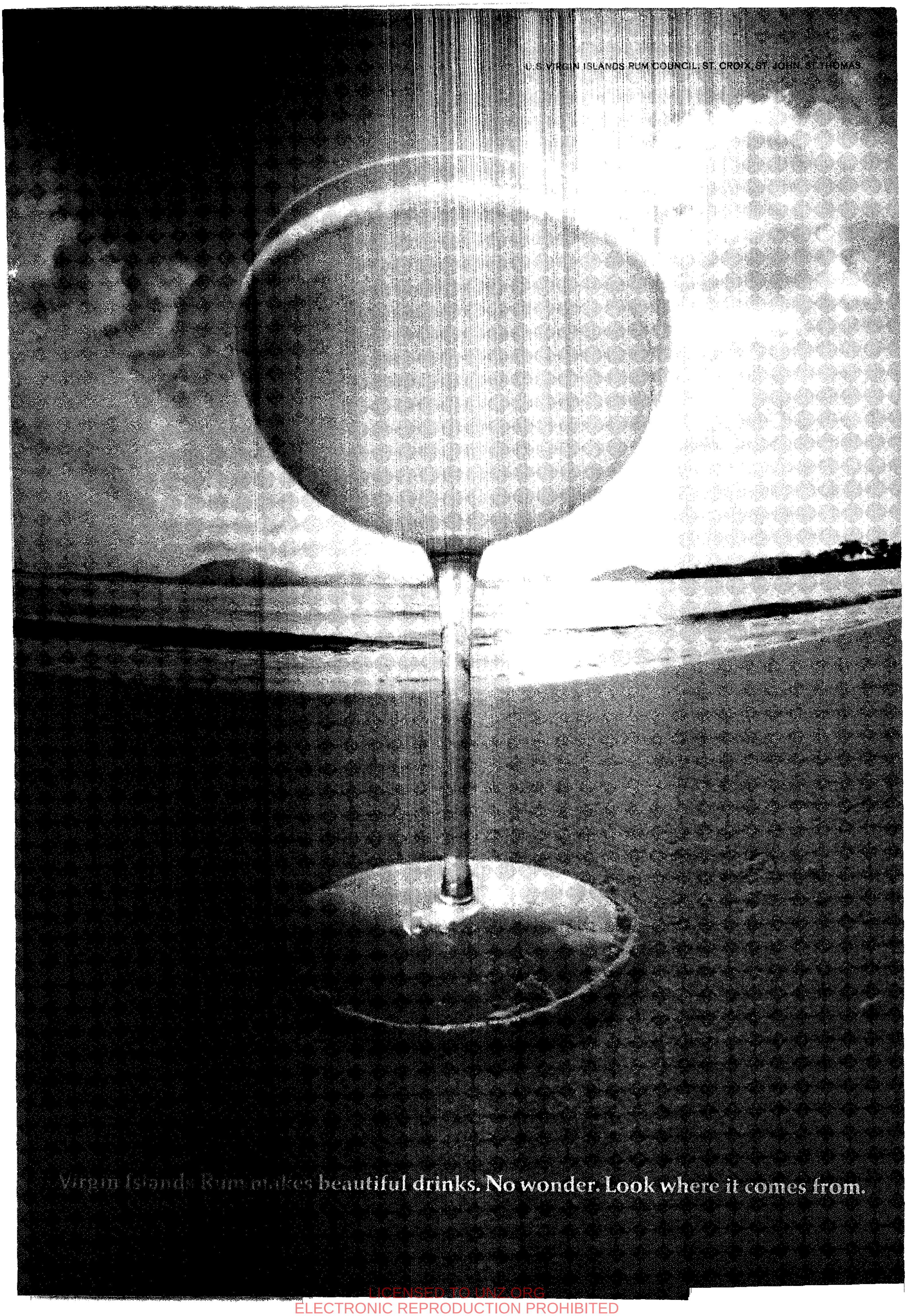
I congratulated Dr. Turnbull on his happy extraterritorial obscurity, and, seeking further understanding of the Museum's service to society, dropped in at the Department of Herpetology offices. There, in a room populated by a large snake in a glass box in one corner, I was greeted by a youngish man in shirtsleeves, who turned out to be the department chairman, Richard G. Zweifel. "That's George," he said, indicating his roommate. "I got her—her name has nothing to do with her gender—in Mexico in 1950, just before I went to the University of California at Berkeley to take my doctorate. She lived free in my room at Berkeley, but when I came here, in 1954, the Museum expressed a preference for my keeping her locked up."

I learned that Dr. Zweifel's specialties, despite the presence of George, are frogs and whip-tailed lizards, and that he has brought order out of taxonomic chaos in the classification of such lizards in western Mexico and Arizona, where he has discovered the existence of previously undescribed species and subspecies. It occurred to me that *I* had not yet described Dr. Zweifel's former chief, Dr. Charles M. Bogert, and I pressed on to his office. There I ran into further lizard news. I found Dr. Bogert, a big man with a suspicious air, gazing intently at a glass-walled box of damp sand on a table in front of him. He opened the box, poked around in the sand, and drew out two pinkish-violet wormlike creatures five or six inches long, which he placed on a sheet of paper. "*Bipes biporus*," he said. "Two-footed amphisbaenids, or worm lizards. Look closely, and you'll see that they have two tiny front feet. The black spots on their heads are vestigial eyes. They live underground, in tunnels, and come to the surface at night. They come from La Paz, in lower California. They're the first specimens to be brought to New York alive. A friend of mine flew them in in a mayonnaise jar. I'm feeding them mealworms, but they probably won't live long."

Dr. Bogert remarked that he had written an article about amphisbaenids, which he pronounced a taxonomic enigma ("No other family of reptiles has a distribution quite so bizarre"), for *Natural History*, a magazine published by the Museum, which has a circulation of two hundred thousand. When it comes to choosing between a person and a reptile, Dr. Bogert is inclined to favor the latter, but he is not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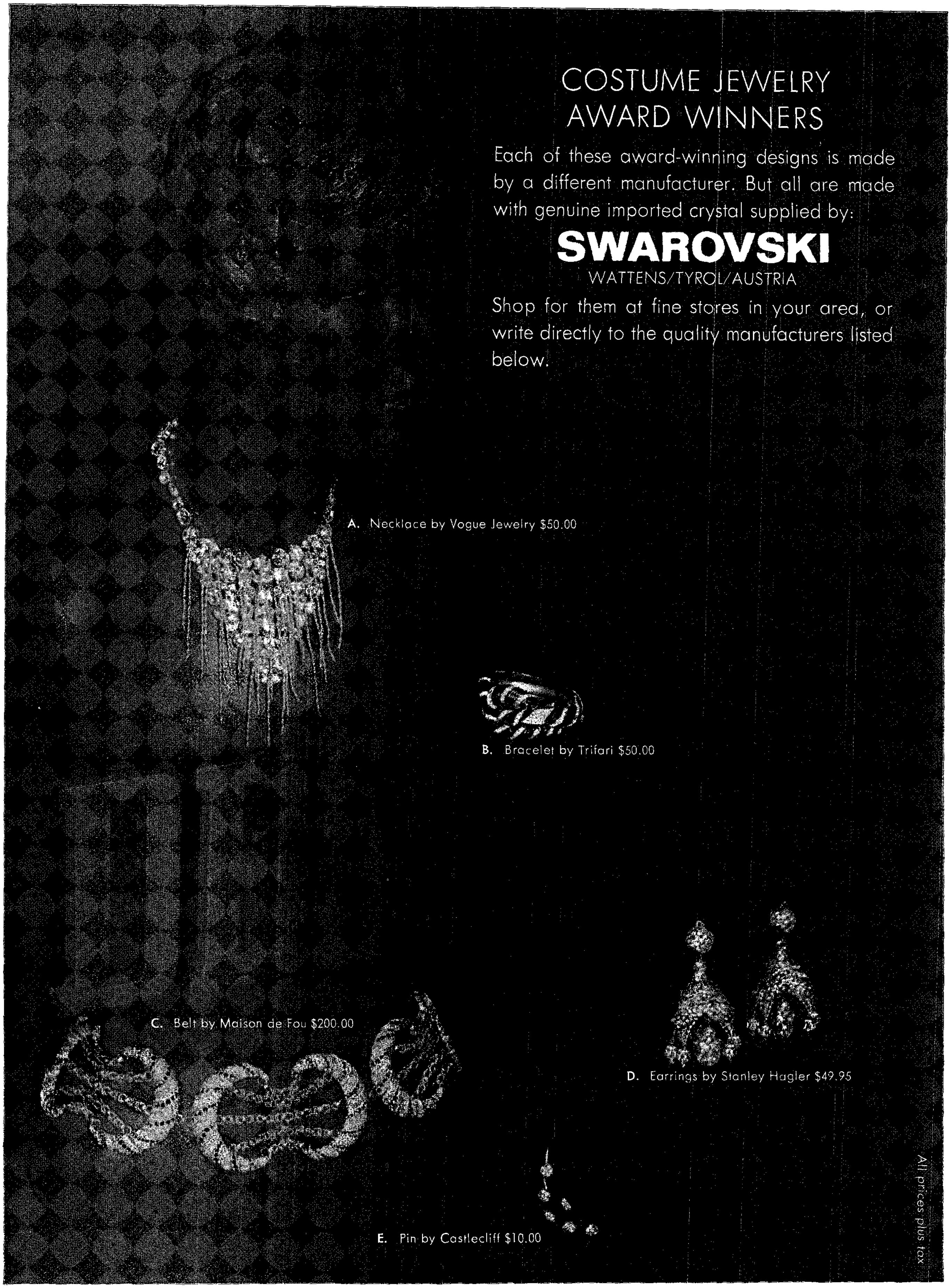

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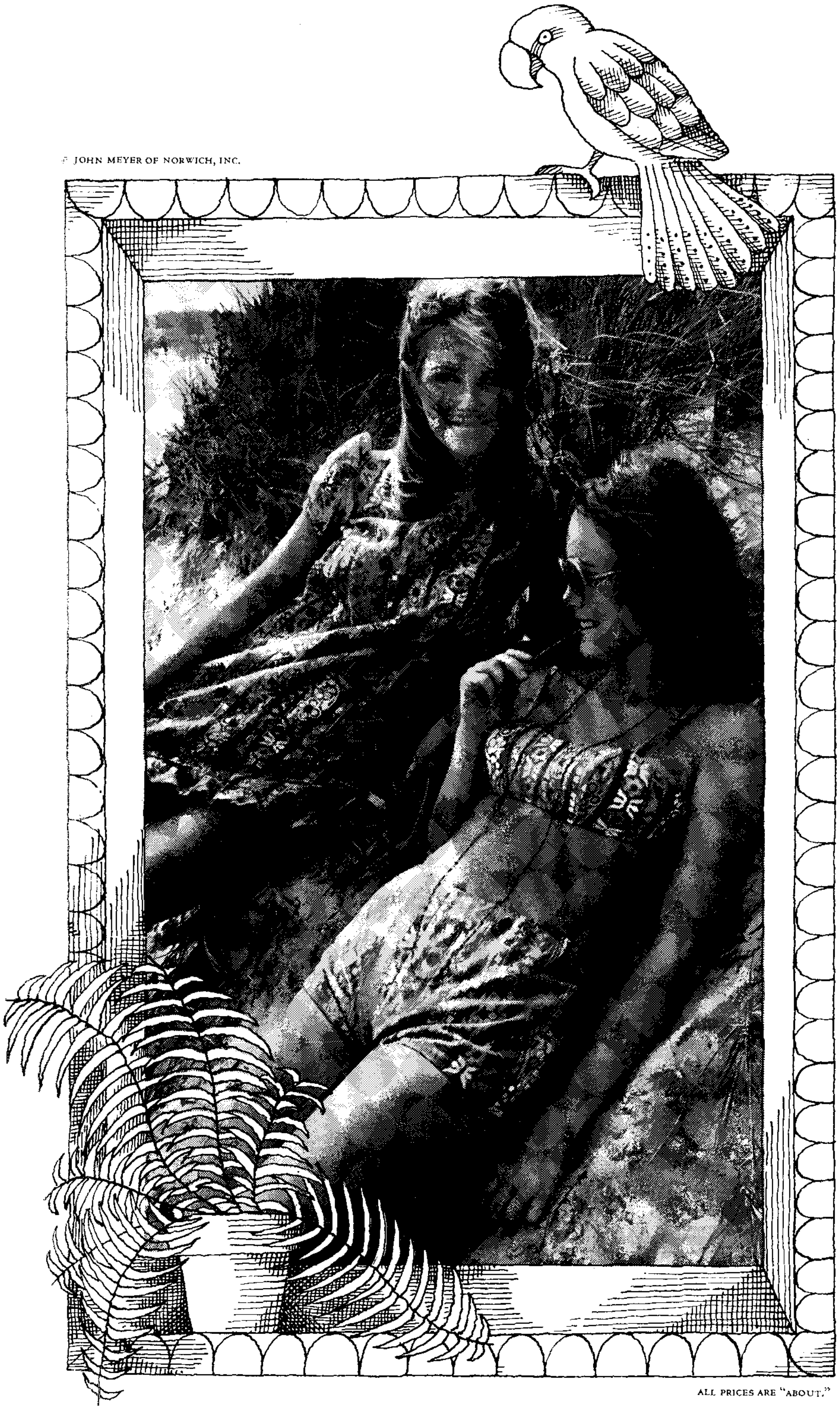
uncritical of reptiles. "In captivity, their feeding is a most clumsy and dubious business," he once wrote of California boas. "They strike out with numerous misses before they succeed in catching a rat, and then the process of killing by constriction is carried on in a most slovenly manner." There is nothing slovenly about Bogert. A few years ago, on his return from a ninety-day field trip to Honduras with the first extensive collection of Honduran reptiles and with significant data on how reptiles maintain constant body temperatures, the Museum issued a mimeographed release that stated, "Equipped with a pistol and thermometers, Mr. Bogert collected and took the temperatures of more than a thousand snakes and lizards."

DARE I conclude a history, however selective, of the American Museum of Natural History without incorporating an account of the Great Jewel Robbery of 1964? Dare I pass over the exploit of the three Florida beach boys, one of them known as Murf the Surf, who made away with the Star of India Sapphire (563.35 carats, the biggest such stone in the world), the Edith Haggin De Long Star Ruby (100.32 carats), the Midnight Sapphire (116.75 carats), and nineteen assorted engraved emeralds, diamond crystals, rings, brooches, and pins, and other stones, thus gaining for the Museum, without benefit of mimeographed releases, a worldwide newspaper coverage that included four columns on the first page and virtually an entire inside page of the *Times*? Yes, I dare, and will wind up instead with a visit to the working quarters of one of the institution's most distinguished lady scientists—Margaret Mead, who since 1926 has occupied a kind of rabbit warren on the sixth floor of the west tower. There, a series of cluttered rooms is inhabited by the ethnology curator and a bevy of girl assistants, whose salaries are paid out of grants. "I came here when I was twenty-five, on my return from Samoa—my first field trip," said Dr. Mead, a brisk, vigorous, emphatic, bright-eyed woman who has since made a dozen expeditions, most of them to New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands. "I was taking my Ph.D. at Columbia, and Dr. Pliny Goddard, who was one of my professors there and curator of ethnology here, offered me a job in the Museum. He wanted me to interpret ethnology. He thought I could communicate with the general public. I wrote my 'Coming of Age in



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the name Hentz came up.

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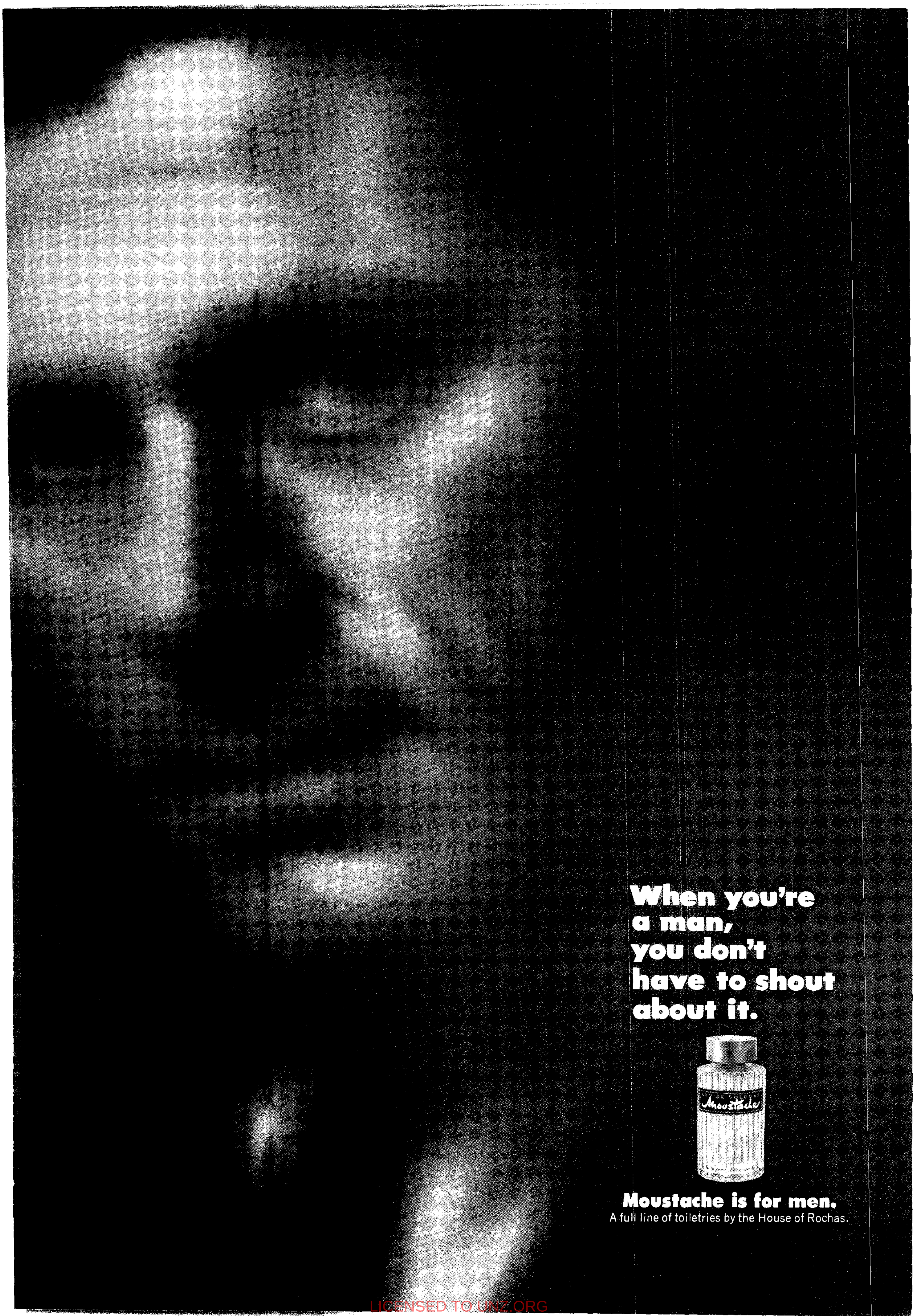
Samoa' here. [This book, which is subtitled "A Study of Adolescence and Sex in Primitive Society," has gone through innumerable printings.] I've written all my books—seventeen, so far—from this base. They're mostly about primitive societies. Jeanne! Karen!"

Dr. Mead clapped her hands, and two young women appeared from the rear reaches of her office suite. Their employer, who has additionally communicated with the general public in a score of monographs and co-authored books—as well as in lectures delivered at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, New York University, the University of California, the Menninger Foundation, seats of learning in England and Australia, and the Museum itself—instructed them to bring me a selection of her books. "There is a remarkable degree of continuity here, but the place has become more of a national institution since I came," she told me. "The whole outreach of the Museum has increased enormously. *Natural History*, which it publishes, used to be a pretty sober magazine, but it has brightened up and enlarged its scope. Museum-sponsored radio and television programs have got us related to the United States as a whole. I'm designing my new hall—Peoples of the Pacific—with dioramas that can be put on rollers, have their tops taken off, and be used to make an exciting movie. In this way, we'll be able to put on TV a replica of something that exists only in the Museum and show it to the world. My lectures here, which are part of our adult-education program and are given in conjunction with Columbia, where I'm an adjunct professor of anthropology, attract over a thousand people—all our auditorium can hold."

The Museum's crowd-drawing friend, who is sixty-six, is about to retire officially, but she viewed this prospect with equanimity. "The Museum is a magnificent base, and we keep our offices here for life," she said. "Nobody's papers are disturbed until they die. Look!" She waved at an accumulation of books, magazines, reports, and papers—some on tables, some on floor-to-ceiling shelves, some in closets—and said, "My problem is space. I have forty thousand photographs here, used to illustrate my books. I have detailed notes from my field trips—I made two to New Guinea last summer. I have forty years of active files in this office. You can't throw this sort of data away. All our data is good forever. How could I ever move? In general, in this country, we're imperilling the achieve-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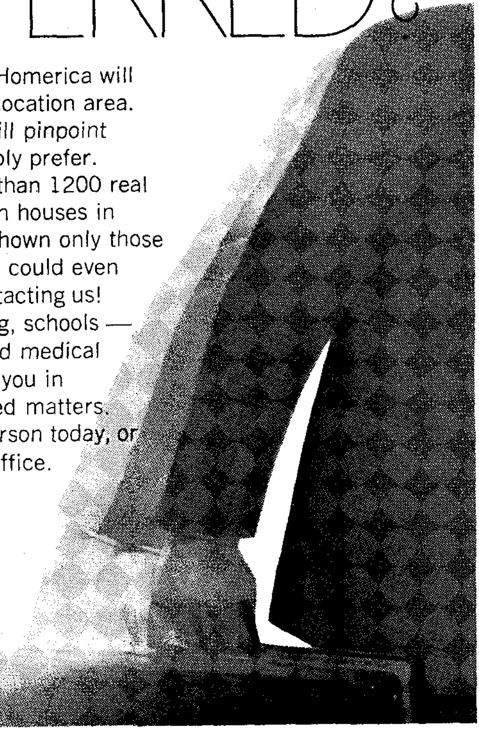

ments of scholars and scientists after they get to be sixty-five. Universities pitch them out. Many of them are productive until they're eighty-five. I've had many offers from universities, and I've rejected them all. It's boiling hot here in summer and freezing cold in winter, but the ethos is good and you can get everything mended. The Museum recognizes manual skills. It takes strength and skill to handle a trayful of specimens, some of them valuable and irreplaceable. The manual people—guards who double as cleaners—used to be the brothers of the cops and firemen. Irish. Now there are more and more Puerto Ricans and Negroes. They have to learn to handle the children. For the most part, our guards are kind and strict, but the children have got worse. The Museum exists for the children. I've always thought that a museum like ours should be planned for bright twelve-year-old boys.

"All of us here know well the carpenters, the electricians, and the packers," she said, as I rose to leave. "When one of them dies, all the curatorial staff goes to his funeral. We are part of each other's lives. The Museum is an old-fashioned institution, although up-to-date in relation to media. Nobody is here just to make money. I was here sixteen years before my salary went above twenty-five hundred dollars. You can't send your sons to Groton on that. Most of the curators could get better-paying jobs elsewhere, and some of them have, but the ethos is so good that not many are tempted. The Museum gives you great intellectual independence. I live at the Beresford, just across the street, north of the Museum, which is like sleeping in the office. You can walk through the subway to the Museum if you put a token in the turnstile. This is great in bad weather, and it will be great in my old age, when I may not want to go outside."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the second of two articles on the American Museum.*)

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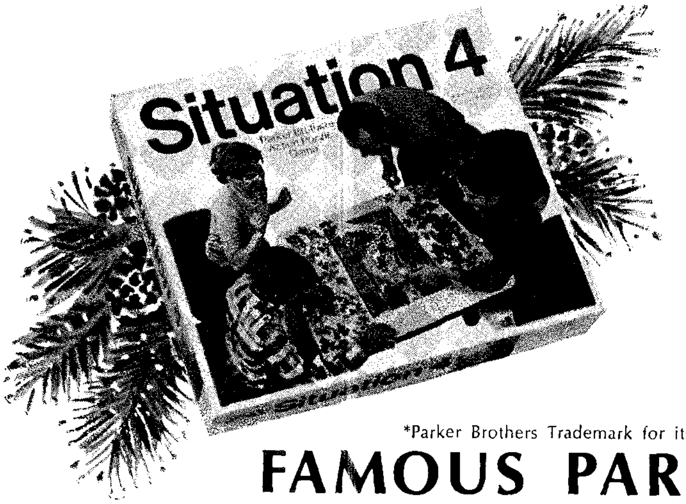
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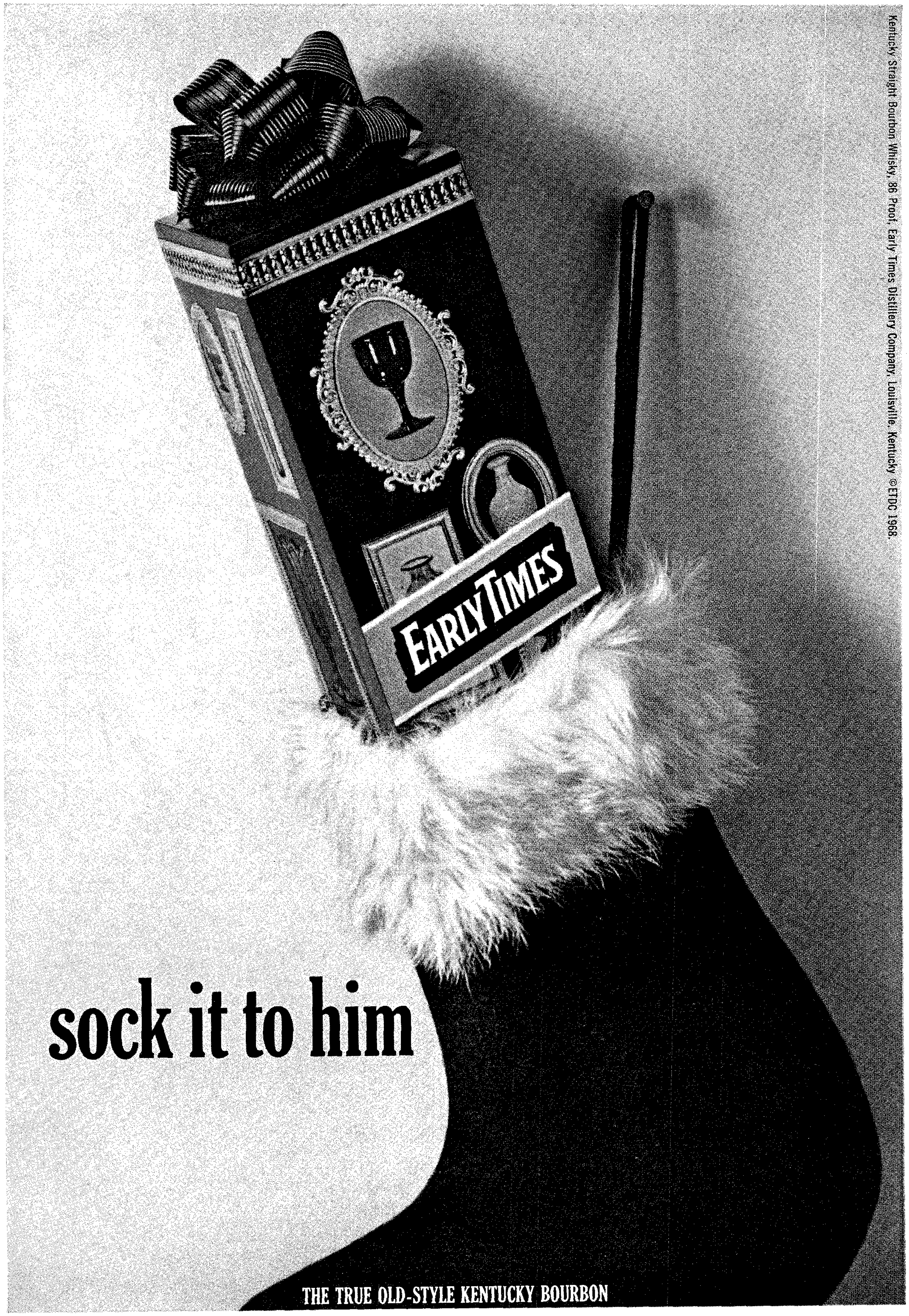
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THE THEATRE

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

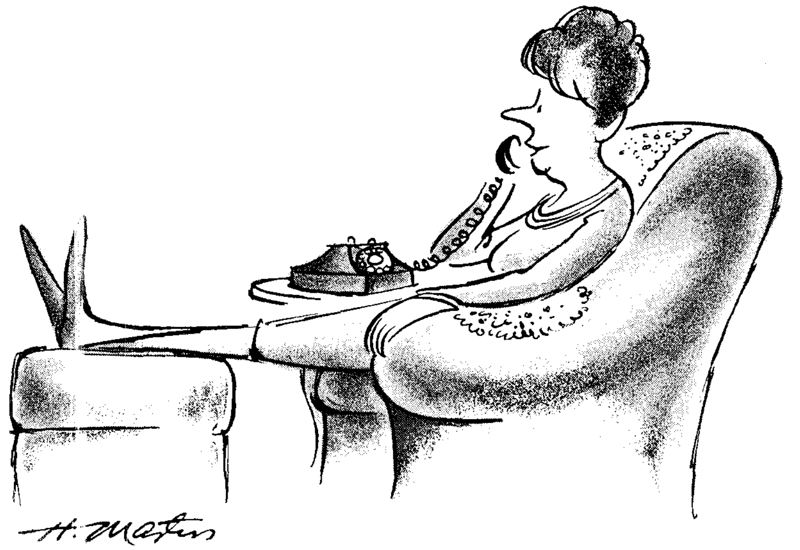
SO little need be said in the presence of excellence that I am tempted to limit my remarks about “Promises, Promises” to the simple statement that it is an absolutely marvellous musical and that all two hundred million of my fellow-citizens should make plans to go and see it as quickly as possible. I sat watching it in a daze of pleasure from start to finish, such critical armor as I possess having been pierced by my very first glimpse of Jerry Orbach as C. C. Baxter, the smallest cog in the vast machine of Consolidated Life. Mr. Orbach is a fantastically appealing performer and, if he wishes, can go on playing his role until well into the twenty-first century. As for Jill O’Hara as his dreamboat Fran Kubelik, she has a perky face and a voice that is by turns strident and melting, and C. C. is right to be madly in love with her. I lost count of the curtain calls on opening night, but for a while it looked as if the cast would be obliged to remain until morning onstage at the Shubert, incessantly bowing and smiling; in the nick of time, an alert management thought of beginning to turn off the lights, and so even the most infatuated and palm-sore among us were actually forced to let Mr. Orbach, Miss O’Hara, and their many colleagues go. It was, you may deduce, an occasion.

The musical is an adaptation of the movie “The Apartment,” written by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, and starring Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine. I assume the movie is sufficiently famous to make an account of its plot unnecessary; let me merely remind you that C. C. Baxter is a bachelor who seeks advancement in his job by lending his apartment for brief periods to a number of philandering superiors, the least savory of whom proves to be Fran Kubelik’s lover. With his usual tact and technical adroitness, Neil Simon has preserved the story line of the original and has yet made the book altogether his. Never has his dialogue, seemingly so lifelike in its matter-of-factness, been so artfully unlike life; mysteriously, he can make us laugh twice within the space of six words. Twice? No, three times. The innovative music of “Promises, Promises” is by Burt Bacharach and the deft lyrics are by Hal David, and there are several songs, including “Our Little Secret,” “She Likes Basketball,” and “I’ll Never Fall in Love Again,” that literally stop the show. So does the dancing that takes place at a wild office Christmas party, as choreographed by Michael Bennett; it is an affair far different from my own experience of such parties, and I bitterly regret what I have been missing.

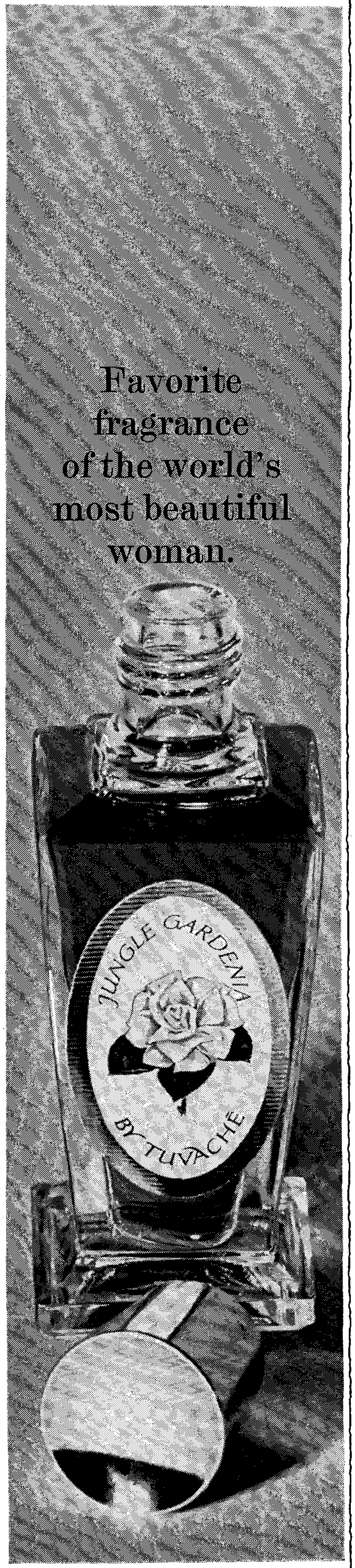
Among the other actors who especially deserve commendation I would single out Marian Mercer, as a cheerful, tipsy pickup; she speaks Mr. Simon’s witty non sequiturs with endearing insouciance, and I wish her role could have been made twice as long. A. Larry Haines is admirable as C. C.’s next-door neighbor, Dr. Dreyfuss, and Edward Winter is urbanely disagreeable as the villain who dares to be cruel to darling Fran. The shining, tirelessly peripatetic sets of “Promises, Promises” are by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Donald Brooks, and the direction is by Robert Moore. In a musical as distinguished in all its aspects as this one is, surely the producer has earned the right to be named and praised. He is David Merrick, who sometimes pretends that he is growing tired of the theatre. Mr. Merrick is a born tease.

PRESUMABLY with the hope of bestowing upon stuffy, mindless, money-mad old Broadway some of the benefits of Off Broadway—its zest, its honorable willingness to risk ambitious experiments likely to fail—the proprietors of the Circle in the Square have brought to Henry Miller’s Theatre three one-act plays by three well-known young playwrights from downtown, by name Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. For the purposes of this production, the plays have been given the over-all title of “Morning, Noon, and Night,” and it is true that, by dint of who knows what ingenious basting and stitching, the first of them takes place in the morning, the second at noon, and the third at night, but in fact the plays have little in common except a stage, a cast, and an air of wantonly misplaced confidence. I am as eager as the next man for Broadway to be shown how to pull itself together and behave more like Adam and Eve and less like Lazarus, so I was particularly disappointed when the make-believe at Henry Miller’s turned out to be merely childish instead of youthful, tricky instead of ambitious. We are urged to forgive the young so much these days, but I am unwilling to forgive them for being easy on themselves; in people of talent, self-indulgence is the one sin that matters, and this trio of playwrights has committed it not only flagrantly but also (what is far worse) unawares. They seem to have no idea how much harder it is to write real plays than scruffy little high-school sketches, in which, with a grand show of breaking new ground, they wind up a bumpy Irish mile back of Lord Dunsany.

“Morning,” by Mr. Horovitz, is based on a gimmick that he has not even troubled to make a neat one. A black family in Harlem have come into possession of some pills that God has carelessly let slip and that have the power to turn them white. (It is characteristic of Mr. Horovitz’s kind of self-indulgence that he tries to get a



“I’ve had a quiet evening at home. Watched a little of the war on TV and turned in early.”



laugh out of the stale jape that God is Himself black.) The family swallow the pills and begin a new life, safe for the first time inside their whiteness. We are expected to find it hilarious that, continuing to speak the cretinous scatological jargon of their immediate past, they succeed in totally befuddling a white man who, gun in hand, has come to avenge the rape of his fourteen-year-old daughter by the son of the family. Whitey breaks down and confesses that he was once black and was lucky enough to take a certain pill; for reasons that are not of the clearest, he thereupon strips and the family start daubing his naked flesh with black paint. In seeking to squeeze the last drop of supposed good theatre out of his not very clever gimmick, the author has chosen to turn his whitened blacks into stereotypes that would suit the fancy of the most brazen Southern racist. It may be that Mr. Horovitz sees this peculiar choice as the cream of the jest; if so, it is sour cream indeed.

Mr. McNally's "Noon," which can be infinitesimally praised as the least bad of the three skits, is also based on a gimmick. Most of us are familiar with those ads in Village newspapers and magazines that invite correspondence and/or meetings between devotees of one or another form of sexual activity, some of which sound remarkably specialized. Mr. McNally has imagined that a mysterious character named Dale has arranged, through judicious advertising, to lure five radically disparate sexual athletes to his (or possibly her) pad. Dale failing to appear, the five set about accommodating themselves to each other, in what amounts to a French bedroom farce with no French and no bed. The climax of the skit comes when Dale telephones and establishes a new place of assignation, in Paramus. If this does not strike you as much of a climax in the telling, be assured that it is no more of a climax in the playing; Mr. McNally is not as easy on himself as Mr. Horovitz, and he writes funnier dialogue, but he has been unwisely content to leave his creation on a coarsely colored comic-strip level of execution.

"Night," by Mr. Melfi, is but the tip of the tail of an idea for a play; it is over so fast, after having said so little, that my own first thought was that a member of the cast had gone up in his lines just when the prompter had sneaked out into the alley for a quick smoke. The action takes place in a cemetery, in the dark, with several mourners repetitiously circling around their grief at the loss of a friend; as they talk, a man comes into the cemetery carrying a dead dog, which he tenderly buries while sad apothegms on life and death are uttered in a moony, poetic, thoroughly unconvincing fashion. Minds at the mercy of such writing may turn into molasses—on guard! Broadway has lots to learn from Off Broadway, but "Morning, Noon, and Night" perversely contrives to prove the opposite thesis; it is an odd thing to have come all the way uptown to do.

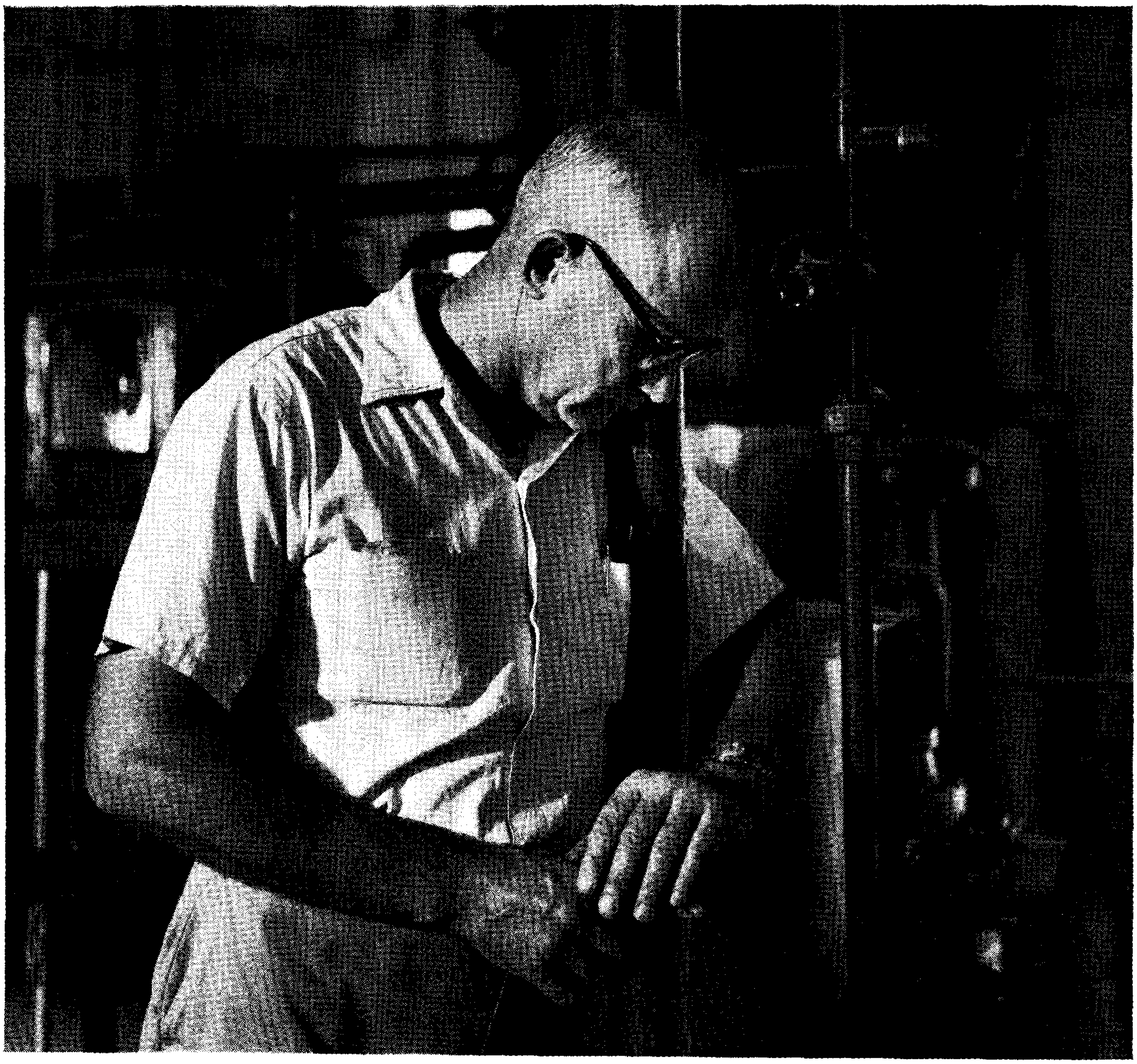
As often happens in such disasters, the acting is exemplary. The three sketches require only five people to embody them—Sorrell Booke, John Heffernan, Robert Klein, Charlotte Rae, and Jane Marla Robbins. My admiration and sympathy to them all, and to the director, Theodore Mann, who has done his best to make bricks without straw and almost without clay.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Support Mental Health

IT would be somewhat unfair to Terrence McNally to say that the talky anything-but-heroes of his "Sweet Eros" and "Witness," at the Gramercy Arts, belong in Jules Feiffer's cartoon world, but they would certainly not be considered aliens there, although they both cross the border into lunacy—dangerous lunacy, that is. Much of the time, Mr. McNally is not as smart or as funny as he thinks he is, but often enough he is funny and ingenious in nicking his targets—the self-smitten and self-absorbed, the slack and the obtuse among us. "Sweet Eros" is a monologue delivered by Robert Drivas, with interruptions, in the form of sobs (at first), muffled protests (at first), and the croaking of a song, "Plaisir d'Amour" (at the end), by Sally Kirkland. Mr. Drivas plays a poet, formerly a math teacher, who has kidnapped a young woman and driven her to a remote house in the country. When we first see her, she is gagged and bound to a chair, and in the course of the action she is on the receiving end of a non-stop spate of reminiscence, personal philosophy, sharp instruction, and true confessions and observations, many of them repulsive. Nothing that her captor does stems the tide of his own conversation. He strips her bare, goes over her face with a magnifying glass, eventually frees her of gag and bindings, and takes her into bed, and as time progresses she minds less and less. ("Sweet Eros" is, in a way, the breakthrough it was announced as being, since the two



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actors, both of them stripped, mime sexual intercourse onstage, but almost in the dark.) As for the acting, Mr. Drivas does very well, and Miss Kirkland more than makes up for her lack of words by the eloquence of her torso as she slowly changes from terror to compliance.

“Witness” is a contemptible black comedy about a plan to assassinate President Johnson, and the play is saved from disaster only by the playwright’s invention of one wildly funny and original character—a garrulous window-washer. This roughneck embodies in his opinions and attitudes every bore you run into in the course of a single day, and yet, as gloriously performed by James Coco, he is as lively a fellow as you could hope to find. In “Witness,” it is a man—an encyclopedia salesman—who is gagged and trussed to a chair. His captor, the tenant of the apartment where the action takes place, is the potential assassin, in search of a witness. They are shortly joined by the window-washer, and as Mr. Coco enters he takes one puzzled look at the bound-up fellow, shrugs, and delivers the line “I’m gonna write a book someday, I swear to God” in one of the funniest readings I’ve ever heard. In tenant and window-washer we have two counterpoised nuts whose only bond is their hatred of the President, though for opposite reasons. (Tenant’s: our policy in Southeast Asia, the troubles of Negroes here and in the Deep South. Window-washer’s: our caution in Southeast Asia, the riots, and them niggers who are after his job.) Quite a lot of talk and quite a lot of stage business go on as the salesman tries helplessly to free himself and prevent a murder. Richard Marr, who plays this wordless character, is very good indeed, and so is Joe Ponazecki as the murderous tenant. Larry Arrick was the director, and Peter Harvey designed the effective settings.

“Huui, Huui,” by Anne Burr, which opened last week at the Public, is about a young man fighting off madness—or certainly a severe attack of the fantods—in a rooming house somewhere in this city. I suppose, in view of those two young men of “Sweet Eros” and “Witness,” something can be said for this young man, whose name is Feisel Hitselberger, and whose victim is himself, poor soul. He misses his father. Most of his time is spent alone in semi-darkness, with his record-player turned way up (and occasionally blaring forth so loudly that the house shakes and plaster falls off the ceiling), and when everything gets too much for him, lights blink on and off and he speaks the gibberish words of the title. There are two girls in his life—a good girl and a bad girl. Girl No. 1 is clean-faced and kind, but he turns her down when she asks to move in with him; Girl No. 2 is sultry and treacherous, and he gets rid of her, too, after she throws a noisy party in his room, at which he breaks his leg. The only other character of any importance is his father, who does eventually turn up and, barely recognizing his son, treats the reunion with a casualness that verges on the absentminded.

The play is, I think, pretentious rubbish—casebooky and often gratuitously disgusting. There is no humor at all, though there are plenty of samples of conventional whimsey and conventional outrageousness. The acting is something else. Barry Primus somehow makes the addled hero consistently interesting, if not acceptable, and even gives sincerity of a sort to lines that seldom seem to come naturally to the character. He gets admirable help from Margaret Linn, Sharon Laughlin, and Charles Durning, as Girl No. 1, Girl No. 2, and the father, respectively.

“Up Eden,” which paused briefly at the Jan Hus, was just one more go at the musicals and the night-club turns and the vaudeville routines of the nineteen-twenties, and it failed to jell into parody, or even the kind of lampoon that seems to have replaced parody nowadays—or into anything else, for that matter. It was a musical comedy that wasn’t comic, and much that could have been good or entertaining went to waste in an impossibly silly libretto and an elaborate production that never hit its stride. Nevertheless, a few of the numbers worked well, the songs by Robert Rosenblum and Howard Schuman were tuneful, and the orchestral arrangements were ingenious. Come to think of it, perhaps something could be salvaged from the mess if—to go way back to the real twenties—a recording company could be persuaded to issue one of those “Gems From” albums. If so, I hope it will include “Wishy-Washy Woman” (a blues sung by Patti Karr), “A Playboy’s Work Is Never Done” (sung by Bob Balaban and Denny Shearer, to a time step and with ukulele accompaniment), and, best of all, an old-fashioned Dixieland and ragtime number sung by the whole company and called “Nothing Ever Happens ’Til Two A.M.”

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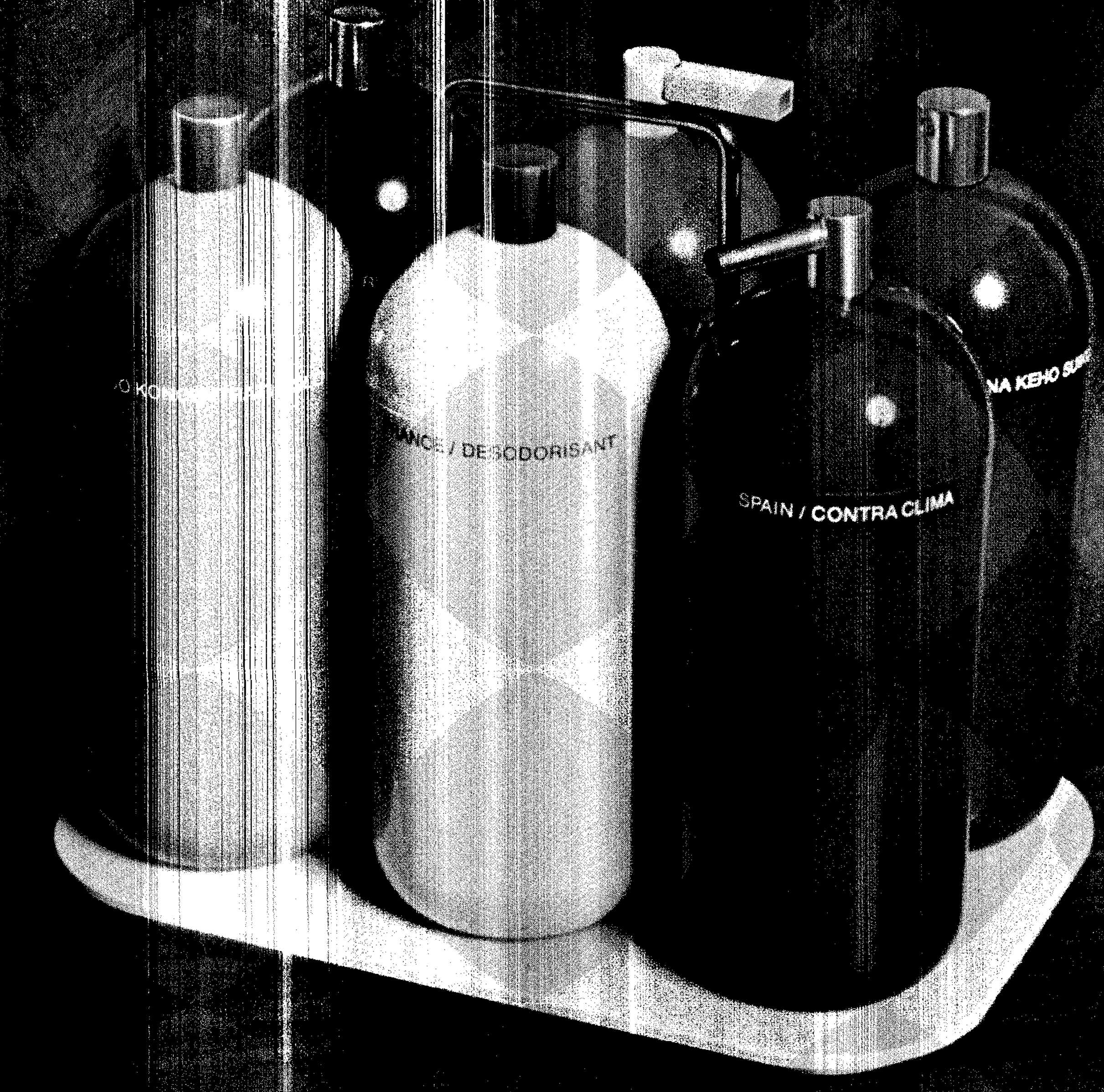

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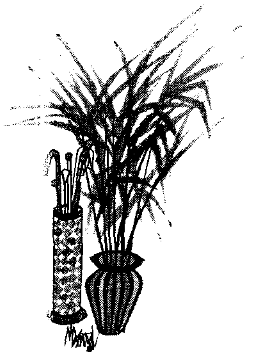
CASSEROLES are, I think, an American phenomenon, like Coke and chewing gum, and by many traditionalists they are put somewhat disdainfully into the same category. On the other hand, they are probably well on their way around the world, not far behind the ubiquitous soft drink and pacifier, as more people live hastier lives everywhere.

Webster and Larousse agree that the correct definition of a casserole is an open, deep-sided vessel in which foods may be baked and served. It can also be, in classical cooking, a mold made painstakingly of rice or mashed potato or pastry, filled and baked with vegetables or meats in various sauces. Webster says that "en casserole" can also refer to the food within one of these receptacles of earthenware or more edible starches, but it is in the American edition of the "Larousse Gastronomique" that the nearest approach is made to our own national definition: "In U.S.A. a *casserole* defines a dish made of two or more elements . . . rice . . . spaghetti, etc., in combinations with meat or fish plus a sauce or gravy, and often a variety of vegetables. This one-dish-meal can be prepared in advance and cooked and served in a decorative *casserole* . . . very popular in homes where there are no servants."



And there it is, neatly summed up! We make them every day, and write books about them, and exchange recipes for our own latest family triumphs of Matter over Time, and manufacturers sell seasonal variations on the theme of ovenproof dishes decorated by famous artists, and electric timers in millions of kitchens are set every morning to guarantee that the evening meal will be correctly crisp and bubbling by exactly six-thirty that night, and it is a good evolution, a healthy institution, an interesting gastronomical compromise.

There are some basic rules about casserole cooking that should be instinctive, but they can be *learned* by the most unskilled beginners. Naturally, such rules are guided by the cook's own quirks of taste, but they have little to do with actual prejudices. The foods used should never in any way be dubious in either looks or taste, as can happen unexpectedly to a remnant left too long at the back of the icebox—or even overnight, uncovered. One ingredient should dominate, so that the dish is plainly made of chicken, or shrimps, or lamb. There should not be a pointless mixture of flavors and textures, just to use up that cup of pimentos, that saucer of cold steak, those two chicken wings, the sour cream left from last night's cocktail party, with perhaps some chopped clams in it, all bound together with a bowl of leftover macaroni and two cans of cream-of-something soup. (Oh! Sprinkle it with grated cheese. Put plenty of paprika on top. Harry will be late, and ravenous after golf—he'll eat *anything* on Wednesdays.)

A good casserole will have clear-cut textures as well as flavor, and tired food can never stand up to the slow baking it should be given. The ingredients should be firm, if not completely fresh, and crispness can be added with thinly sliced green pepper or water chestnuts, chopped nuts, crumbled crisp ham or bacon, according to the cook's judgment. It is hard to say which is the more displeasing, a casserole made of a dozen indistinguishable hints of exhausted flavors or one that is a noxious mushy pablum resembling the predigested purées fed to helpless infants. I myself believe that it is a good thing to have the backbone of the dish completely fresh, and then perhaps to make whatever holds it together (rice or a form of *pasta* or perhaps potatoes) just before the whole is assembled. Rice, if correctly cooked and stored, will hold its texture for a few days, but most kinds of *pasta* do not improve with age, and I have found that while I am preparing the other ingredients for a dish to be served several hours later I can make fresh spaghetti or noodles or *capellini* for it, with much happier results than if I use the remains of last night's starch. In other words, it is best not to cook *pasta* with one canny eye on a leftover, although I do that with almost everything else!

The books written about this kind of cooking are interesting, if sometimes a little hazardous for one's mental digestion. The most unfortunate and at the same time most common expression of enthusiasm for the new-old branch

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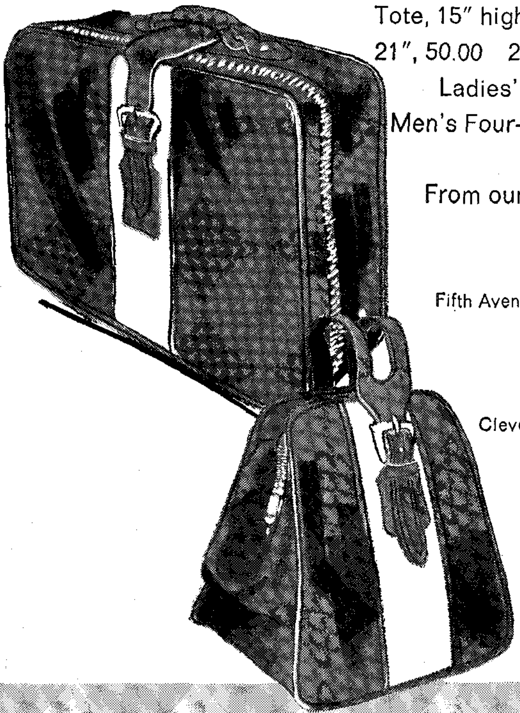

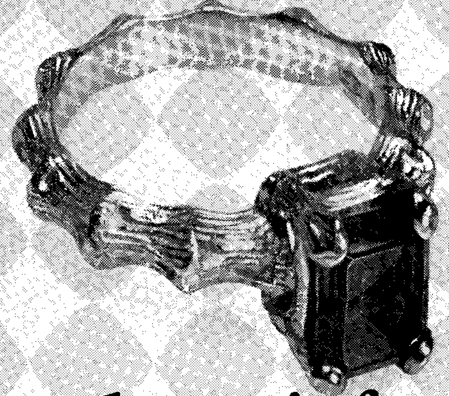

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of kitchen art is that "*Anything* goes into a casserole." It is not necessary to say why I find this reasoning actively dangerous. Casseroles are here to stay for a long time, and they are, for good or ill, a part of our living patterns, and I think it is dastardly to reduce them to the botulistic mediocrity such statements condone. Oddly enough, it is our own families who live in the greatest danger, for a casserole which will perhaps serve four or five can be and most often is slapped together from good-to-shameful remnants from the icebox, whereas some truly worthy dishes are made from near scratch for the Whist Club and the Business Buffet, with real care and thought. Perhaps that is why my own personal belief in combining leftovers and fresh ingredients seems valid.

Increasingly, there are such compromises between one's knowledge of good cooking and one's harried way of life, and a friend of mine with a large family has evolved her own formula for casserole cooking: three thick layers—first cooked starch at the bottom, then meat freshly and lightly cooked (and cubed if possible), and then a juicy vegetable, preferably tomatoes. The whole is covered with grated cheese and crumbs, all having been generously buttered and seasoned, of course, and is cooked for half an hour or so, until it bubbles and sends out good whiffs. Her theory is that the juices must sink into the bottom layer. The result is pronounced eminently edible by her food-conscious crew. It is preëminently modern American, not neo- in any sense of that prefix.

Casseroles lend themselves all too easily to mass feeding, and many a schoolchild has been forever warped, gastronomically, by the two-by-two slab of stiff macaroni-tuna served him on Fridays in the cafeteria. Macaroni and tuna, prepared separately and then combined in light layers, *can* make a decent casserole marriage, I like to believe, although personally I list the strongly flavored canned fish with bananas and chocolate bars, as something safely behind me—a childhood aberration.

As for macaroni, it will remind me always of the catered salad a group of us sold to our classmates in boarding school, to raise money for a new swimming pool. I have tried to find a recipe for this monstrosity in at least twenty books, mostly about American regional cooking but also in a few culinary dictionaries and manuals, and *it is not listed*. This in itself is commendably sinister. The fact remains that it is

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often to be found in delicatessens—a kind of cold casserole, in the slant-sided glass counters where food is kept cool in large pans that look like unmentionable hospital equipment. My surmise is that the hollow, bent *pasta* is cooked past the *al dente* stage but not to a glue, and is then cooled and tossed with a mayonnaise made of very old eggs. My interest in this salad is plainly clinical, but in 1927, when Lindbergh was loning it over the Atlantic, I was battening on the dish in Miss Harker's School. It sold well, and I loved it, and we never had it at home.

By now, somewhat more mercifully, macaroni is one of the standbys for our national hot casseroles; it does not deteriorate as fast as other Italian-type pastes, and it feeds a lot of people with little effort. A big pan of macaroni and cheese, plain or fancy, will provide a lot of tender, tasty nourishment, as any experienced member of the Whist Club will agree, and when it is prepared with ham and tongue *alla milanese*, or with eggplant and mozzarella cheese, it can appear at the most sophisticated buffet. And I will still take any other kind of *pasta* ever invented, in or out of a casserole.

Although I subscribe frankly to the somewhat outdated ways of combining a few freshly cooked things shortly before serving them or even at the table, I often make dishes ahead of mealtime, and from so-called leftovers, which I think meet all the requirements for our national dish. It is family history that once when my father wanted to carve more meat for a guest, he begged him fervently, "Help me finish this, for God's sake, or she will make a casserole of it!" And I probably would have, for in times when I have combined going to an office and running a decently nourished household I have evolved many ways to cook more than will probably be needed for a meal, so that something will be left, to challenge what I prefer to think of as my inventiveness rather than my lazy penury.

I KEPT house in Whittier, California, for my father for several years after my mother's death and before his, and I came to recognize, and then fairly skillfully to cheat, his conditioned opposition to leftovers. He was very snobbish about them, and about several other kinds of food. One evening, he surprised me by spurning a tender and artful kind of patty of chopped beef that I had devised for him after he had a double set of false teeth installed and found it difficult to chew

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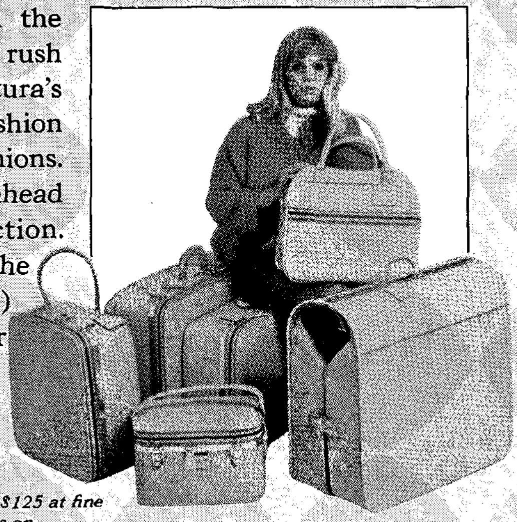

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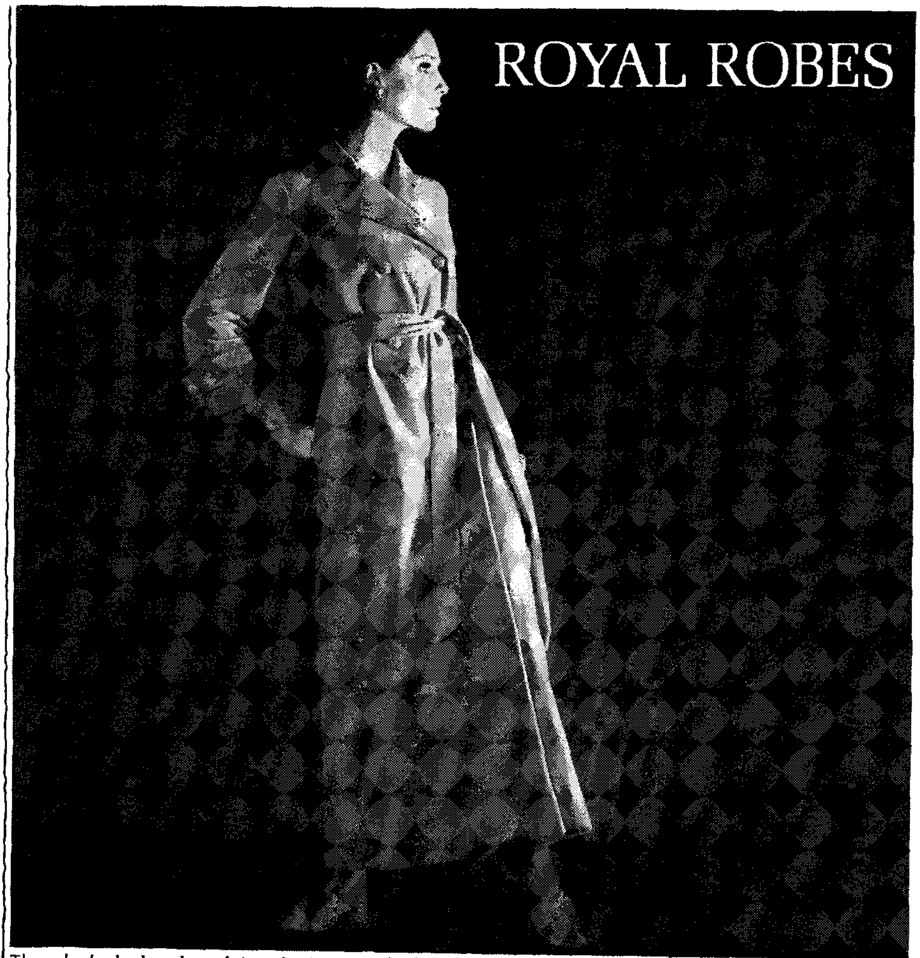
the prime sirloin steaks he was used to. When I asked him why, he said that "hamburger meat" was for roadside stands and economy measures. "I realize that times are hard," he said bitterly, "but are we reduced to *scraps*, made of God knows what?" I proved to him that I was buying his accustomed cuts of beef, boning them, and chopping them myself to make his little entrées, although, of course, I avoided my real reason for this dietary hazard. He ate the next one, but I could see that it was more with pity than pleasure, and I moved on to further disguises.

Once, in an almost unconscious protest against the ingrained snobbishness of people in general and my father in particular, I bought a low-priced beef heart. It was a young one, my slightly astonished butcher assured me. In my cookbooks it was more often than not listed as an economy meat, and I decided that I would make it into a luxury dish, to amuse myself at least. I studied every method for attaining this goal, which from the first was labelled an impossibility if I had read between the lines. I combined the results of my research, and for what seemed several days as I look back on them I turned, marinated, parboiled, skinned, soaked, and otherwise tried to change the beef heart's muscular nature. There was a tedious roasting at low heat, with too much attention demanded to baste the thing enough to keep it from becoming thick leather on the outside.

I served it on a bed of watercress, with a sauceboat of its juices alongside, and a newly sharpened knife. My father, always the carver, attacked it with only a quick glance at me on his right. My two little girls sat on his left. We were deftly served, and, according to family custom, the children got a puddle of the gravy in the pit my father made automatically in their whipped potatoes. Then, perforce, I was host on my own *cafard*, for nothing could be done about our cutting the slices he



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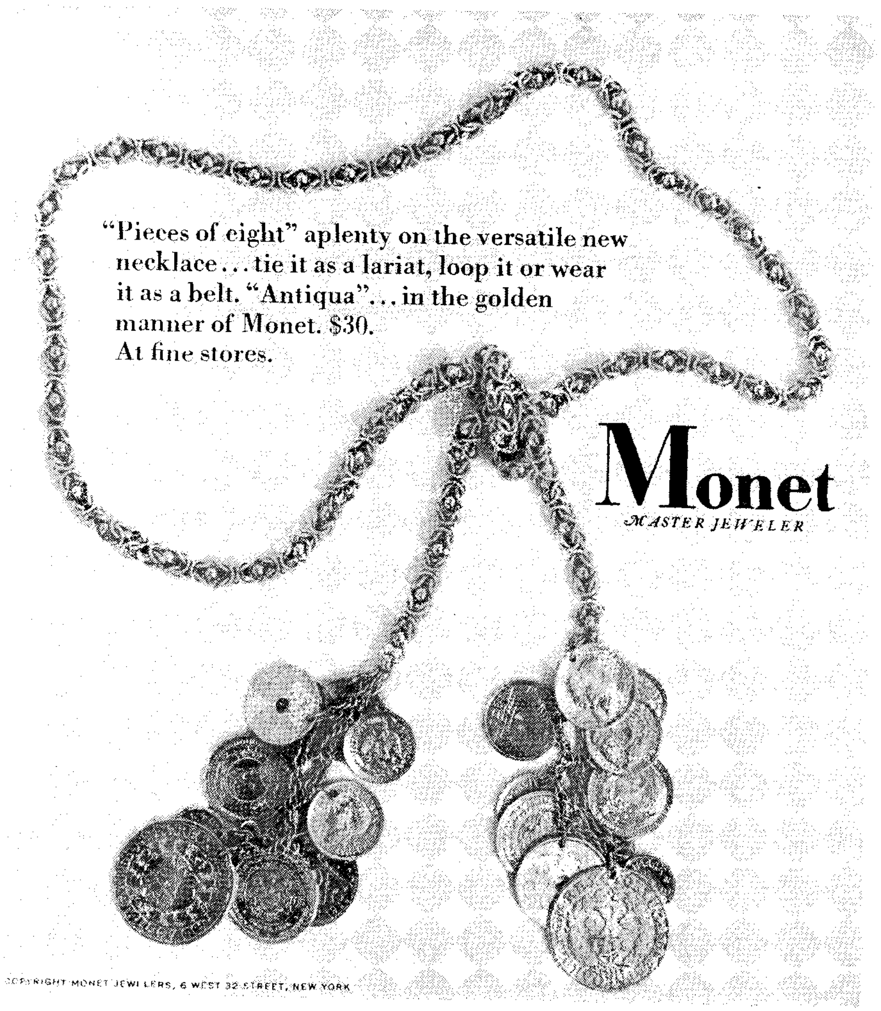

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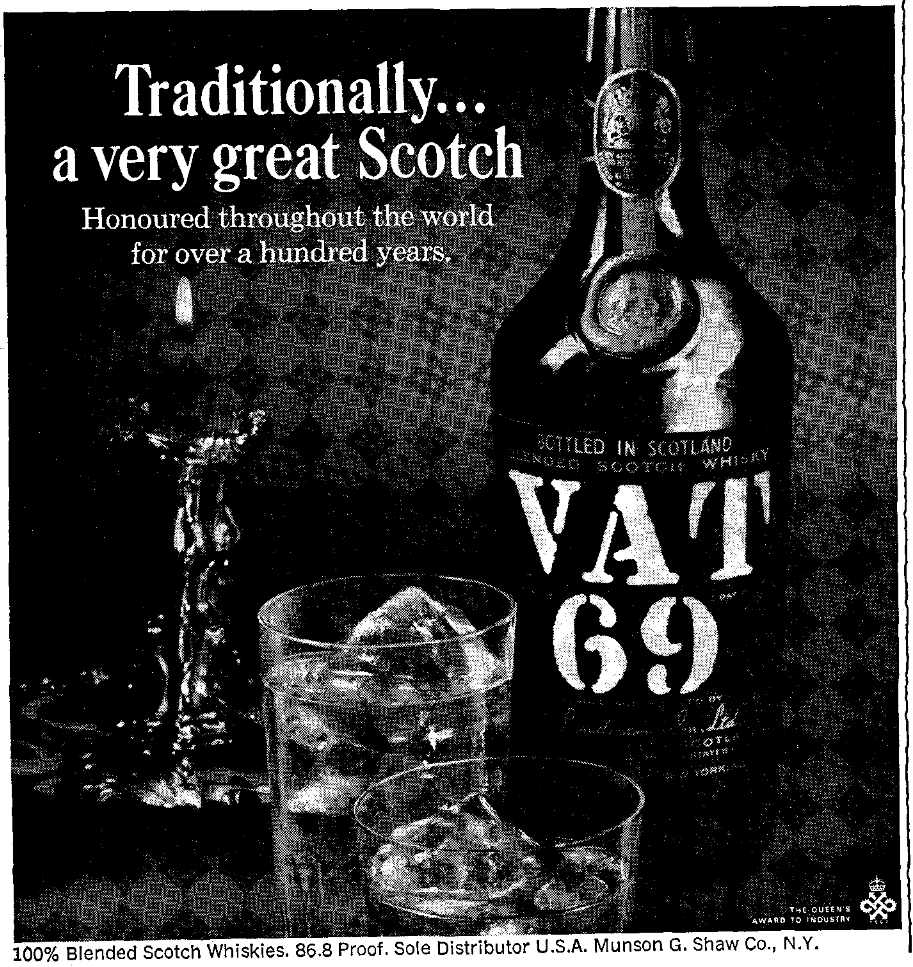
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had so neatly hewn off. He took the carving knife, made one thin bite for himself, chewed at it, and then, while we sat watching, he asked me gently, "Just what is this?" I was damned if I would tell him, so I looked at the girls, who were aware of all my preparations, and I countered by saying, without impudence, of course, "Well now, Father, tell *me*." He put the carving tools back on the handsome platter, so brown and green, and said, "Dinosaur." And that was one of the times that happen rarely in human lives, when a wave of maniacal laughter, the kind that verges on tears or hysteria, engulfed all of us, and we lay back in our chairs from it, and then sighed, and then went howling off again. Finally we quieted, like the ocean after a storm, and we put the watercress behind our ears and ate all the whipped potatoes and decided I had found the longest way in the world to make really delicious gravy. I have read that in Paris, in 1848 or so, some gastronomers ate elephant meat from the prehistoric deep freeze of the Russian steppes, and once in Whittier, in about 1955, we ate dinosaur.

But I did not dare to make a casserole of its near petrifaction. Time has drawn its kind veil again, and I cannot remember what happened to the large dark boulder so cunningly prepared and served forth. Instead, I probably roasted or poached some little chickens the next day, and the next day made a casserole from *them.*

—M. F. K. FISHER

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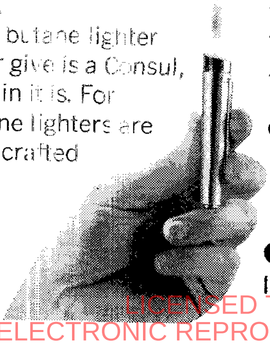

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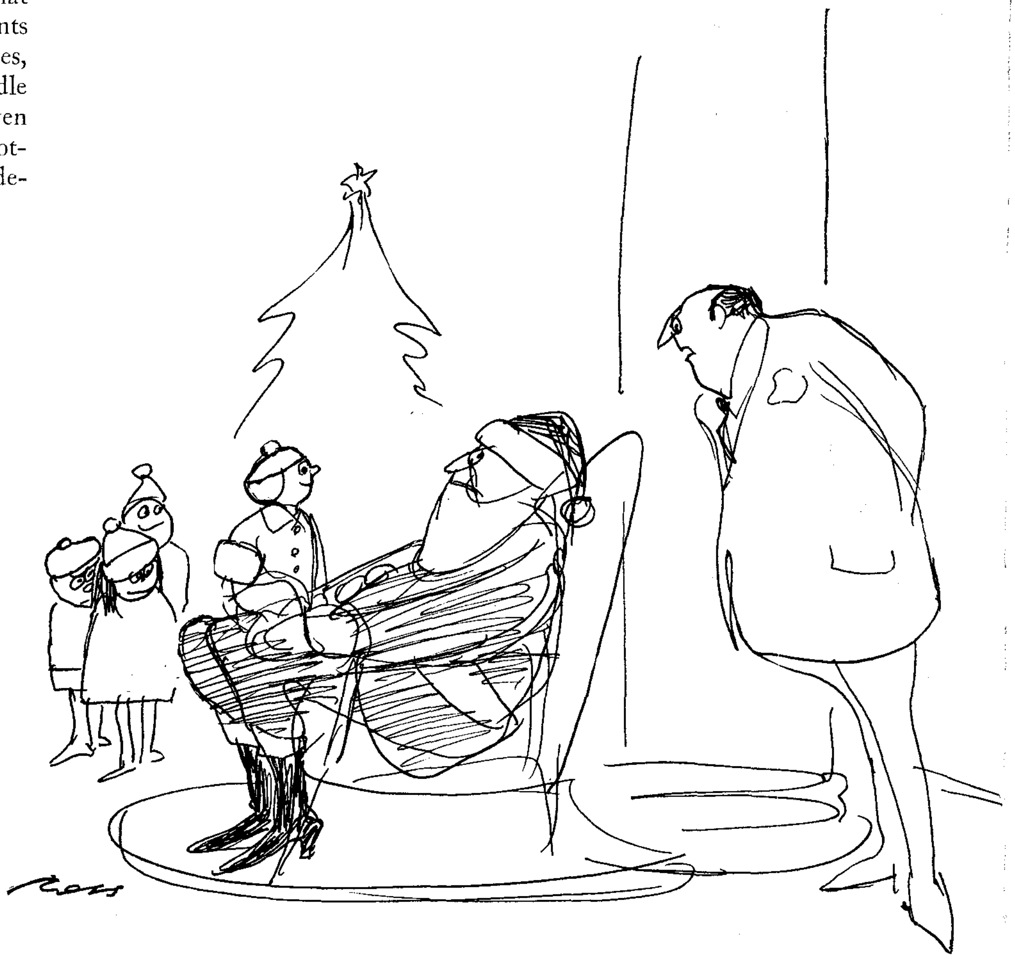
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

A KIND of miniphoria seems to have overtaken the toy industry this Christmas. It's true that one of the standard definitions of a toy is "something diminutive or comparatively small," but this year a large share of the available items look as if they had been treated with elixir out of that bottle of Alice's labelled "Drink Me." Toys that used to make a good, solid armful for anybody now appear in models so undersized that a baby who is no more than an armful himself may count them hardly worth the trouble of picking up. The two current best-sellers among toys are both tiny automobiles—less than three inches long. The toy-train business has been given another lease on life by the success of a new and smaller size layout, called N-gauge, in which the caboose could hide behind a commemorative postage stamp. And the doll counters all over town are strewn with hydrocephalic creatures three or four inches tall that cost anywhere from seventy-nine cents to $2.25. They are called Pee Wees, Liddle Kiddles, Key Wees, Skediddle Kiddles, and worse. Some come even smaller and fit into a toy perfume bottle or a locket. In another typical development, those circular abstract-patterned jigsaw puzzles nearly two feet in diameter now have competition from similar types only seven inches across. Among the antic designs in these new puzzles (in spite of their skimpy size, they have sixty pieces, and aren't meant for human Pee Wees; junior high school is about right) are "Town Meeting" (many small, round heads in scraggly rows), "Love" (hearts all the way), and a frenetic pattern that may appeal to you especially at this time of year, called "Exhaustion" (its dominant colors are black and blue). These puzzles are $1.25 each at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). Their trade name is Thingies, and their advertising slogan—you might as well be braced for it—is "Do Your Own Thingie."

We can't decide whether to blame this Lilliputian jag on a rise in freight rates, the dilemmas of urban living, or a sudden strike by fathers who have vowed never again to drag home on the five-forty-one to Chappaqua a cardboard carton two-thirds as big as they are. Possibly it all grew out of a widespread yearning to reduce at least one area in our dismaying environment to manageable proportions. For instance, consider the current situation in children's pets. Among the ones that have lately crossed our desk—an expression we use advisedly—are a tropical land hermit crab (*Coenobita clypeatus*) an inch or so across and a land snail (*Otala lactea*) just over one inch long. Creative Playthings, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (48th), is the outfit that is pushing the crab, whose natural abode is a jungle tree or bush. "We've played with 'Clyppy,' studied his habits, researched his history, watched all ages of children handling him . . . obtained endorsements from marine biologists . . . and now can recommend him as a fascinating household pet, new to the U.S.," they assured us. One is also told that Clyppy makes do with refrigerator scraps, such as apples, bananas, and peanut butter, which he may learn to eat out of a child's hand. He is "clean . . . and will not reproduce," his publicity agents promise. Two crabs, a foot-long rectangular plastic terrarium, and a supply of colored gravel can be bought at Creative Playthings for $8.95. The crabs don't have to stay in their terrarium, but they do need to be kept fairly warm, being tropical. They arrive wearing one of the second-hand mollusk shells in which they are ordinarily found in their natural habitat. Since they are given to changing quarters from time to time, two additional shells are included in the package. Creative Playthings is also very high this year on tropical fish. For infants to watch, they recommend something called an Inquarium, a transparent vinyl pouch that you snap on the side of the crib, having first filled it with aquarium ingredients. "Why not real sea life for crib-learning?" Creative Playthings asks. The Inquarium, which is about a foot square, plus a



"No 'Ho-ho-ho' at all, Mr. Reynolds, is better than a 'Ho-ho-ho' that doesn't come from the heart."

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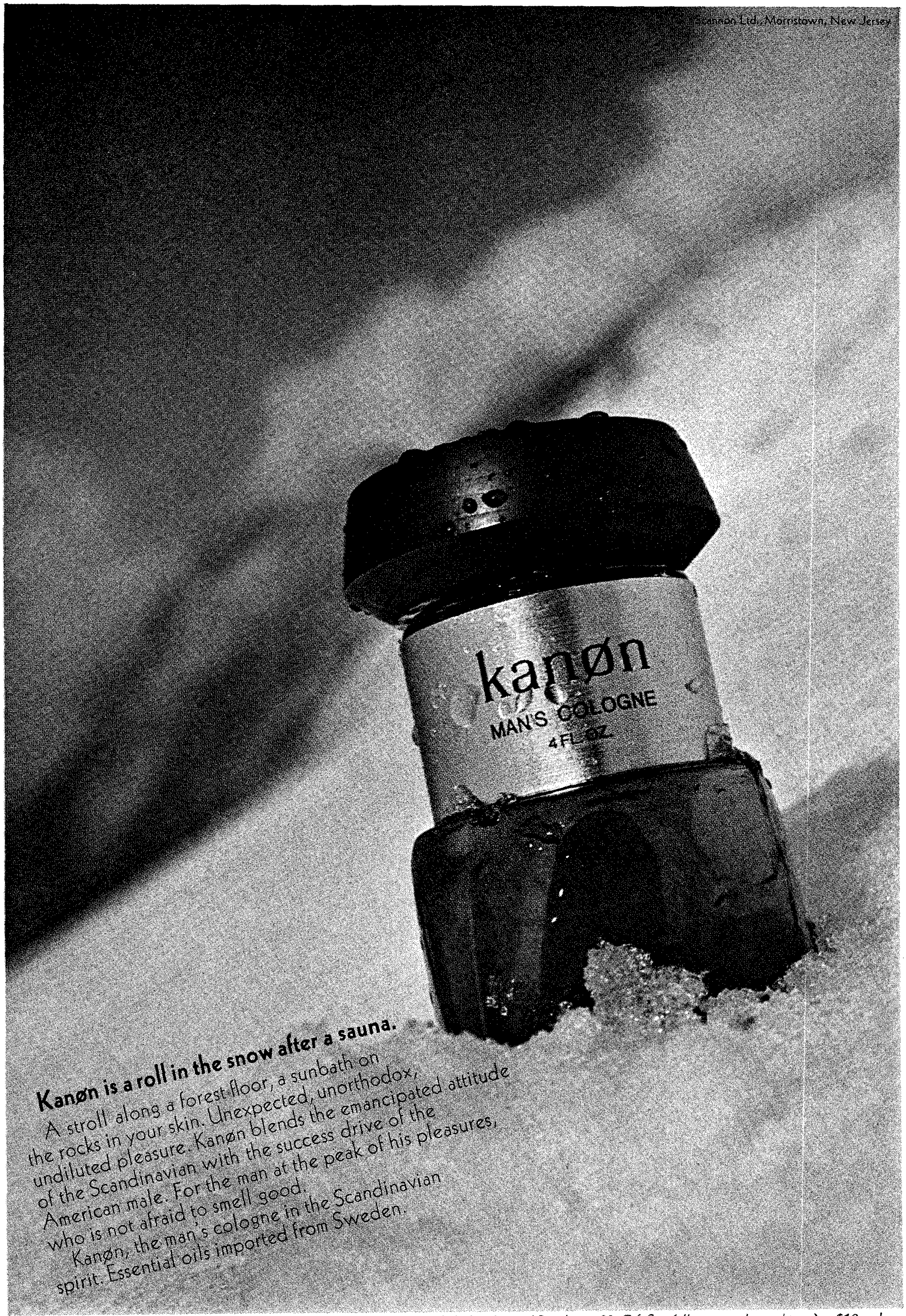

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Kanøn is a roll in the snow after a sauna.

A stroll along a forest floor, a sunbath on the rocks in your skin. Unexpected, unorthodox, undiluted pleasure. Kanøn blends the emancipated attitude of the Scandinavian with the success drive of the American male. For the man at the peak of his pleasures, who is not afraid to smell good.

Kanøn, the man's cologne in the Scandinavian spirit. Essential oils imported from Sweden.

Cologne $6. After Shave $4.50. Aerosol Cologne $6.50. Soap-on-a-rope $2. Talc $3. Aerosol Deodorant $3. Gift Sets (all on carved wood trays)... $10 and up.

supply of shining stones to go in it, comes to $3.50, and the ingredients—two fish, a plant, some fish food, a fish net, and a snail—are $2.50. This snail is not the one we mentioned earlier, which is a land snail, was created by the Mutant Biological Research Corporation, down on Lafayette Street, and is on sale at Rappaport's, among other places, for $3. (Nearly two and a half billion dollars is being spent on toys in the United States this year, so you can't fault mutant-biological-research corporations for wanting a piece of the action.) With this snail comes a flyer reading "Escargot Go Go! Go!," but you can throw that away, because its real name is A Living Jewel, its shell is covered with glittery fake gems, and it arrives in a small plastic jewel box. When A Living Jewel reaches its new owner, it is hibernating. The owner breaks a white substance in which it has sealed itself, and puts it into a flat dish containing half an inch of water. Within twenty minutes, it will be ambulatory. If it is fed a piece of lettuce, in a short while it will probably show that it feels at home by walking around on the walls and ceilings. Treat your snail with loving care, say the directions, and it will live for years. (This is by no means the first tenderly regarded pet snail in history. Christopher Robin's nursery inventory included James, "a very small snail.") The Mutant Biological people describe A Living Jewel as "a pet, a toy, a conversation piece," and this might be a good time to deal with the whole "conversation-piece" business, which we run across often in come-ons for toys: How long has it been since you met a young person who was hard up for something to talk about? At any rate, the Jewel has one advantage over other pets that may be worth discussing. Anybody who gets tired of its transmural acrobatics can just remove the water from its dish and it will go back into hibernation for anywhere up to four months. Rappaport's reports that its snail sales are very unsnail-like. And at Scribners, for $3.50, you will find "A Book of Snails," by Sally Moffet Kellin, which tells all about the breed as pets and otherwise.

Those two miniature automotive lines that are now at the head of the toy best-seller list (at least, according to statistics gathered by a trade magazine called *Toy & Hobby World*) are the Matchbox and the Hot Wheels series, each of which consists of metal cars not much bigger than a *Coenobita clypeatus*. Hot Wheels are new on the market, but the British Matchbox cars

(*Advertisement*)

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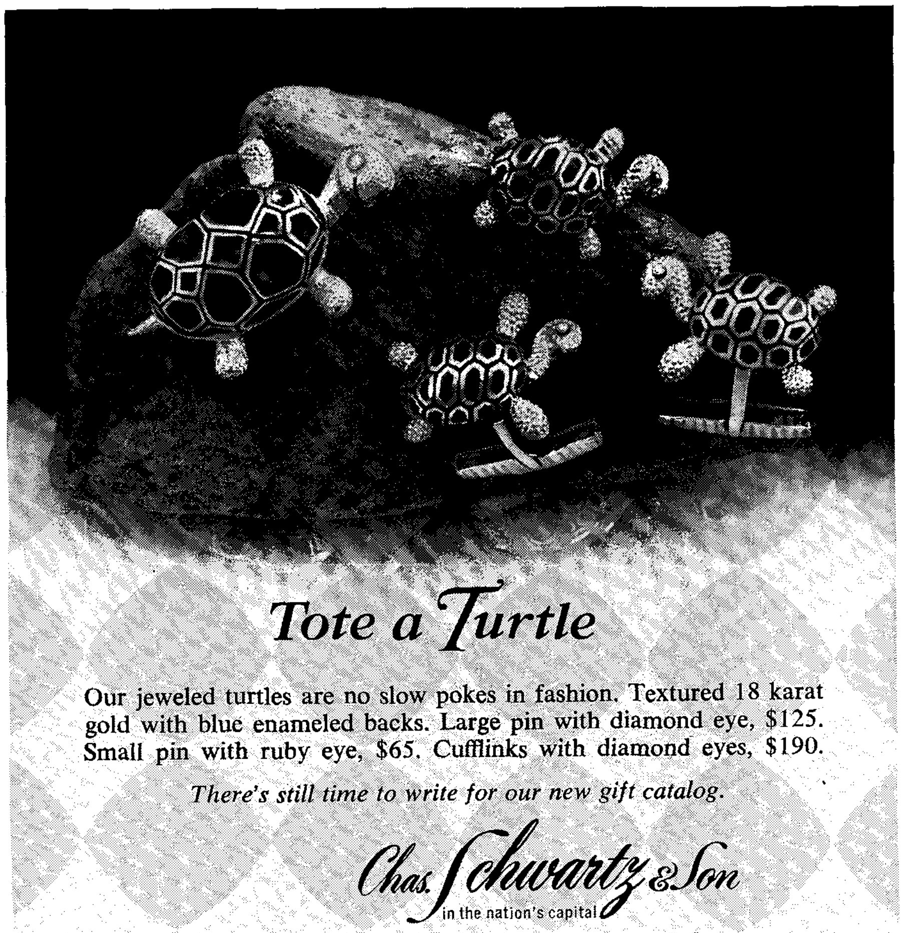

Tote a Turtle

Our jeweled turtles are no slow pokes in fashion. Textured 18 karat gold with blue enameled backs. Large pin with diamond eye, $125. Small pin with ruby eye, $65. Cufflinks with diamond eyes, $190.

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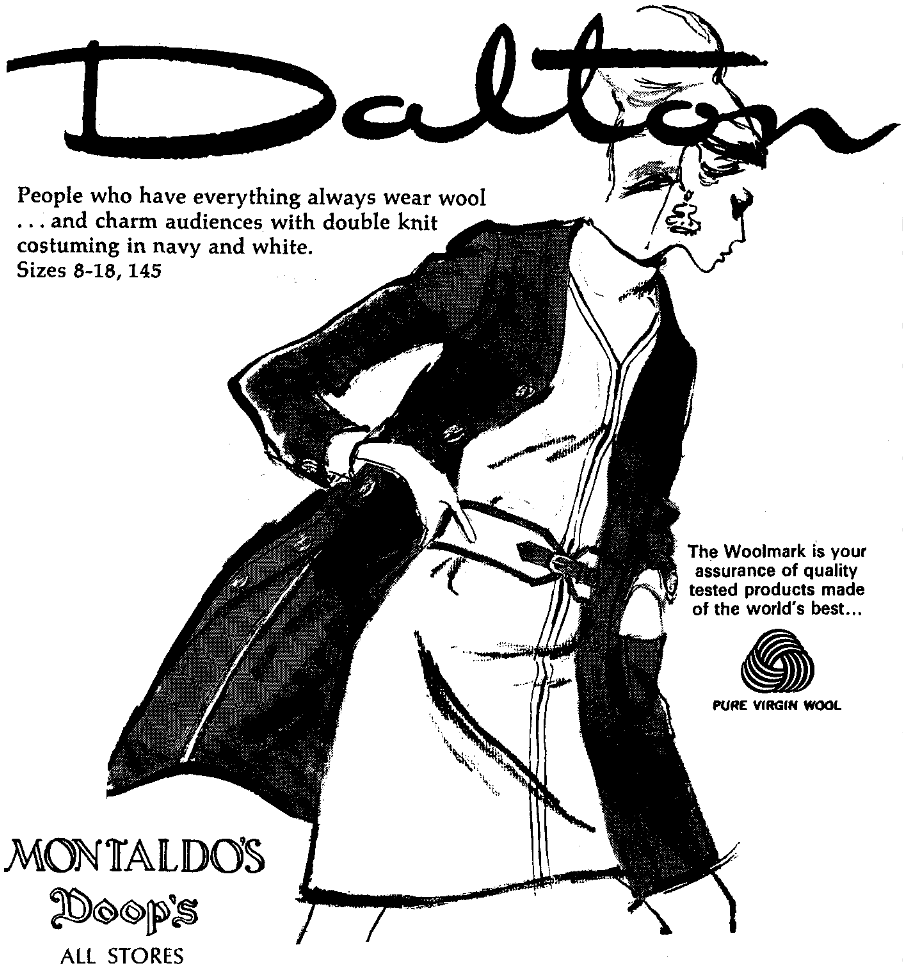
have, of course, been around for a long time. (Their first big smasheroo was a four-inch version of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation coach.) Thanks to the current philosophy of "Small is beautiful," Matchbox cars are now having their biggest year in history, turning out almost five million cars a week, we're told, and, even so, they can't keep up with the demand. Our favorite is still the red double-decker London bus (Matchbox No. 5), which, like all the other standard Matchbox cars, can be bought for fifty-five cents at almost any toy store—F. A. O. Schwarz, for instance—as long as the stock holds out. Schwarz also has a Matchbox truck set, which offers seven wonderfully authentic-looking trucks and an eight-wheel crane for $4.50. The Matchbox Models of Yesteryear run a bit higher, but that's the way it is with antiques. A three-inch red-and-black 1911 Model T, for example, is $1.50, and a set of four old-timers—a 1909 Opel coupé, a 1912 Simplex Tourer, a 1909 Thomas Flyabout, and a 1911 Maxwell roadster—is $6, also at Schwarz.

The Hot Wheels cars not only are little but claim to be "the fastest metal cars in the world." They are modelled on familiar racing cars, and their stock in trade is, instead of the precise detail that distinguishes the Matchbox series, the fact that their internal arrangement of bearings and torsion bars and such allows them to roll along at a very rapid clip and stay upright most of the time. Relying on gravity rather than on batteries or house current or springs, they whiz along on strips of flexible-plastic track, called Hot Strip, which can be set up almost anywhere—with the higher end attached to a table or a chair back, for instance—thus providing the simplest form of motor racing on the market, for which the manufacturer deserves our blessings. A Hot Wheels Drag Race Action Set, which costs $6.44 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), includes two cars, thirty feet of track, and starting and finish gates. A good many fairly elaborate extras are available, including banked hundred-and-eighty-degree curves and daredevil loops. Individual Hot Wheels cars cost ninety-eight cents almost anywhere, but we'd better mention that they are also a very hot item, and in many stores they're being sold out as fast as they come in. Just because these single items sell at comparatively modest prices doesn't mean, of course, that the toy industry has suddenly turned eleemosynary and begun taking pity on Ameri-

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris/New York

Give him Madame Rochas perfume. A few drops at a time.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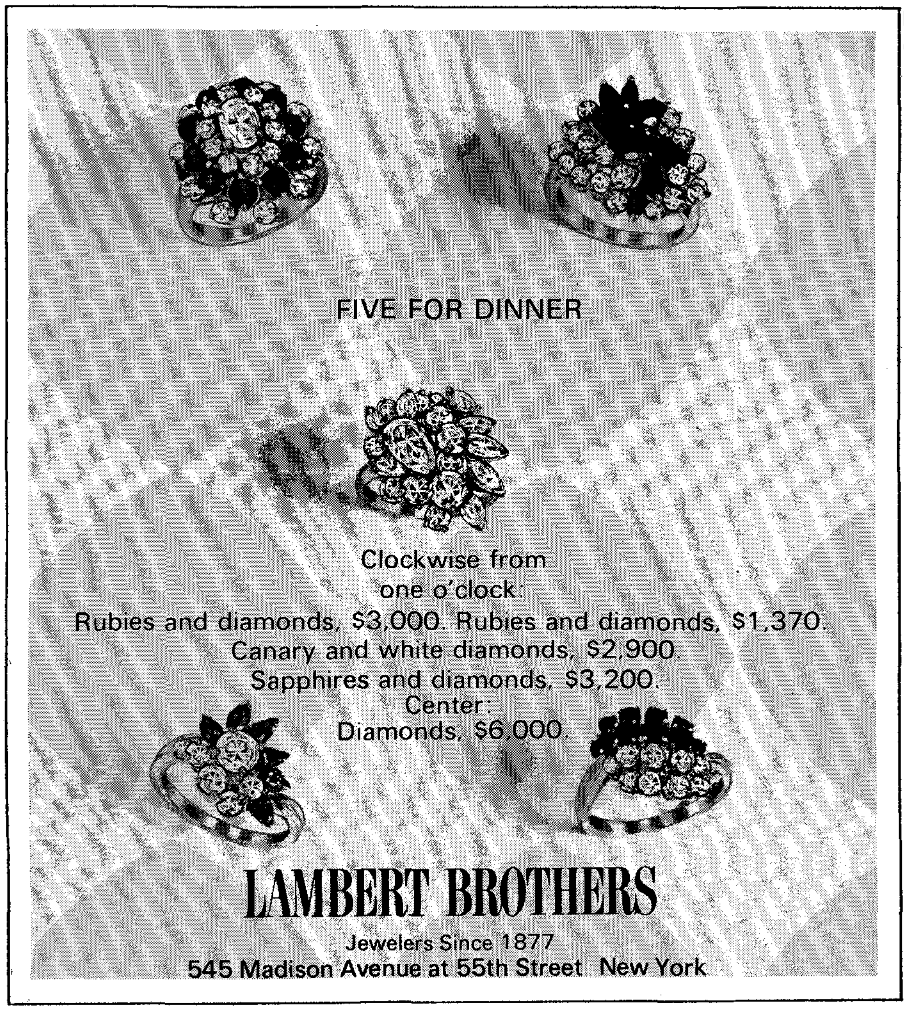
FIVE FOR DINNER

Clockwise from
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Rubies and diamonds, $3,000. Rubies and diamonds, $1,370.
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Sapphires and diamonds, $3,200.
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can parents. It's the potato-chip theory they're betting those billions on: They're sure you won't be allowed to stop after buying just one. Elaborate sets of tiny cars—and tiny dolls, too—can be bought in special "collector's cases." Every Hot Wheels set, furthermore, includes an International Collector's Catalogue and a collector's button, and the manufacturer's ads promise that the attractions of the little racers will "start every miniature car collector clamoring for the entire Hot Wheels line—all cars, all colors!" (Meanwhile, across the aisle, the sponsors of two-and-a-half-inch dolls known as Kola Kiddles, which fit into plastic soft-drink bottles and have such names as Shirley Strawberry and Greta Grape, urge you to "Kollect a Six-pack!"—at $1.75 per doll. "Kaveat" is one way to spell a word we know.)

A more imposing entry in the very compact automobile field is Corgi's version of the title character of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," the movie based on Ian Fleming's story about the magical car that swooped about not only on land but in the air and on the high seas. Corgi's little car (gigantic for this year, since it's almost five inches long) doesn't really fly or float, but it has a hybrid boat-car body, and when a child pulls its brake lever, broad vinyl wings spread out from beneath its substantial running boards. The fittings, which include glittery headlights and side lamps, are all very elegant, in an appropriately Edwardian way. (Edward VII is the In king of the moment, as you must know.) Four figures representing the leads in the movie occupy the double seats, wearing dusters, goggles, and that kind of thing. Among the stores that have this "fantasmagorical car," as it is called on the package, is the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, where the price is $5. One hears that as soon as the movie gets going here we will be given the full commercial treatment, with everything on the shelves from T-shirts to paint-by-number electric drawing sets marked "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang." We feel it our duty to report that the cast recording of the movie (United Artists, UAS 5188) is already on hand, almost anywhere, for around $5.75.

Just as railroads in the real world have nearly been done in by competition from other forms of transportation, the electric-train business has lately been relegated to out-of-the-way corners of toy departments by the popularity of motorized auto racing, and one of the major American manufactur-

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It's smooth but not sticky.
Savor it on rocks or with a splash.
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EXCELLO® brings on half a dozen zesty colors—plus bright white—in an all-go shirt. With spread collar and French cuffs, it's a great way to set off your new fall suit! And the luxury broadcloth's 75% Dacron* polyester, 25% cotton. Which refuses to wrinkle or wilt. When you call it a day, this shirt will still look morning-fresh! About $11 at fine stores everywhere. Just ask for an Excello® shirt with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

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ers—A. C. Gilbert—has gone under entirely. With the new N-gauge trains, however, model railroading is back near the center of the floor. "Four times more fun in a fourth the space!" is how one company, Aurora, puts it. In this gauge, which is also called microgauge or microscale, a four-car train is about a foot long, and the fourteen-piece track layout that comes with the standard sets will fit on a twenty-by-twenty-five-inch end table. N-gauge trains began to be produced in Europe about ten years ago, but it's only recently that they have been imported into this country in large numbers. Probably the most popular trains now available in this gauge are Aurora's Postage Stamp line. Its Santa Fe Diesel set, consisting of an engine, a boxcar, a flatcar, a gondola, and a caboose, as well as twenty lengths of track, is $31.95 at Polk's. If you were looking for something at a more microscale price, the same store has an Atlas Diesel Freight train for $19.95. (Both prices include the power pack.) Naturally, the lists of N-gauge extras are lengthening by the minute. One that is offered by Aurora shows a nice sense of fun: a motorized bus set ($18.95, also at Polk's) is listed as an *accessory* to its tiny railway line.

OVER in the doll department, even the dolls that aren't the three-inches-tall kind are often much diminished in stature. The original models of dolls named Thumbelina, Baby Magic, and Cheerful Tearful were all quite sizable. The first Thumbelina, for instance, was a hulking twenty-four inches tall and so inwardly encumbered—with batteries and the like—that we've seen a four-year-old stagger trying to carry her across a room. Now there's *Newborn* Thumbelina, nine inches tall, to whom we'd be glad to give houseroom ourselves. Not only is she about a third the size of her Thumbelina forebear but she has a new, flat, Churchillian little face, somebody having remembered, perhaps, the Former Naval Person's remark that all newborn babies looked like him. Around her wrist this one still has the hospital bracelet spelling out her name. When you pull a string in her back, she moves her head and thrashes about vigorously enough to rock a plastic cradle, if that's what she's lying in. (She works on springs.) In repose, however, she is—unlike many of these performing types—a reasonably soft little armful (all right, handful). She's at Gimbels for

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(soor'-key-bah'-raht) Dry White
"BULL'S BLOOD" EGRI BIKAVER
(egg'-ree bee'-kay-verr) Dry Red
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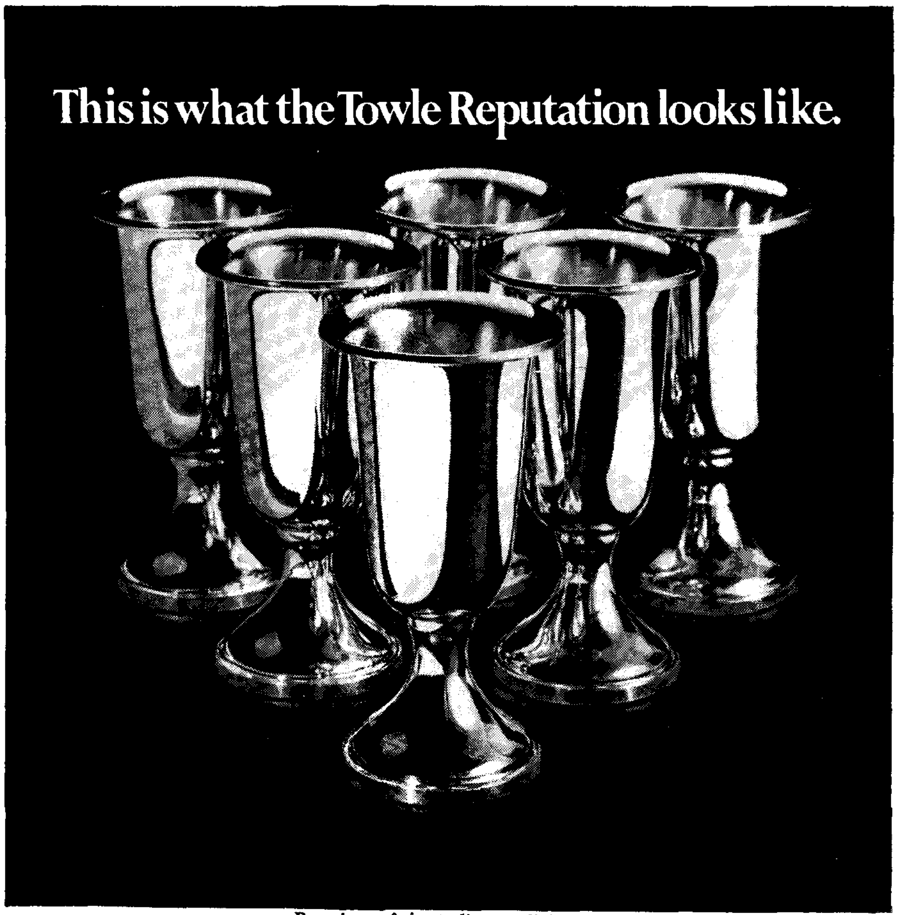
This is what the Towle Reputation looks like.



Boxed set of six sterling cordial cups.
Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass. Craft traditions since 1690.
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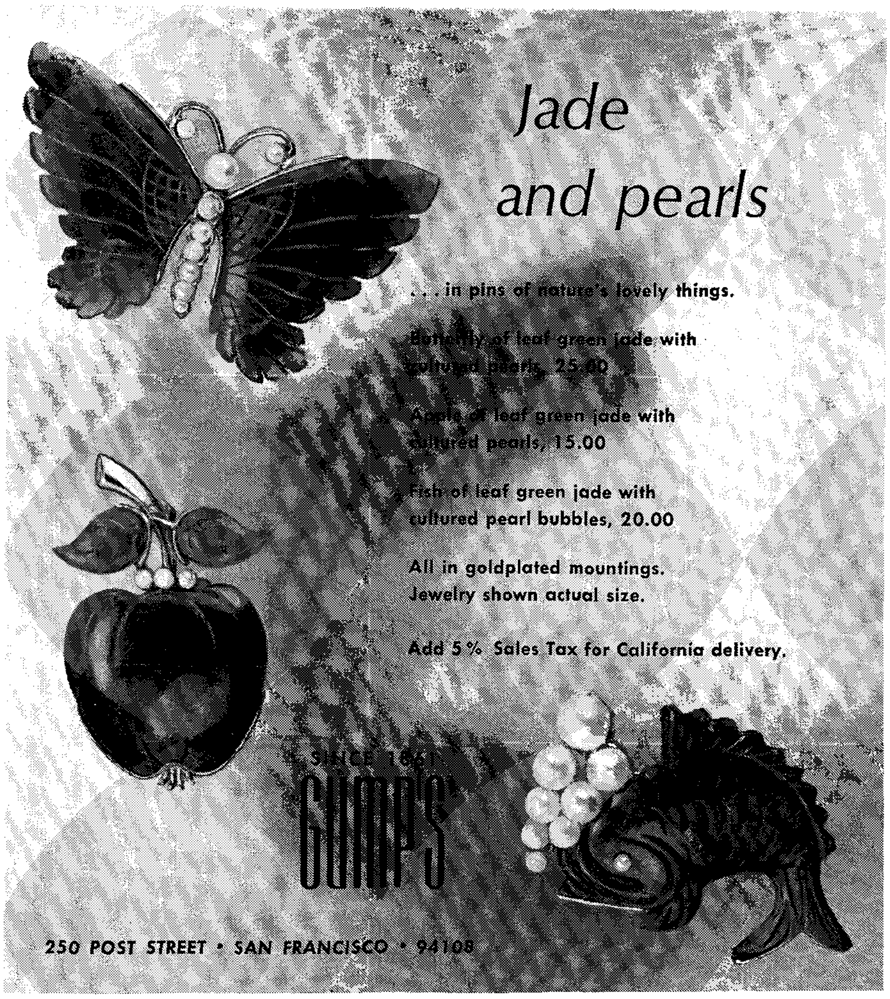
$4.99. With a plastic cradle to agitate, she's $7.88. And then there's a ten-and-a-half-inch Tiny Baby Magic, who weighs only a few ounces. After our tour of the doll counters, we concluded that a large share of Tiny Baby Magic's magic lies in the fact that she doesn't require any D batteries—just simple, old-fashioned magnets. The doll closes her eyes or opens them, or winks either eye, when a proper pass is made at her with a magnetic wand. In a red-and-white dress, Tiny Baby Magic is $3.29 at Gimbels. The new Baby Cheerful Tearful is only six inches tall but quite expressive. Press her midsection and her mouth turns down; let go and she smiles again. (Springs.) She costs $4.39 at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street.

There are plenty of larger dolls still around, of course, but we get the impression that when they're over a foot tall they feel they have to justify all the space they're taking up on the counter by knocking themselves out to put on a show for the crowd. One, named Tippy Tumbles and seventeen inches tall, arrives wearing gym clothes and an anklet that has nothing to do with I.D. This anklet is attached by a wire to a plastic pocketbook, which Tippy's new owner holds on to. Inside the pocketbook go three D batteries, and on top of it is a lever. When this lever is pushed, Tippy will indeed tumble, doing forward or backward somersaults over and over, tirelessly—or at least until her batteries run down, after something like eight hours. She's at Stern's for $8.37. (Like all the prices in this account, this one includes the cost of necessary batteries.) And then there's an eighteen-inch doll named Baby Party, who is a real card. With the help of two D batteries, she can liven up any gathering by successively blowing a horn, blowing out a party tickler, blowing up a balloon, and blowing bubbles from a bubble pipe. This girl, who brings all her own props, turns up wearing a party dress, naturally, and a peaked party hat. Party dolls come high; this one is $18.45 at Rappaport's. The fifteen-inch Baby Grow-a-Tooth has a different sort of act. We mention her mainly because, as Santa Claus's proxy, you may find her on a list, and we wouldn't want you to think we were keeping anything from you. Grow a tooth this one does—or, at any rate, a retractable plastic tooth appears in her upper jaw when you put a pacifier in her mouth and pull it out again. She also rises to a sitting position in her crib all by herself and slaps her hands at a cradle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Butterfly of leaf green jade with cultured pearls, 25.00

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All in goldplated mountings.
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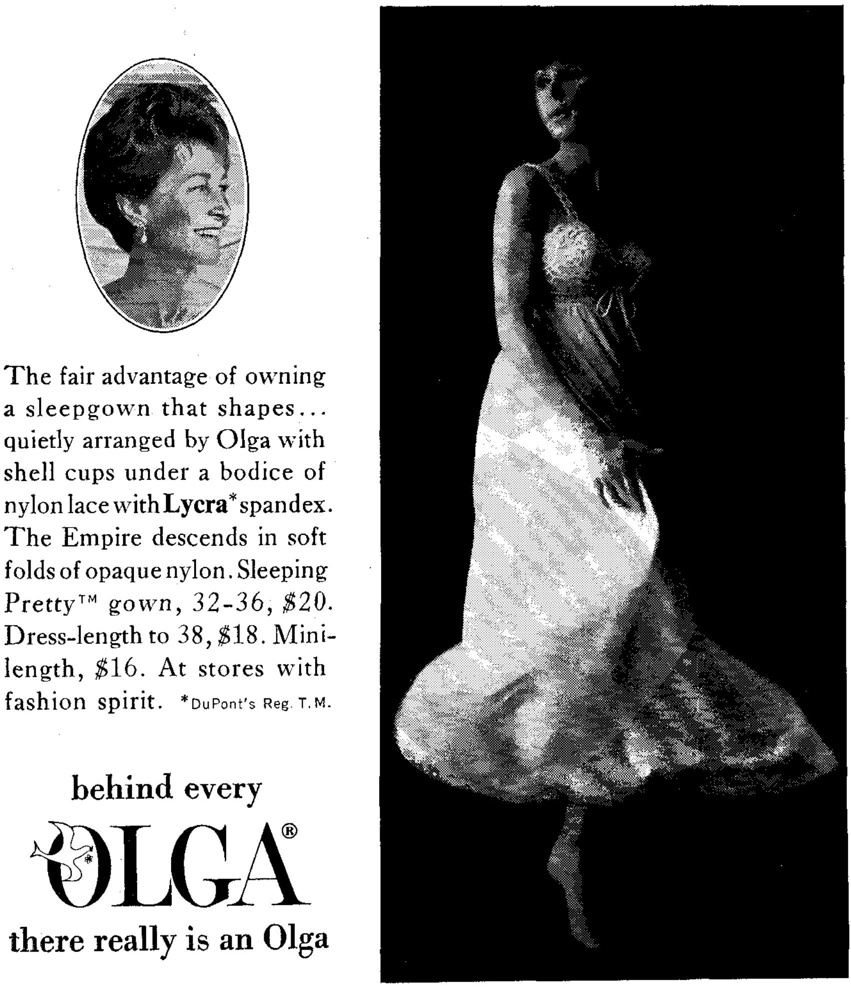
The fair advantage of owning a sleepgown that shapes... quietly arranged by Olga with shell cups under a bodice of nylon lace with **Lycra*** spandex. The Empire descends in soft folds of opaque nylon. Sleeping Pretty™ gown, 32-36, $20. Dress-length to 38, $18. Mini-length, $16. At stores with fashion spirit. *DuPont's Reg. T.M.

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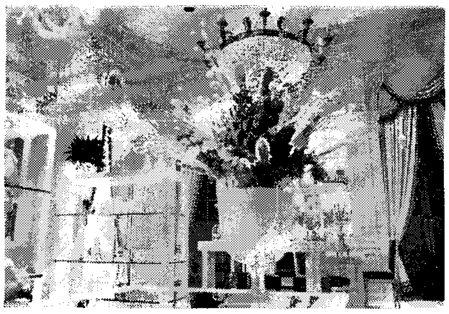

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Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.

gym. It takes three D batteries to run her. Doll, plastic crib, cradle gym, pacifier, and, of course, tooth come to $15.78 at Stern's. Twenty-two-inch Little Lost Baby relies on an elaborate version of the ancient doll trick of concealing faces under her cap. She comes dressed in a pink cotton snowsuit with a hood. Let's say her sleeping face is showing at the start. You touch a lever at the back of her neck and a twist of the head brings around a crying face, complete with two permanent plastic tears, not to mention a piteous wail. Touch the lever a second time and she is smiling and making a cheerful babbling noise. Another turn and she's asleep again (no snoring, which is good of them). She requires one C battery, and costs $19.15 at Rappaport's. If you have in mind a doll who looks as if no one would ever dream of losing her in the first place, there's a twenty-inch one named Pussy Cat at Schwarz for $13.95. She wears an organdie dress, trimmed with lace, and a hair ribbon. Not only does she look (and feel) the way dolls used to but the sole noise she makes is a squeaky "Mama." Or, if you don't mind acrobats but can't stand batteries, there's an active sort known as Bendi-Baby at Creative Playthings, who arrives wearing a pair of overalls and a shirt. She's eighteen inches tall, and her body is a wire frame covered with foam rubber, so that she can bend any which way. She has blond hair and a nice, pert little face, and she costs $9.50.

Most of those dolls that used to sit around on the counters weeping copiously have vanished without a trace. We like to think of them as all off together somewhere swimming about, like Alice, in a pool of their own tears. Also, we can't remember a Christmas season when boy dolls were in shorter supply. Take the eleven-and-three-quarter-inch fashion-model crowd—Barbie and her sort. A few years back, the entourages of these well-proportioned beauties included characters named Ken, Ricky, Alan, Tod, and so on. Some of the Barbie types even had parents. The parents were the first to be declared surplus. Now all the younger males have disappeared from the eleven-and-three-quarter-inch scene, and we're down to just girls. This is about the way it has always been with the five-to-ten-year-old females who mostly play with such dolls ("You aren't going to invite any old *boys*, are you?"), but apparently the doll companies are just catching on to this great truth. We are obliged, however, to report one notable exception to the rule. Little Brother, the twenty-one-inch "anatomically correct" baby-boy doll who created something of a stir when he turned up last year, continues to be available at Creative Playthings for $17.95. For that matter, he now has a relative, Little Sister, also anatomically correct and also $17.95. Both arrive wearing only their underwear. However, they are in most respects old-fashioned dolls, being cuddly and big—in fact, about the size of real babies. They should be easy to outfit from the real-baby department of the five-and-ten, where, in our odd civilization, clothes prices are sometimes lower than they are at the doll counter. And one last doll notation: Where in the past only a few of the best-selling dolls could be bought with dark skins, perhaps a third of them now offer this option. Moreover, several manufacturers have made a point of giving the Negro version an individual face instead of just coloring a white doll brown. For that matter, several Negro dolls on the market don't have white counterparts at all. One very pretty one is named Baby Ellen, is fourteen inches tall, and wears a party dress; she can be bought at Schwarz for $7.95. As a further variation, several vocal dolls speak Spanish. A Spanish-speaking version ("*Te quiero mucho!*" she confides) of a very nice fifteen-and-a-half-inch soft stuffed doll named Drowsy, whose eyes are permanently half asleep, is $5.88 at Gimbels.

ISN'T it about time we got around to the real babies? For any crib dwellers who feel that they have learned all there is to know about those tropical fish, we can offer two round yellow rubber hedgehogs, one four and a half inches long and the other three inches, which may not be very instructive but are nice to bang around or chew on; $2.25 the pair at Creative Playthings. An eleven-inch doll with a sponge-rubber body and a stockinette head is $3.95 in either pink or blue at Schwarz, and can go right in the washing machine. Six soft hollow rubber blocks, which can be stacked, which float, and which have a squeaker inside that won't come out, are $4.95 at Childcraft, 155 East 23rd Street. At the same place, a windup plastic Mississippi River boat with two red paddle wheels plays "Doo-Dah" as it churns along either on the living-room floor or

Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at.

The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you must look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human and being French, and being, above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuousness.

A perfume not for children.

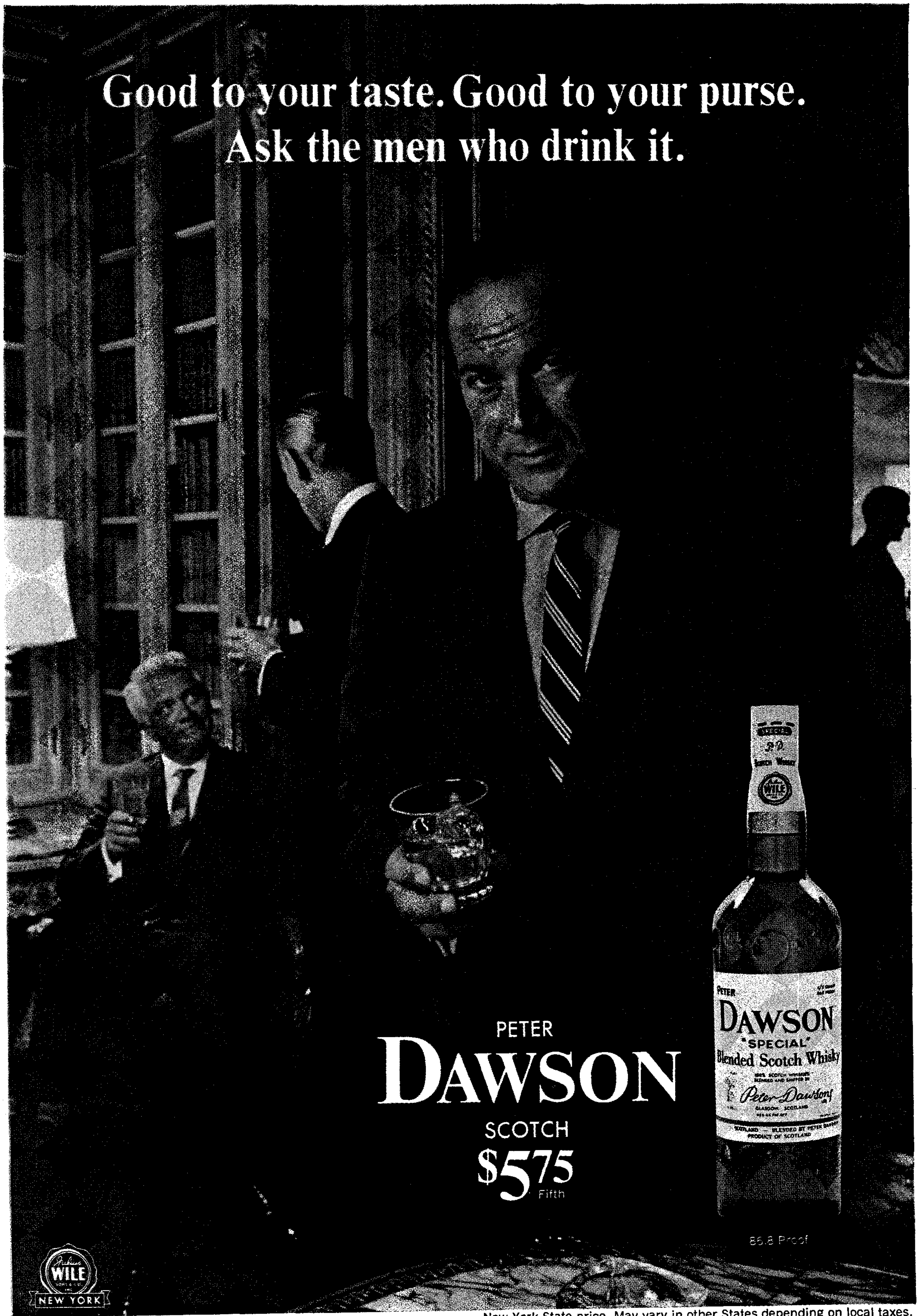
They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN

Guerlain Paris



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in the bathtub; $4.98. A twelve-inch mohair Teddy bear is $5 at Altman's. The Gingerbread House has two very endearing windup animals about seven inches high and covered with soft plush. One is a yellow cow who bobs her head around while a music box, for some reason, plays "Three Blind Mice;" $5.50. The other is a white puppy who rolls over, stretches out, and wags his tail; $4.95. At 1-2-Kangaroo, 201 West 11th Street, a three-car rubber train nearly two feet long is very pliable, manages to look a bit rakish, and gives off a loud squeak when its bright-red engine is squashed; $8. At the same store, a large foam-rubber rocking horse, two and a half feet long, rocks away at a good clip and yet is so soft and so close to the ground that he shouldn't frighten the smallest rider; $30, in either red or blue. A wooden wagon a little over a foot and a half long at Schwarz makes a purring motor sound, can be ridden on (there's a seat and a steering wheel and a horn that works), and can also be used to haul the eighteen plastic blocks that come in it; $7.95.

In spite of all the microphilia we've encountered in the stores, all the three- or four-year-old boys we know would turn down the most impeccable three-inch copy of a Rolls-Royce, antique or modern, in favor of a car that would make them feel as if they had hold of something when they pick it up. All this fuss about making things smaller has badly confused some of the manufacturers of toy cars for boys this age, and one of them, Tonka ("You can't raise boys without Tonka toys!"), with an air of desperation, now brings out its various models in four sizes: Mighty, Regular, Mini, and Tiny. The Tonka toy we think you'll find it hardest to raise boys without is the Regular model, which is a foot or so long. Two of these cars, of heavy-gauge steel, should appeal especially to any boy who spent some time at the seashore last summer and hopes to go back. One, called a Dune Buggy, has outsize rubber tires, a tow chain, and a top that is removable when the sun comes out; $4.25 at Bloomingdale's. The other, a Life Guard Jeep, has a make-believe flasher—it's really a reflector—on the hood and a detachable plastic life raft (it can be put in the water) on the roof; $2.99 at Stern's. While this boy is saving lives, his sister is supposed to be busy sweeping. Every enlightened toy company seems to be convinced that four- and five-year-old girls have a profound yearning for domestic drudgery, and offers them mops

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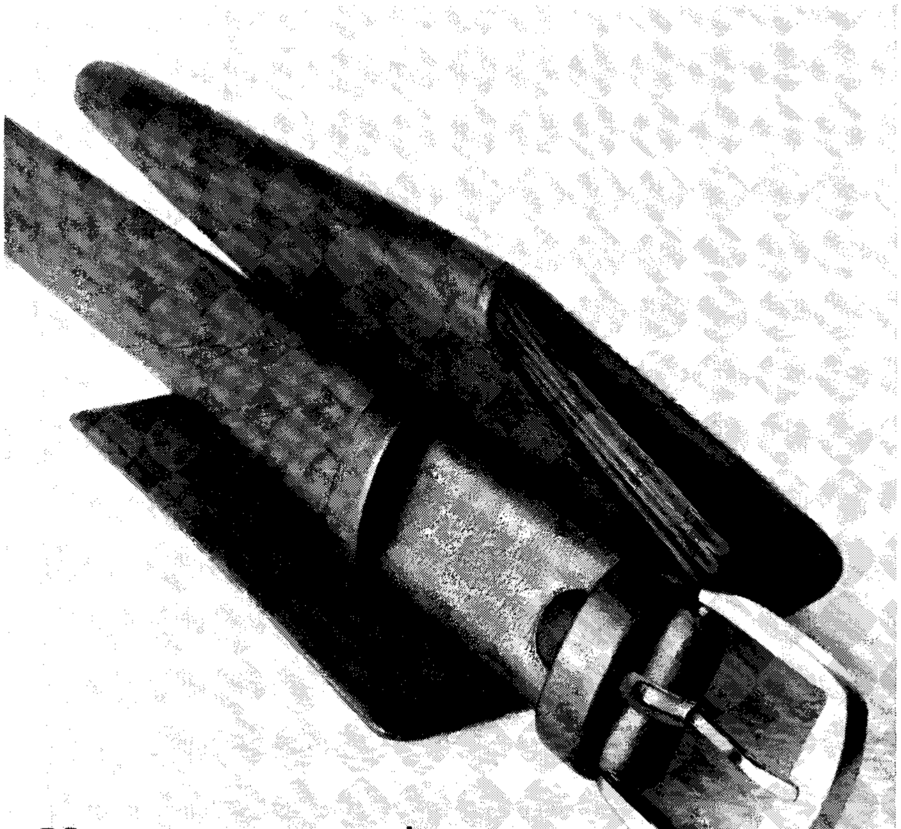

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and brooms in all sizes. If this prescription fits in your case, Schwarz has a six-piece set (carpet sweeper, broom, mop, dustpan, sponge, and apron) that should keep a small girl happily courting housemaid's knee all Christmas Day; $7.95. If you'd prefer that she remain protected from the sordid facts of life a little longer, we know of a dandy new toy that both she and her brother should enjoy. It's called a Topsy Turvy Skipsy Doodle, though we can't imagine why, for it's an admirably simple toy, almost a generic type, and deserves a less cumbersome name. Sculptured out of one piece of heavy plastic and then coated with a bright-turquoise finish that can survive being left outdoors, this barely describable object is four feet long and ten inches wide, has a broad, boatlike bottom, high, narrow seats at prow and stern, and a scooped-out seat in the middle. Children can climb on it, sit on it, sit *in* it, rock in it, teeter-totter in it, spin it around like a merry-go-round, slide on the ice in it— Well, they'll be tired out at the end of *this* Christmas Day, and we doubt if you'll worry your head over whether, as the manufacturer claims, the Topsy Turvy, etc., is especially valuable because it "stimulates a child's thought processes." Rappaport's has it for $17.95.

THERE was a time, as you probably remember well enough, when the toys-for-medium-sized-boys department seemed to be colored olive drab as far as the eye could see. Now, with the strategic withdrawal of most military toys from the market, all those empty counters have had to be filled somehow. A number of manufacturers have strung along with last year's innovation, which was to persuade as many boys as possible to go off on an African safari. For instance, you'll find a Magumba Safari Set, complete with rifle, canteen, binoculars, and a white-hunter topee, at Reiss Brothers for $14.98. Other manufacturers have hastily renewed their ties with the Old West, and even looked up the Lone Ranger. A Silver Special single pistol and holster with the famous good guy's name on them, and accompanied by a black mask, are $3.88 at Polk's. And one canny company has played it both ways, putting its money on a Cowboy in Africa line, taken from a now defunct television show. A Cowboy in Africa Cracksman rifle (it goes "Crack!" when the trigger is pulled) sells for $7.19 at Polk's. Quite a few boards of directors, however, have apparently voted

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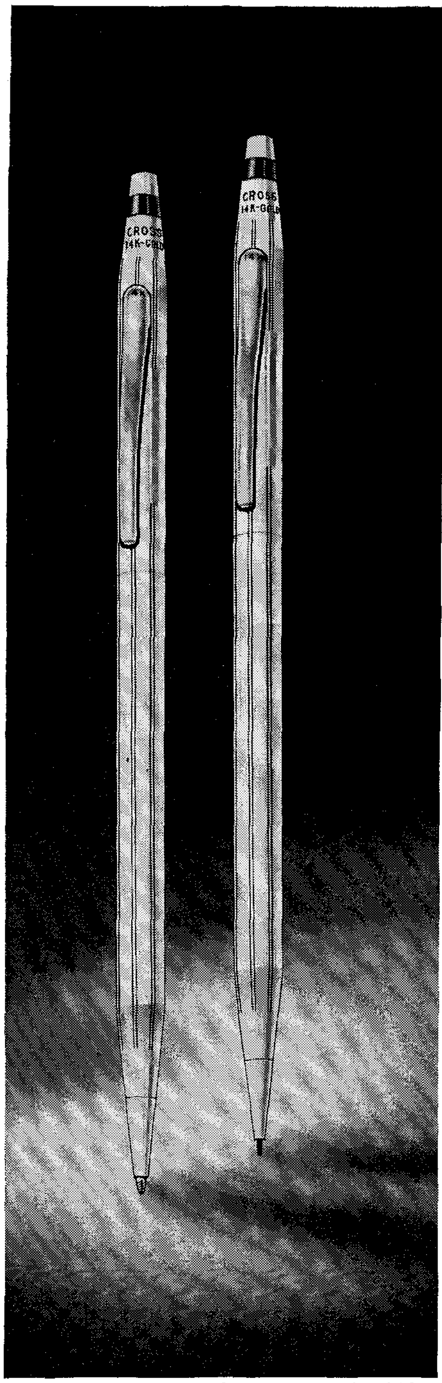

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to turn as many adventure-minded American boys as possible into mad scientists. One manufacturer has even brought out a mad-scientist doll, named Dr. Evil. ("A twelve-inch fully jointed fiend from outer space . . . He conceals his evil intentions behind the extra mask of a benign gentleman, but his merciless laser gun is never far away.") With a plastic laser gun, a hypnotic eye, and a couple of disguises, Dr. Evil is $7.95 at Rappaport's. Naturally, any friend of Dr. Evil's would be delighted with a Wham-O Shrink Machine. This is *not* a do-it-yourself psychiatry kit but a toy that, its sponsors advertise, "Makes Many Mini Things" (as if enough mini things haven't already been made this year). Plastic sheets stamped with sixty black-and-white Shrinkie cutouts, in the shape of various animals, pieces of jewelry, and cars ("itty-autos," they're labelled, so help us), are provided, and the idea is for the child to color one of them (crayons are also provided), put it on top of a preheated Shrink Machine (it's a little bigger than a kitchen matchbox, and requires a forty-watt bulb in its interior), pull down a plastic lid, and, wearing his best Dr. Evil expression, watch the poor cutout shrivel to a third its former size. The end object can be used as a decoration for a pencil box or the like (glue, too, is provided) or as a charm for a charm bracelet, or just savored as a symbol of Child Power. In case your young friend retains any vestige of the spy instinct that the toy industry cultivated so profitably up until a year or two ago, some of the Shrink Machine plastic sheets are blank. If he writes a message on one of them, it comes out so small that its recipient across the border will have to use a magnifying glass to read it. With a bulb in addition to its other appurtenances, the Shrink Machine costs $10.25 at Rappaport's.

A toy that bears a superficial resemblance to the Shrink Machine is actually a curious—indeed, astonishing—apparatus called Strange Change, Featuring the Lost World. It offers—in a small, plug-in electric oven, which is labelled "Time Machine"—not only a compression chamber but an expansion chamber. "Miraculous Strange Change transforms plastic tile-shaped Time Capsules into ancient relics!" says the company's literature. "Discovered to date are fossil-like skeletons, reptiles, and glurds." With this setup, the Mad Scientist selects one of sixteen bright-colored inch-square plastic tiles, puts it in the expansion chamber, pulls down the transparent lid, flips a switch,

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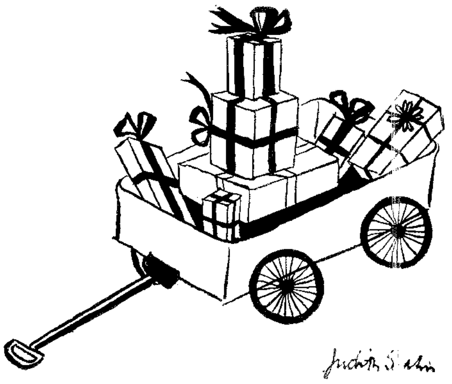
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

What will the English think of next?

and spends five happy, gloating minutes watching it expand to about double its original size and, in the process, turn into a weird, slithery-looking Lost World object with fins, a dragon head, fangs, and so on. Once the newly hatched creature has cooled, it can be pushed around a three-dimensional cardboard landscape (the Mad Scientist has to put this together) made up largely of caves, cliffs, volcanoes, and other hangouts for glurds. When all this palls, the M.S. shoves his little monster into the compression chamber, which shrinks it back into a tile. On the next go-round in the Time Machine, the tile will expand back to its previous monstrous identity, thanks to some molecular memory that is beyond our understanding. The whole set costs $14.88 at Polk's. The Lost World presented here has only a vague, atmospheric relation to the one Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote about, but bemused experimenters might find it entertaining, while they are doing Strange Changes, to listen to a recorded dramatization of the Doyle story, called "Dinosaurs" (M-G-M, CH 1016, $3.89), with Basil Rathbone playing the hero, Professor Challenger, who knew that dinosaurs were still alive somewhere on earth and found them, but couldn't find anybody to believe him.

IN case everybody in the house is a trifle tired of items measuring two inches across, we have a nice change of pace for you that Professor Challenger would approve of: a dinosaur. For $7.99, Gimbels will sell you a plastic set of the thirty major bones of the king of the dinosaurs—or Rex, the Tyrannosaurus, as he is familiarly referred to on the box. "No home is complete without one" is the manufacturer's persuasive slogan. Put together, this version of Rex measures six feet from teeth to tail and stands four and a half feet high. Should you be wondering what to do with him after he's upright, the sponsors have all kinds of suggestions: "As-



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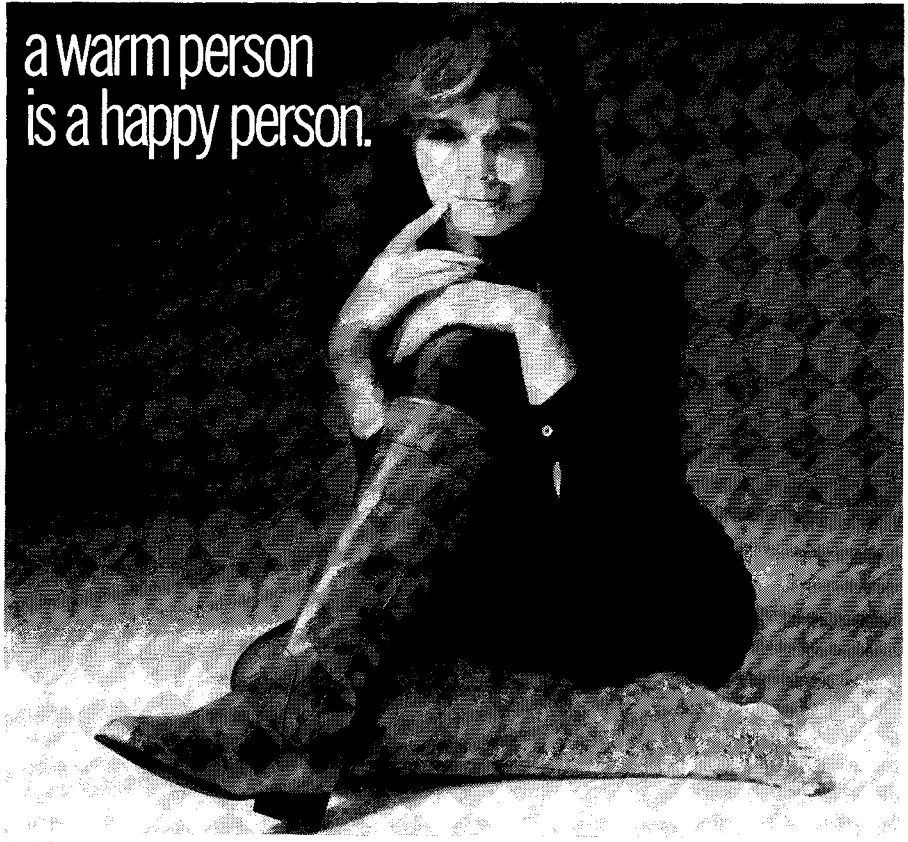

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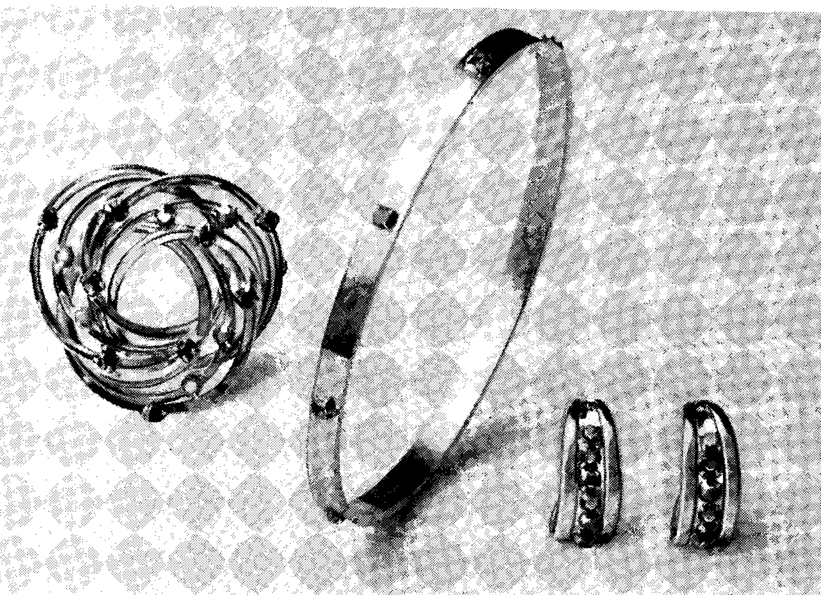

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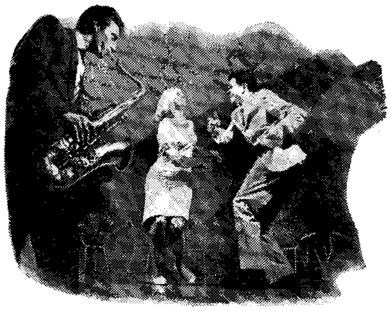

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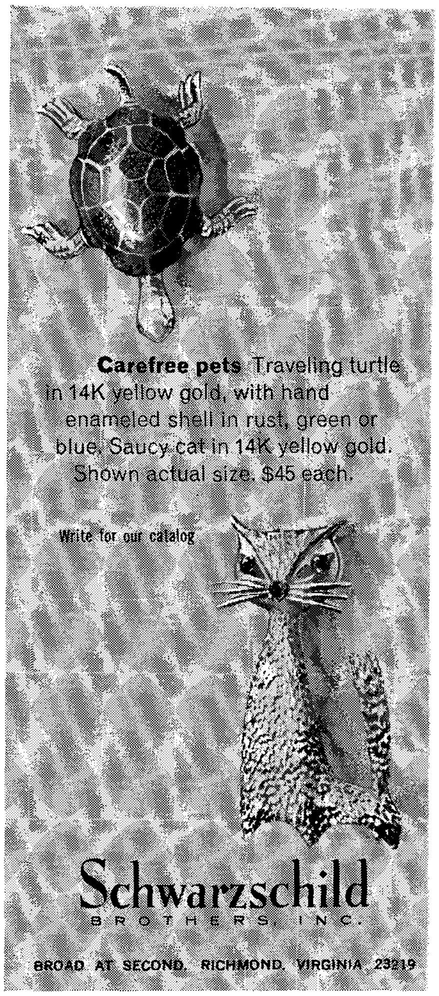
semble again and again. Have friends autograph him. Play 'Hide and Find the Bones.' Switch the bones around to make a 'daffy dinosaur.' " Or just leave him standing there and set the Living Jewel up beside him, and you'll have *two* conversation pieces.

THERE have been several movements afoot in recent years to let children in on the secret that poetry is more than "Mother Goose" and "A Child's Garden of Verses." Now, in a series called "A Gathering of Great Poetry for Children," Caedmon has put together four volumes that make this point very satisfactorily. The offerings in Volume I (TC 1235), which is designed for children of kindergarten age and a couple of years beyond, are all quite short and tend to deal with animals and natural phenomena such as snow, thunder, and the moon. There is a wide range in mood, however, and the poets include not only Milne and Lear but Edith Sitwell, William Blake, and Langston Hughes. ("How still/How strangely still/The water is today./It is not good/For water/To be so still that way," says Hughes' "Sea Calm." That's a long way from "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son.") Volume II (TC 1236), for children in the second and third grades, moves them along to Dickinson, Swinburne, Roethke, and Eliot ("The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes . . ./Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening"). Volumes III and IV (TC 1237 and TC 1238) are for children in the fourth grade and up. Volume IV begins with "Fern Hill," read by Dylan Thomas himself, and ends with Walt Whitman's "Miracles." Most of the poems in these volumes are read, with taste and imagination, by Julie Harris, David Wayne, and Cyril Ritchard, but now and then you'll be startled to hear Frost, Sandburg, Robert Graves, Cummings, and Eliot, for example, speaking the words they wrote themselves. From any one of the records, which are $5.95 apiece, children should get the idea that poetry is not long, dull lines in a book but something that is often surprising, and even funny, and written by real people.

A similar educational endeavor is regularly undertaken in the field of music—that is, the gathering together of a number of simple and exhilarating symphonic pieces that might win over children who are otherwise inclined to back away from classical music. Columbia decided to do it right this time, and put in its first team, the New York



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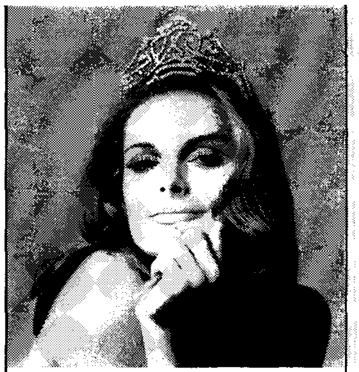

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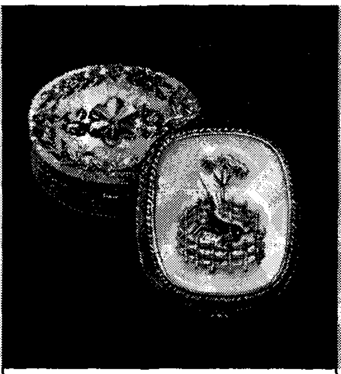

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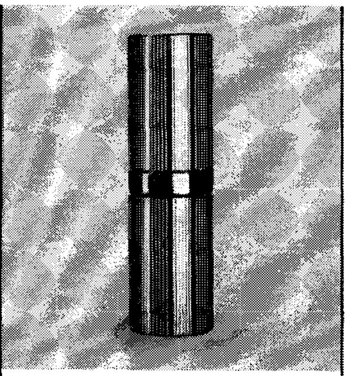
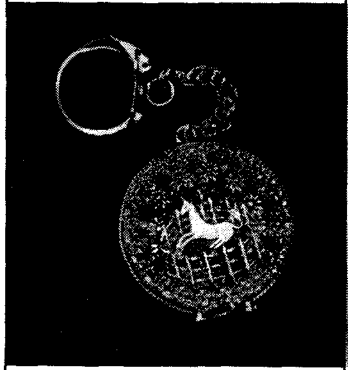


PERFUME SPRAY: A petite, fluted, gold-toned Fame Perfume Spray ...will fit into her purse as smoothly as you'll fit into her life. Thanks to Fame!



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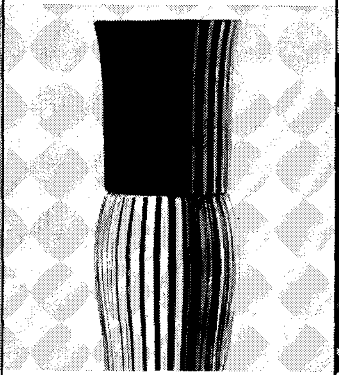

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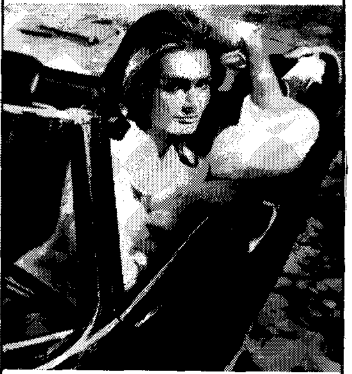

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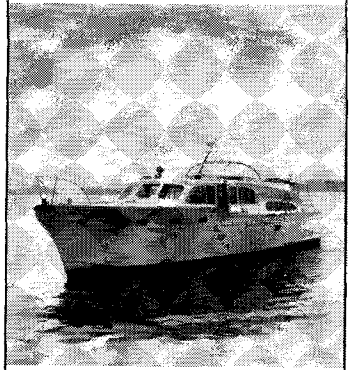

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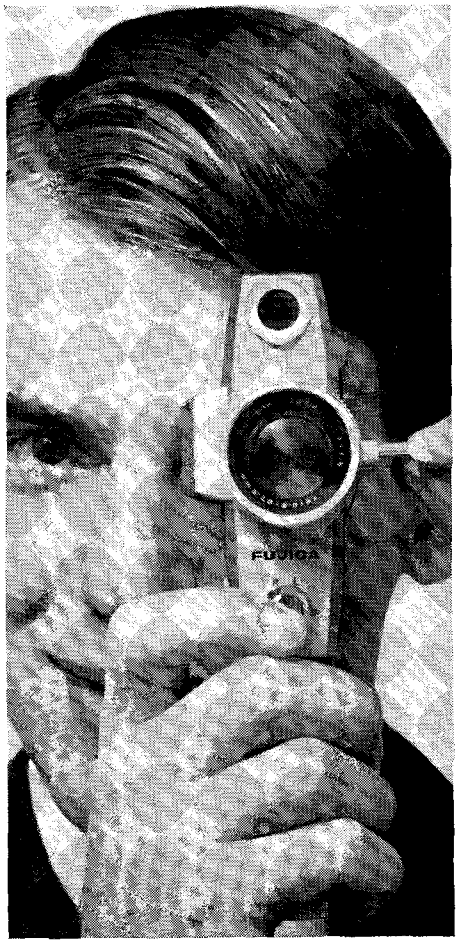

Philharmonic, with Leonard Bernstein in charge. For Saint-Saëns' "The Carnival of the Animals," Bernstein explains from time to time what is going on—pointing out, for instance, the composer's private joke of using Offenbach's cancan music, slowed down to a "stupefied crawl," for the turtles' arrival on the scene. Without any fanfaronade, he also narrates "Peter and the Wolf." The other selections in the set, which occupies three L.P.s, he merely conducts, with his usual verve and brilliance. These are "Night on Bald Mountain," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Nutcracker Suite," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," "Danse Macabre," and Benjamin Britten's "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," whose narration is by a remarkably self-possessed child named Henry Chapin (D3S 785, $11.59). Every year, the record companies bring out new collections of favorite Christmas songs by show-business personalities who are apparently thought to be Christmas types: Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, Arthur Godfrey. These records, we suspect, have a very short life. They're played a few times, and then nobody can find them when the next Christmas rolls around. This year, it's Burl Ives' turn. Into "Burl Ives Christmas Album" (Columbia, CS 9728, $4.79), the old blue-tail-fly man apparently threw everything he could think of about the great day, which he does not spell "Xmas": a number of the standard carols, sung with studied attention to the words; "Jingle Bells;" a recitation he did as a four-year-old in Sunday school in Jasper County, Illinois, entitled "Oh, What a Lucky Boy Am I;" "Ave Maria;" Michael Brown's song about Santa Mouse, who was thoughtful enough to leave a present for Santa Claus; the Christmas story itself, from St. Luke; and a lugubrious child's prayer called "Happy Birthday, Jesus." Ives also does a turn ("The Twelve Days of Christmas") on a record called "A Child's Christmas" (Columbia, HS 14563, $1.89), which is quite a change of pace. This is an odd, good-humored potpourri that pretty much does spell it "Xmas." It begins with an astonishing rendition by Art Carney of " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." He does the whole thing at breakneck speed in a hoarse, Louis Armstrong voice to a jazz drum accompaniment. It may turn out to be this year's favorite Christmas performance. Irreverent it certainly is, but then did you think Clement Moore was Holy Writ? Most of the other items on the bill (José Ferrer singing "March

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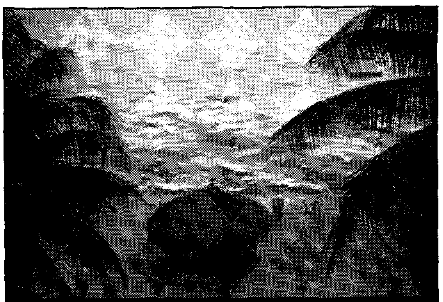

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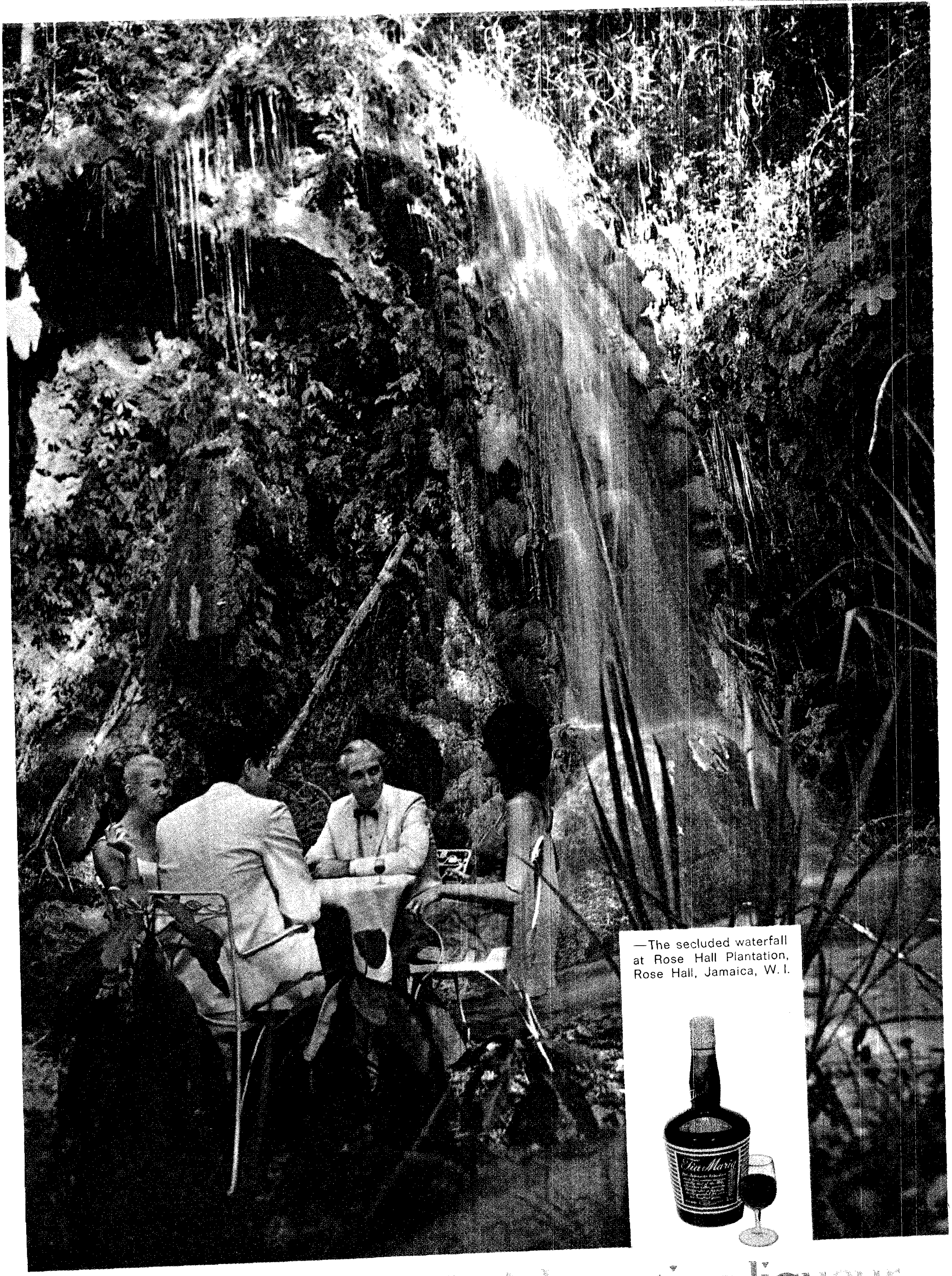

—The secluded waterfall at Rose Hall Plantation, Rose Hall, Jamaica, W. I.

Tia Maria
Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur
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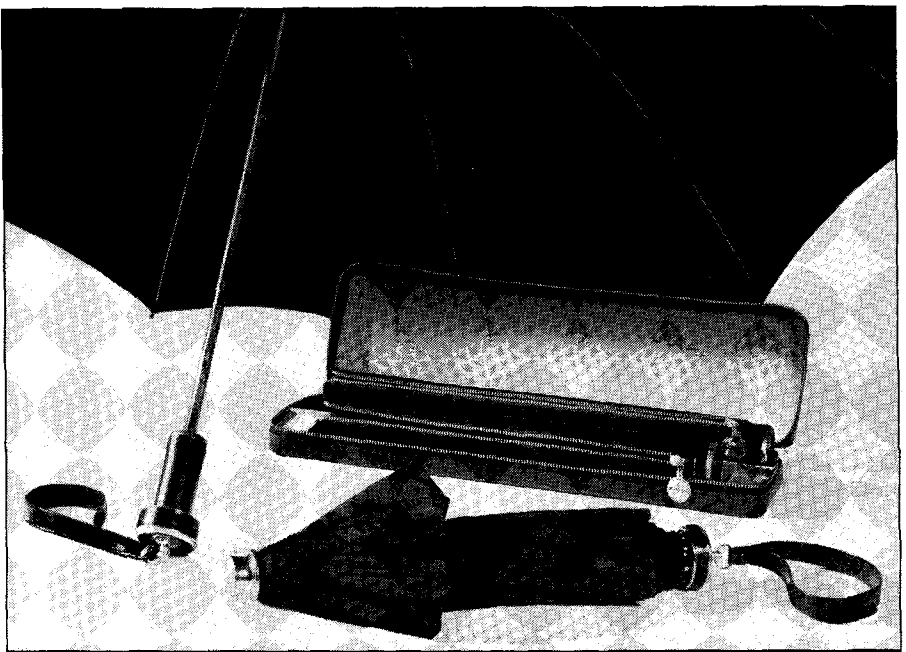
of the Christmas Toys," Gene Autry singing "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," and so on) are done fairly straight, but the child singer Ricky Zahnd is on hand to break the joint wide open again with a raucous version of "I'm Gettin' Nuttin' for Christmas (Mommy and Daddy Are Mad)." In "Marching Across the Green Grass and Other American Children Game Songs" (Asch, AH 752, $5.79), Jean Ritchie sings sixteen songs, many of them adapted from songs she sang as a child in the Kentucky mountains. She has a high, sweet voice, and the whole thing is pleasant and unpretentious, but if the children play the songs one after another they may begin to feel that they've been under that same greenwood tree too long. Two or three at a session are fine, however. In "Play Your Instruments and Make a Pretty Sound" (Folkways, FC 7665, $6.79), Ella Jenkins, who has had a long career of working with children, offers a kind of Very Young Person's Guide to a Jazz Band. Her collaborators are a group of Chicago primary-school children and the members of the Original Jass (as they spell it) All-Stars, led by Franz Jackson on the clarinet. As with all Folkways records, there is an accompanying folder that contains all the words of the songs. If you know an unusually helpful small girl who is planning her own birthday party—or, more likely, a mother facing up to the crisis—a record called "Happy Birthday Party" has its attractions. The house still provides the balloons, the snappers, the Pin the Tail on the Donkey set, and, of course, the ice cream and cake, but the record offers a scenario. That means instructions for organizing the guests, the calling of games, and a musical accompaniment for all the big moments, from the opening of the presents, through the games (Musical Chairs, Simon Says, Hot Potato, etc.) and the cutting of the cake, to the last moment, when everybody is talking the party over. There may be no sure way to keep a children's party from turning into a shambles, and there's nothing here about how somebody always throws up, but if the theory that kids nowadays pay more attention to electronic voices than to those of their close relatives has any validity, this might come in handy (R.C.A., CAS 1100, $1.89).

You remember Shirley Booth, don't you? She was the first Ruth in "My Sister Eileen," and she won a Tony for her playing of the lonely schoolteacher in "Time of the Cuckoo," an



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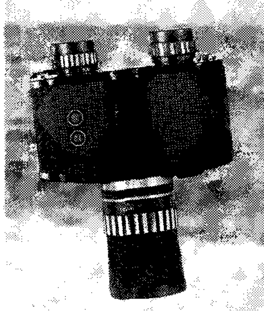

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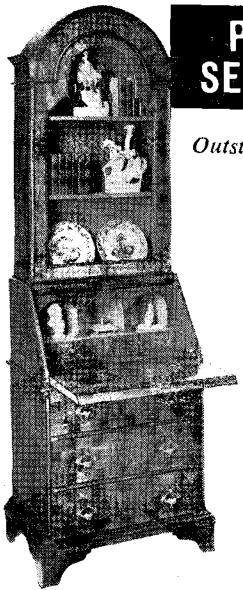
Oscar for her performance as the drunken wife in "Come Back, Little Sheba," and, in 1957, the Sarah Siddons Award as the Actress of the Year. Your children, however, will know her as Hazel, and now, thanks to a record called "Story Hour with Shirley Booth," she is available to recite nursery tales to them every night. They are the old familiars ("Peter Rabbit," "The Tortoise and the Hare," and so forth), and since she is incapable of giving an indifferent or hammy performance of anything, they are just fine. The occasional musical accompaniment will surprise you. It's by a couple of other dependable pros—Mozart and Haydn (M-G-M, CH 1050, $4.79). Who would have dreamed that Heidi would become a famous figure in the sports world? The cause of all the trouble—that is, a record based on the sound track of the television production of Johanna Spyri's Swiss-mountain story—is now in the stores (Capitol, SKAO 2995, $4.79). Jennifer Edwards, who plays Heidi, sounds exactly like Freddie Bartholomew, but the children won't know that, will they? This is not one of the greatest stories in the world, but then few of the children's stories that survive really are, if you've noticed.

Most of the records that are designed to help children just beginning to learn French are pretty uninspiring affairs, but we've found an exception. It's called "French Spoken Here," and the script is by Sesyle Joslin, the author of one of the livelier children's books of a few years ago, "There Is a Dragon in My Bed." The record is a jaunty operetta about a girl named Julia who falls asleep while studying her French lesson and wakes up in a French-speaking country where the head guard is a crocodile and the headwaiters are pigs. (She makes the mistake of asking one of them about the pig's knuckles.) She learns that in order to avoid losing her head she must somehow find her way to the palace and pass a French test given by the ruler of the country, the wicked Queen Pigtoria. After many bilingual adventures, she becomes queen herself by besting Pigtoria in a French-speaking contest. On the record jacket is a glossary of all the French words used (M-G-M, CH 1011, $1.89). This piece of entertainment obviously owes a great deal to two other famous tales. If you'd like to remind some young friends of the originals, how about Cyril Ritchard's classic reading of "Alice in Wonderland," unabridged, on two records (Golden-Wonderland, GW 209 and GW 225,



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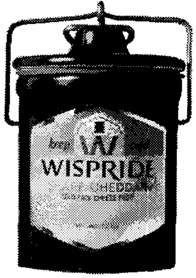

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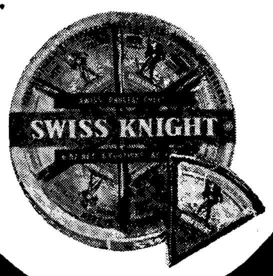

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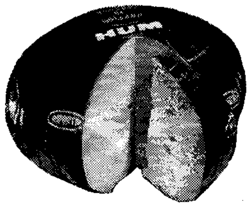

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$1.89 each), or the cast recording based on the 1939 movie version of "The Wizard of Oz," with all our familiar dear friends (M-G-M, 3996 ST, $5.79). And a final entry that is merely great fun for everybody: M-G-M Records gathered up members of the original cast and put together a show based on "The Shadow," whose sinister laugh was a fixture in Radioland for nearly twenty years, beginning in the early nineteen-thirties. The record begins with the old music, the hideous laugh, and the familiar introduction: "The Shadow, mysterious aid to the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town who, years ago in the Orient, learned the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so that they could not see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margo Lane, alone knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs. . . ." (How come these Lane girls do so well with the mysteriously powerful types? Lois Lane, you know, is Superman's girl.) The subject matter of the two Shadow episodes dramatized here isn't too quaint for the younger generation (one episode, for instance, involves computers), and if some of the dialogue will surely brighten their older relatives' day ("I'm not your buddy, I'm a Princeton man"), we don't think the kids will mind.

AND now for a roving miscellany. Some time ago, in the book that Maud Shaw, Caroline Kennedy's nurse, wrote, telling all, we read of an occasion when Caroline left behind in her father's White House office a large doll whose special talent was that it would repeat whatever was said to it. The feat involved a tape recorder, of course, and the next day, when Caroline retrieved the doll and pressed the proper button, there emerged from its rosebud plastic lips Daddy's angriest voice using, as Nanny Shaw put it, "a very naughty word." Not knowing how to erase the tape, she hastily called a Secret Service agent, who performed a disembowelment. Possibly, other fathers had similar experiences; there used to be several of those dolls on the market but they don't seem to be around anymore. If you feel brave enough to harbor a child's tape recorder that doesn't pretend to be anything else, there's a simple and not terribly expensive one on the market that the kids might have fun with and that might keep them away from a more delicate instrument you have other plans for. This one is called Say It! Play It! It

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This being the year of the itty-auto, we weren't really surprised to find a game called Traffic on the shelves. "A Game of Real Driving Experiences," it calls itself. "Buy! Sell! Trade! Win a Cadillac!" This one, which is recommended for ages nine through adult, transfers many of Monopoly's principles to the open road. Throwing dice, players (two to six) move tiny automobiles around a board whose squares are labelled "Out of Gas," "Serious Accident," "Road Closed," and so on. At the beginning, each player is given cash of $15,000—two-thirds of it a loan—so that along the way he can buy additional cars, and even service stations, which he then either loses or sells at a profit. The object is to gather seven red stars for safe driving and meanwhile pay off the loan and accumulate ten thousand five hundred dollars in order to buy a Fleetwood Cadillac. At this point, the winner presumably retires to his estate on Boardwalk and lives affluently ever after; $6.95 at Schwarz. And then there is a game called Ten Commandments, "the Bible Game," which costs $3.39 at Gimbels. Included are a spinner card, six sets of Commandment tables, a deck of scroll cards, plastic discs representing pieces of silver, and so on. The players spin their way around a map of the ancient Middle East, and the winner is "the first player who has his Ten Commandments and arrives at any Commandment position after the Good Neighbor and Philistine Projects have been completed."

Those children's looms sound fine and often work out well, but stringing the warp—those are the lengthwise yarns (*you* knew that, of course)—can be a tedious chore, especially if the little weaver insists on getting right down to work on Christmas morning. Something called a Zoom-Loom arrives with the warp already strung on a bobbin and in place on the machine, and two other ready-strung bobbins, in different colors, are included in the package. Also provided are pattern charts; eight

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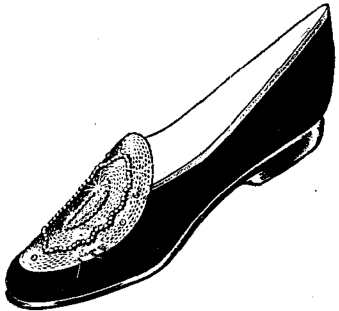

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spools of yarn, in four colors; two spare bobbins; and a set of patterns showing how to make placemats, mufflers, slippers, an apron, and a carrying bag. Additional refill kits are available for two dollars. This loom, the manufacturer points out proudly (it would hardly have come as a surprise to Priscilla Alden), "uses no motor, no plug-in, no batteries." The Zoom-Loom, which weaves a cotton fabric seven inches wide, and is itself about as big as a portable typewriter, is $12.99 at Gimbels. In a game called Shoot the Moon, a player (one player at a time) tries to make a steel ball (about the size of a ping-pong ball) travel along two steel rods and keep it from falling. You're working against gravity, which no doubt has something to do with the name of the game. If you leave this one on the coffee table for five minutes, you'll have trouble getting everybody in to dinner; $6 at the Gingerbread House. The Spirograph, which was a big hit last year, seems to be just as popular now. This precision-engineered toy, which allows a child to turn out intricate, geometrically perfect designs through an arrangement of meshing wheels, rings, and bars, is $3.95 at Schwarz. One problem with the Spirograph was that complacent grandparents kept giving it to four-year-olds ("He's terribly advanced for his age"), who were four or five years too young for it. Now the British company that devised it has come up with a simple solution to this dilemma—an alternative called a Spirotot. In this case, the paper, as well as three rings and a bar, is held in place in a plastic frame. The designs that a kindergartner can turn out by applying the different-colored pens to the punched holes aren't as dazzling as the ones possible with the Spirograph, but life around the house is much easier without all those howls of frustration. Rappaport's has the Spirotot for $2.50. We wouldn't think of suggesting something called a Star Finder for anybody under twelve, advanced or not, and even then it should be kept for a boy or girl who has shown a real interest in astronomy. This is a fascinating but difficult instrument, and it would be too bad to have it languish in pieces in the closet of someone who would rather have had a Wham-O Shrink Machine. The Star Finder, a foot-high arrangement of interlocking rings, a movable sight, a compass, a solar disc, and other significant astronomical parts, is based on the old armillary sphere (an armillary is an iron ring), which dates back at least to the third century B.C. It was evolved in the age that believed in the

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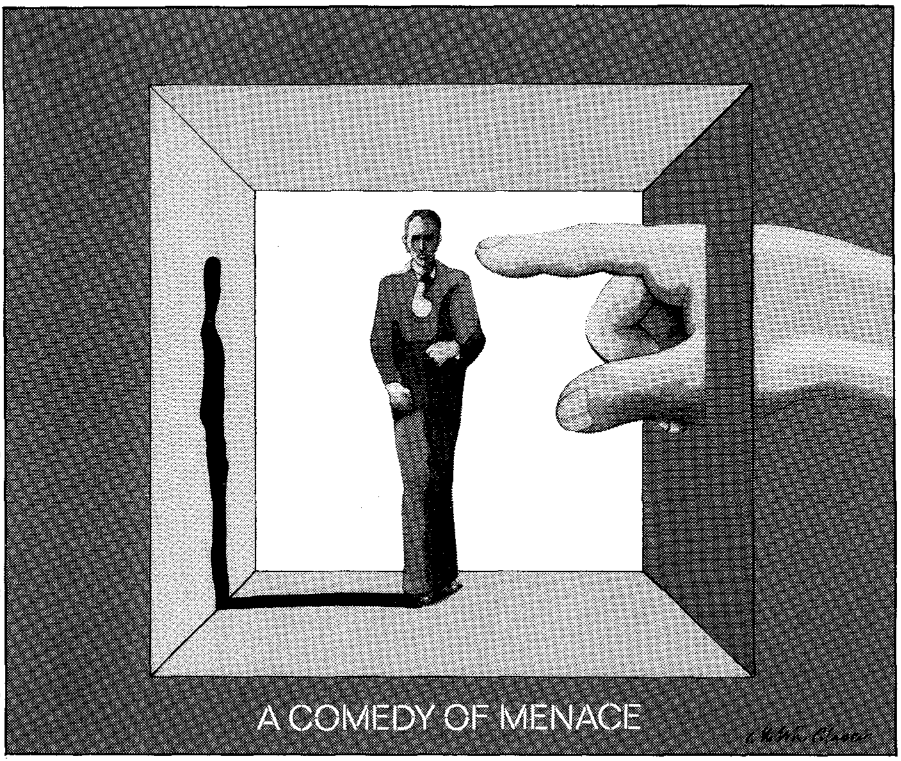

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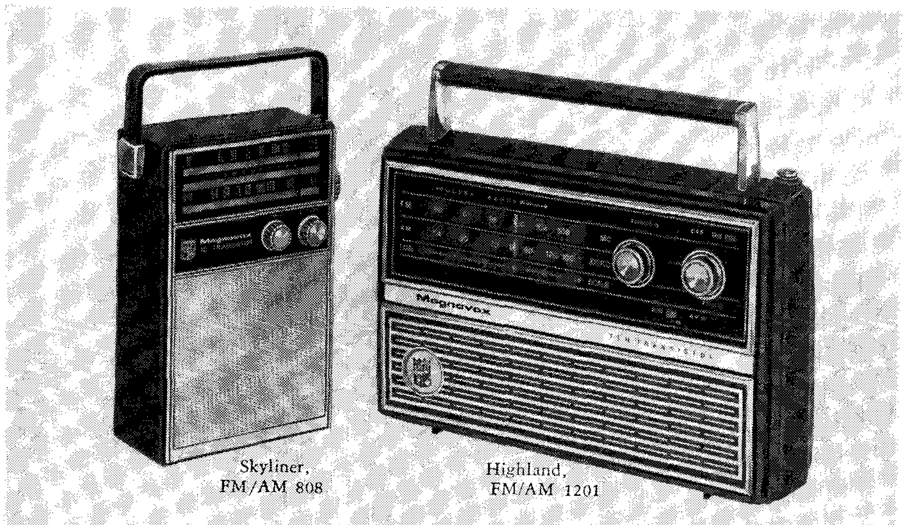
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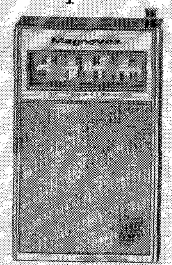
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Ptolemaic system, which pictured the universe as an immense hollow sphere that rotated daily around the stationary earth. By the time this theory was revised, scientists had used the armillary sphere to work out so many practical astronomical problems that even today (according to an astronomer from the Adler Planetarium in Chicago, who has written an introduction to the Star Finder manual) "few astronomical devices are as well adapted as the old armillary sphere for showing, graphically, many of the basic principles of astronomy." With it a boy or girl can learn not only to find stars and planets but to work out sunrise and sunset times. He can also figure out how to measure time by the sun or the moon and how to find his own longitude and latitude—how, in other words, to get his bearings in the universe he lives in. He might even learn to feel a kinship with intellectual explorers of the past, which could change his life. Polk's has the Star Finder for $17.50.

With all the three-inch characters underfoot, doll houses are bound to turn up on a good many lists. A Swedish import of hardwood that is twenty-six inches wide and seventeen high, and is wired for doll-house lamps, costs $30 at 1-2-Kangaroo. At Rappaport's, you'll find a larger house of pressed wood, nicely supplied with plastic furniture, that is about three feet wide and twenty inches high; $14.95. For $2 extra, they'll put it together for you. If you or your little-girl acquaintance is a do-it-yourself type, a fine selection of wooden doll-house furniture is again to be found at B. Shackman, 2 West 35th Street. A Governor Winthrop desk three and a quarter inches high, for instance, with drawers that really open, and brass hardware, is $3.50. A game table two inches high with a tiny checkerboard permanently set on top is $2.75. Or how about a book called "There's a Decorator in Your Doll-house," by Melanie Kahane, which tells how to make chandeliers from old earrings and that kind of thing. It's $9.95 at Scribners. Hanky Panky is a very good magic set. Described within are fifty tricks that can be pulled on the world with the gear provided—matches, rings, safety pins, cards, and so on. The price at the Gingerbread House is $7. A message just inside the box reads "*Mundus vult decipi*," which means "The world wants to be deceived." So be it. Among the most enduring and endurable of today's commercialized phenomena are the toys based on the shrewd and funny world of "Peanuts," and in almost every store of any consequence nowadays you'll come upon an enclave full of dolls, pillows, coloring sets, and the like honoring Charlie Brown, Lucy, Snoopy, and Linus and his blanket. If you're lucky, there will be background music for you to buy by, probably the cast recording of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" (M-G-M, LES 900), which is a joy all the way from the opening title song to the finale, a lighthearted hymn to all the things that happiness is. (The record costs $5.60 at Bloomingdale's.) The "Peanuts" corner at Schwarz has Lucy and Snoopy pajama bags at $3.95 and $5.95, respectively, and at Bloomingdale's we were especially taken with a three-by-seven-foot red-print sleeping bag. The design of the print alternates "Peanuts" faces with "Peanuts" obiter dicta on the subject of bedtime ("A Night's Sleep Dreaming of Cats Is Worse Than No Sleep at All").

It *is* getting late, isn't it? Time to wrap up all those minigifts. Save the big red bow for Rex, the Tyrannosaurus. And as you do up the Thingie called "Exhaustion" don't forget the one named "Love," which makes it all worthwhile. Merry Christmas!

• •

THE MESSENGER

Long ago I thought you young, bright daimon,
Whisperer in my ear
Of springs of water, leaves, and song of birds,
By all time younger
Than I who from the day of my conception
Began to age into experience and pain;
But now life in its cycle swings out of time again,
I see how old you were,
Older by eternity than I, who, my hair gray,
Eyes dim with reading books,
Can never fathom those grave, deep memories
Whose messenger you are,
Dayspring to the young, and to the old ancient of days.

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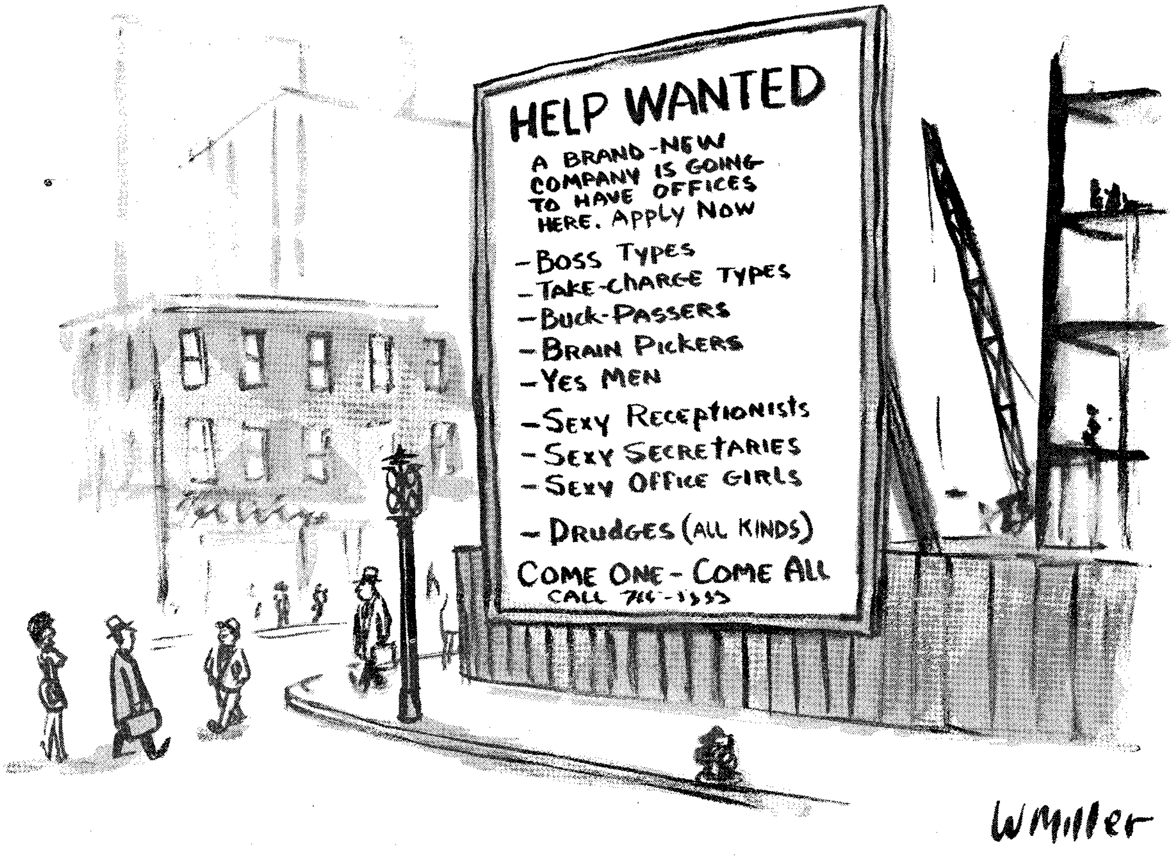
DURING THE THIRTY-THIRD WEEK OF NATIONAL GUARD PATROLS

THE RAT PATROL

ON Thursday night, Letha's Beauty Shop, on New Castle Avenue, on the southeast edge of Wilmington, was held up by two men wearing ski masks. The call came over the police radio about nine. The two robbers—colored males, armed—had fled from the scene on foot. I was riding in a Delaware state-police car Thursday night, jammed in the back seat between two National Guard sergeants who wore helmet liners and carried M-1 rifles. Three jeeps full of Guardsmen followed the state-police car, forming a menacing-looking convoy that travelled slowly up and down the narrow streets of a Negro neighborhood just west of the downtown business district—a neighborhood that has become known as the Valley. It was one of the regular National Guard convoys that have routinely patrolled the Negro neighborhoods of Wilmington since last April. The state trooper who was driving had stopped at the beginning of the evening to pick up one of the Wilmington Police Department's mobile radios, and when he heard the robbery report he headed for the southeast part of town, the jeeps trailing him. As the convoy drove through a public-housing project, the sergeant on my right put a clip of ammunition in his M-1. When the driver came to a bridge that covered a wooded culvert—what seemed to him a good hiding place—he stopped the car, reached for his flashlight, and got out. The sergeant with the loaded rifle also got out, and the two of them walked into the culvert to look for the robbery suspects—fruitlessly, as it turned out. The search seemed like a natural part of the evening's routine, but then it occurred to me that the people who robbed Letha's Beauty Shop were the only stickup men in the country being hunted by the National Guard.

The National Guard is officially patrolling Wilmington's streets to prevent civil disorder, rather than to help with ordinary police work, but the nights have dragged since the cold weather set in, and the state troopers who are in charge of the convoys often don't limit themselves to police calls that indicate the possibility of a crowd forming. The streets are no longer lined with people, as they were during the hot summer evenings; when one of the Guard caravans slows down at an intersection, someone may shout, "Hello, Rat Patrol!," but the side curtains have been put on the jeeps to protect the troops from the cold, so there is no longer much conversation between the National Guard and the citizens. A lot of people hurrying along the streets don't seem to notice the caravans, and those who do may just stare for a moment and continue on their way. "As you ride through, it doesn't seem like they have a feeling of resentment," a state trooper told me. "It's more like pure hate." With the cold weather, the Guardsmen seem to spend more of their duty tour at the Hollywood Diner, where the N.C.O.s who ride in the state-police cars carefully stow their rifles in the trunk before going in to eat hamburgers and joke with the waitresses, or at a lot near the Purina Chows plant, where a sudden flicking on of headlights will expose dozens of rats scampering along a pile of refuse. The first time local papers carried a story about Guardsmen being bored with duty in Wilmington was on April 11th, a couple of days after the disorder in the Valley that had led the governor to mobilize the Guard. Compared with some other reactions to the assassination of Martin Luther King, it was a rather mild disorder; there were no deaths or serious injuries. Seven months later, the federal funds available for Guard training having run out, the last of the troops stationed at the Wilmington Armory were released, but the street patrols continue, manned by local Guardsmen—some of them reluctant designates of whichever battery has drawn the night's duty, some of them steady volunteers who can use the extra pay. The jeeps continue to cruise slowly past the red brick row houses of the Valley—past burned-out or boarded-up storefronts, past storefronts with signs that provide some defiance even when everyone is off the street. The United Brotherhood of Black People has a picture of a black arm ending in a clenched black fist. The Black Library and Coffee House, sponsored by the Blackettes, is next door to a corner store that is considered by some people to be the former head-



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quarters of the Black Liberation Army—it is considered that by everyone who believes that there ever was such a thing as a Black Liberation Army in Wilmington—and that is generally acknowledged to be the former headquarters of the Blackie Blacks (also known as Blackie's Blacks), a group with a reputation almost as fearsome among people who believe in the existence of the Black Liberation Army. In the police cars leading the convoys, the N.C.O.s and the state troopers sometimes talk about livelier times—the time a bottle broke the car's windshield, or the time a riot seemed imminent after "a bunch of 'em" had gathered when Guardsmen stopped to arrest someone who had shouted an obscenity at the jeeps. Last spring, Guardsmen were present while city police were arresting some robbery suspects, and, in circumstances that have never been made completely clear, a specialist fourth class who ordinarily works as a clerk in a construction company shot and killed one of the suspects. As far as is known, that was the only shot fired by a Guardsman on the streets of Wilmington since the Guard was mobilized last April.

THE GOVERNOR

"I DIDN'T put them in for political reasons and I won't take them off for political reasons," Governor Charles Terry, a heavyset man of sixty-eight, was telling a television interviewer when I arrived for an appointment at the State Capitol, in Dover. The Governor, a Democrat, lost the November election to a moderate Republican, but in the opinion of people who follow Delaware elections if he was keeping the Guard in Wilmington for political reasons it was pretty good politics. The Governor led the Democratic ticket, and a lot of people—including the Governor—believe he would have won easily if he hadn't had a heart attack a month before the election. ("There's no doubt that most voters in the state were in favor of keeping the Guard in Wilmington," I was told by a Wilmington business leader who believes that efforts to have the Guard withdrawn were doomed once the patrols became a political issue. "The point is whether or not calling out the Guard is the kind of thing that should be decided by majority rule.") The Governor told the television interviewer that he intends to maintain patrols in Wilmington throughout the remainder of his term in office, and he was asked what made him think that Wilmington was the one city in the United States that required nightly patrols by the National Guard. Intelligence sources, the Governor said—intelligence sources that would be snuffed out if revealed.

After the television interviewer left, I talked with the Governor about the Guard and the election. He had lost by only a couple of thousand votes, and, discussing the events of the campaign, he would occasionally pause and shake his head sadly and say, "That could've been the difference right there." The Governor believes that the mayor of Wilmington—John Babiarz, another Democrat who lost to a moderate Republican—cost the ticket votes by first asking that the Guard be removed and then changing his mind twice. (Babiarz even pulled city police off the patrols in the spring, which forced the Governor to assign state troopers, since the Guardsmen, awesome though they are as a symbol of law and order, require the presence of ordinary policemen to perform such tasks as making arrests—more or less the way the Queen's Guards who used to stand outside the Buckingham Palace fence needed ordinary bobbies to protect them from the pawing of American tourists.) "He got off the wagon and on the wagon and off the wagon," the Governor said. "I told him, 'John, you have to make up your mind. Let's keep them there as cheap insurance until this racial thing clears up.' " The Governor shook his head. "That could've been the difference," he said. "I didn't do it for political reasons, but you notice that the two or three who stuck with me—running for council and things—goddammit, they won!"

PETITIONERS FROM CONTINENTAL AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

IN August, some of the secretaries at the Continental American Life Insurance Company, encouraged by a local radio talk-show performer, decided that the side of law and order had to be heard. The Wilmington papers had been running editorials demanding removal of the Guard, going so far as to compare the patrols to Linus's security blanket; a group of clergymen had signed a letter stating that "the presence of the National Guard has contributed to the increase of . . . destructive emotions rather than to their decrease;" and the Governor had revealed that a couple of the most prominent industrialists in town had made a trip to Dover to try to persuade him to remove the patrols (he told them that secret intelligence reports had warned

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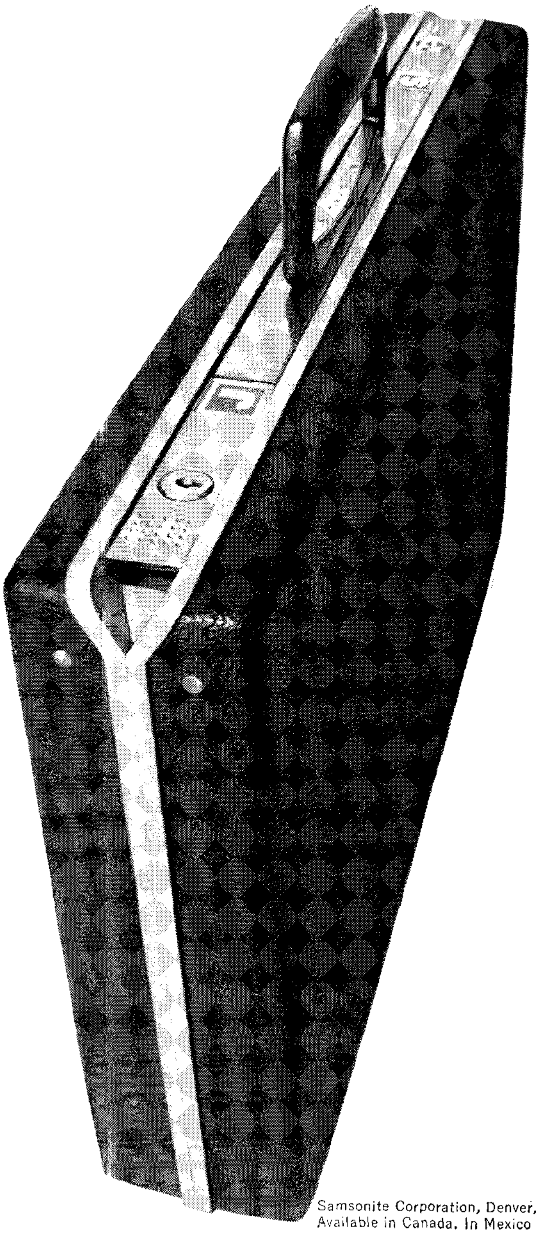

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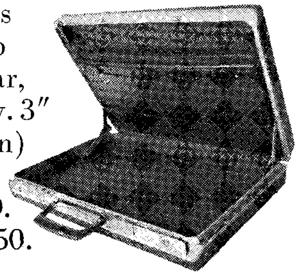

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of trouble brewing). The secretaries began to spend their lunch hours standing on street corners gathering names, and eventually they presented Governor Terry with a petition asking that the Guard remain. I had lunch with several petition organizers one day, and one thing they agreed on was that it was hard to understand why any law-abiding person would object to having the Guard around. "I see the Guard, but I obey the law and I know they're not going to bother me," one of the secretaries said. "If the state can afford it and it makes people feel safe, why not have them?"

Compared with those who oppose the presence of the Guard, the secretaries at Continental American tend to be pessimistic about the standards of personal safety in Wilmington—perhaps because they have a more acute sense of the ominous. For instance, the arrest of several militant young Negroes who were shooting guns in a place called Cherry Island marsh in August—an incident that led to the seizure of some stolen ammunition and to an announcement by the Mayor that the Guard might be necessary after all—is generally referred to by opponents of the patrols as a few street toughs shooting at rats near the city dump, and is always referred to by the secretaries as "the Black Liberation Army practicing guerrilla-warfare tactics." One secretary—the wife of a city policeman—said, "People are afraid to go out at night. We're lucky, of course. We have three German shepherds."

"A lot of people have tear-gas pistols," another girl said, and she drew one out of her purse and laid it on the table.

THE (WHITE) COALITION

ONE evening, I went to a meeting of a group that is called the White Coalition for Justice Without Repression—or, more often, simply the White Coalition. In the opinion of the white liberals who formed it, having the Guard patrol Negro neighborhoods is not only insulting but dangerous; they believe that the Guard could exacerbate tensions to the point where its services would be required. They have found, though, that once the Guard has been established on the streets its presence can be easily justified no matter what happens; peace can be interpreted as a dissuasion of troublemakers by the Guard, and trouble just goes to show that the Guard is needed after all. The Public Witness Committee of the White Coalition has produced anti-patrol bumper stickers

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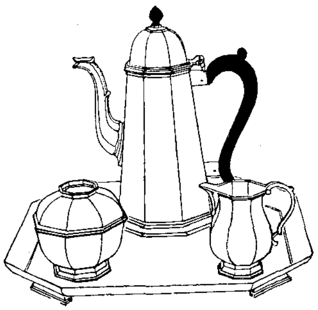

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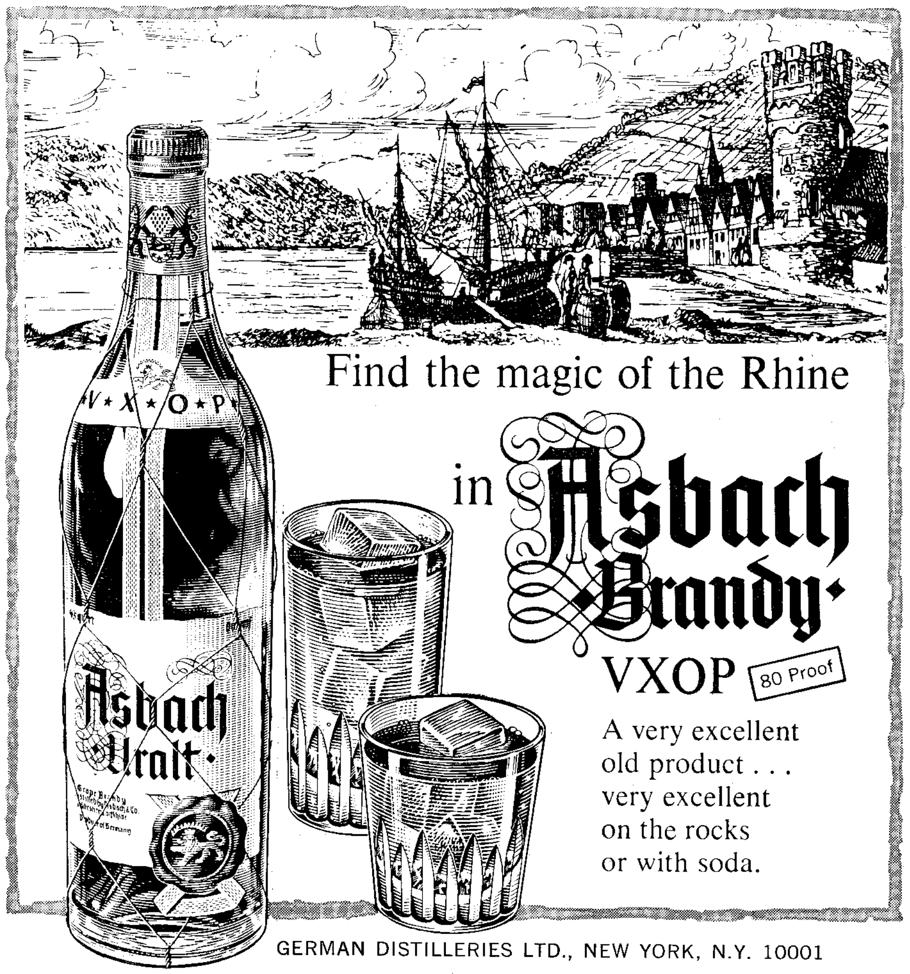
and has expressed its concern at a meeting with the superintendent of the state police (he mentioned secret intelligence reports), but the white liberals seem resigned to having the patrols in Wilmington at least until the new governor takes office. One evening just before the election, about two hundred and fifty white people took part in a candlelight ceremony held by the Public Witness Committee in Rodney Square, the central square of Wilmington, but not many other white people watched the ceremony. Not many white people watch anything in Wilmington at night; most of them live in the suburbs and come in only for work (Wilmington was about fifteen per cent Negro in 1950 and is now about forty per cent). In fact, a lot of white people who work in Wilmington have never seen the Guard patrols, and suburban members of the White Coalition have occasionally surprised their neighbors by mentioning the fact that the Guard was still around. For ghetto residents, the connection of the suburbanites to Wilmington was best symbolized on the day of the April disturbance, when businesses let their employees out early in the afternoon and everyone got stuck in a vast traffic jam attempting to flee the city.

There were about forty people at the White Coalition meeting I attended, in an Episcopal Church in one of the few attractive residential districts within the city limits. Everyone was white except a guest speaker, who told the group that whites should work exclusively with the white community and blacks with the black community. The speech reopened an argument that had come up at previous meetings. A woman at the back of the room said she had been disturbed by a feeling that the White Coalition actually discouraged Negroes from participating. A young man in blue jeans—a student at the University of Delaware who had come to inform the group of some academic-freedom problems there—stood up and explained that if the woman had the kind of experience he had gained while working with a black youth project she would realize the futility of such efforts. "In working with these black youths, I had a lot of hangups," he said, "and what came out was my own inherent racism." When the student had finished, a man in a business suit stood up and said angrily that he wasn't going to attend any more meetings if they consisted of such juvenile confessions of inadequacy, and that anyone who wanted to do no more



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than argue with white people could talk to his own neighbors. A couple of speakers agreed that it should be possible to work with Negroes, but the director of a Catholic inner-city project said he had learned that whites tended to destroy the unity of the black community and undermine black leadership. By the time the young man in blue jeans got another turn, his attacker had stamped out of the room. "Obviously, this guy has never seen a straight razor coming at his throat," the student said. "He has never faced police dogs. He doesn't know what it's all about. Maybe he should go through a radicalizing experience, like I have." After some more speakers had supported the idea that the White Coalition should restrict its work to white people, an older man wearing a sports shirt stood up and said, "I can't see accomplishing anything by segregation. If this is open to the public, being segregated is almost unconstitutional." He looked puzzled. A woman in the back of the room asked if there was any objection to dropping "white" from the organization's name, since it seemed to offend a good number of those present, and a woman near her said, "Isn't it possible that if somebody hears about this group now they could think it was the Ku Klux Klan, or something?" The man who thought segregation was unconstitutional got up again, to say that the country clubs in the area had struck the word "white" from their bylaws because it was discriminatory. "The word 'white' is always discriminatory," he said. Finally, after about an hour, the chairman appointed a committee to look into changing the name.

THE BLACKS—POLARIZED

I WENT to the offices of the Wilmington Youth Emergency Action Council (WYEAC) one afternoon to talk with a staff member and a minister who had helped organize Operation Free Streets, an effort by the Negro community to get rid of the Guard patrols. WYEAC was designed as a way for business and the federal government to involve young militants and troublemakers and gang members—the kind of people who might join the Blackie Blacks, or even the Black Liberation Army—in some constructive activities, and it has been attacked constantly for employing a bunch of young militants and troublemakers and gang members. Federal funds have been withdrawn by now, of course, and about all that the WYEAC members have to show for their experience with

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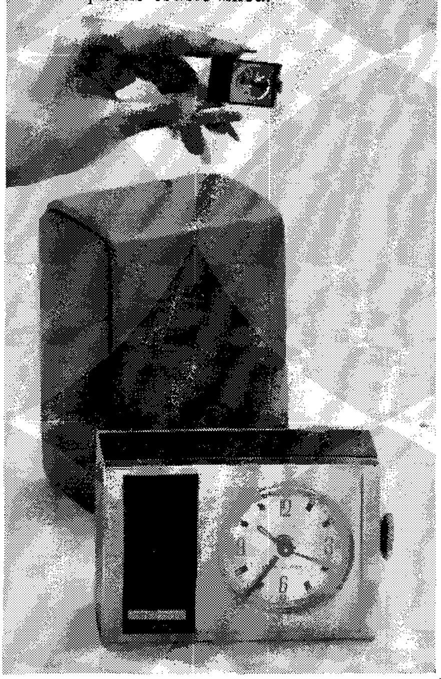

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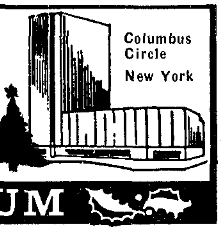

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institutionalized uplift is a tendency to speak in Street Federalese, a language now common in most American cities; when I asked the WYEAC worker about the Guard, he said, "Man, these cats has polarized everyone, you know what I mean?" These days, the Guard keeps only a few convoys on the streets—and, in the words of one Valley resident, "a neighborhood like this is always under minimal martial law anyway." But many residents of the ghetto find the presence of an armed military force of any size a unique symbol of their helplessness, a reminder that they have neither the physical force nor the political influence to do anything about it. It is generally agreed that a number of ghetto residents—particularly older people—favor the presence of the Guard, but Leonard Williams, a black Municipal Court judge, has said, "Every black man in Wilmington who's worth his salt, when he leaves his job in the evening and sees the convoys, something happens to him."

The minister told me that Operation Free Streets had been organized to gather a petition with twice as many names as the one gathered by the Continental American secretaries—this one demanding the Guard's removal. Eventually, the petition had been burned publicly to symbolize the failure of the authorities to pay any attention to the demands of the black community. There has been some talk of an economic boycott, but ghetto leaders seem resigned to the fact that there is nothing they can do about the Guard except to hope that the next governor removes it. Some of them seem equally troubled by the prospect that young people will treat the Guard as a challenge that must be met with violence and by the prospect that the young people will learn to tolerate the Guard, as their parents have learned to tolerate so many other things. "With the Guards here, there's a loss of dignity and communications and everything, man," the WYEAC worker told me. "How long would a white community allow a black army to patrol their streets?" —CALVIN TRILLIN

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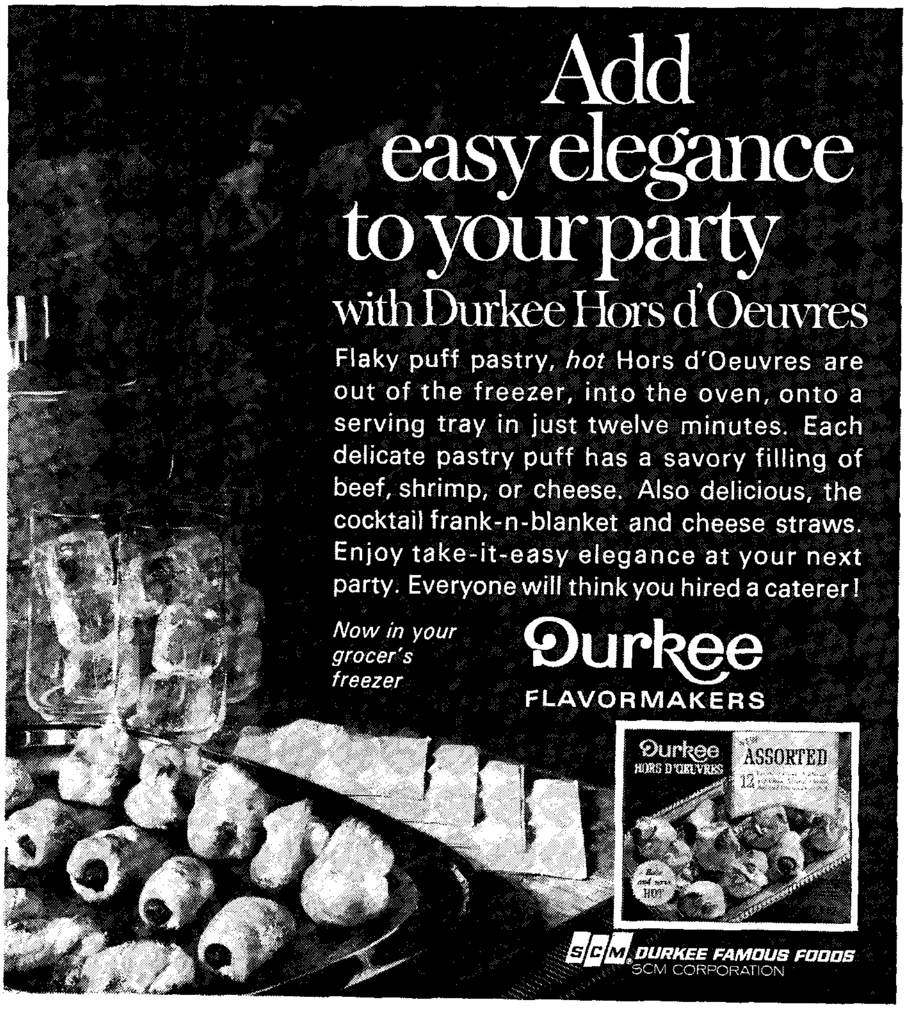

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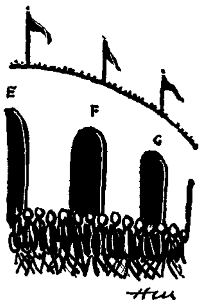
FOOTBALL

Better Late

COACHES like to show the flag around among the alumni—and, nowadays, show movies, too. The afternoon before The Game, a Harvard coach was running off, for the instruction of a couple of hundred Manhattan supporters, a film of the match between his team and Brown. When Harvard's count had attained an overwhelming sufficiency, Gatto and Hornblower and other heroes faded from the screen and a set of newcomers faded in. "This is our second team," said the coach as half his audience arose to depart. "And that's Champi at quarter," he announced to a horde of departing shoulder blades. "All I can say about tomorrow against Yale is that Gatto and the rest are in good shape, except that we don't know whether we can use Varney at end, and, as for next year, we coaches are all very high on Champi." I expect that when Champi took over at quarterback, well along in the afternoon, by which time Harvard was *in extremis*, and threw the first of his three touchdown passes, these departees were among the many who were asking, "Who the hell is Champi?" I'm afraid I shall have to say that it was only fitting that in the final four seconds of his exemplary career the veteran Gatto took a Champi pass for the touchdown that made the count Yale 29, Harvard 27, and that on the next play young Varney, miraculously risen from his bed of pain, took a Champi pass for the try after touchdown that brought the count to even Stephen.



ARMY could see Navy's campfires in Philadelphia the night before their annual confrontation, and agents were slipping through one another's lines with rumors calculated to disturb. One was that Lettieri, who had been a left-handed passer before he came up to Navy, where he was transformed into a defensive end, would be at quarter instead of the novice McNallen, who has done a good job at quarter this fall—at least for a man of inexperience. Lettieri didn't switch to quarter, but he did hit Lindell, the Army quarter, so hard from behind that the pass Lindell was in the act of throwing was an easy mark for LaForce, especially since the Army man who should have got the pass did a handsome somersault as the ball went by him; LaForce had no trouble on his way to the touchdown that made it Army 14, Navy 14. Then Cahill, the Army coach, sent O'Toole in at quarter as this match's latecoming retriever, and retrieve the situation he did—a whopping second-down pass to Albano that made the final count of Army 21, Navy 14 inevitable. In the dressing room, I asked O'Toole why, so deep in Army country, he had risked a pass. "It was so cold out there when I went in that I decided that if I was going to have to pass I better do it while my hands were still warm," he said. "And Albano was in the clear anyway." Well, probably, but from my point of disadvantage in the crowded stands it seemed that four Navy men were converging on Albano and that he simply outfoxed them at the start of his long gallop. Albano had, it turns out, applied for entry to Annapolis as well as to West Point; Army was the lucky first to accept him. As for Andrzejczak, who slammed around end so well on the Army pitchouts, it looked like his best day ever. Andrzejczak went off the Army squad for ten days a while back; he felt that he hadn't a chance in the Army backfield against Hunter, Army's prize sprinter, but, luckily for Army (and for him), he was allowed to return after he had escaped from his syndrome. Navy's best luck of the afternoon was Hunter's fumble of a punt—a fumble that gave Navy its first touchdown. It was clear as day, even from my point of d., but Channel 7, which sent a fleet of trucks to the game for its color broadcast, muffed this sequence; in fact, a TV observer of mine says he might as well have been looking at "Heidi." The match was a boon to the books, which required bettors on Army to give fourteen and a half points, and to Cahill, who this year got the very best out of this big, rugged Army team; 21–0 would have been a more satisfactory count for the numerous (and noisy) Army supporters, but, according to Mrs. Cahill, 21–14 was better by far than what happened to her husband when he was a high-school coach. "Coach is thirty-eight today," said the high-school team captain. "Let's give him something to remember." The Cahills still remember; the team lost, 38–0.

—J. W. L.

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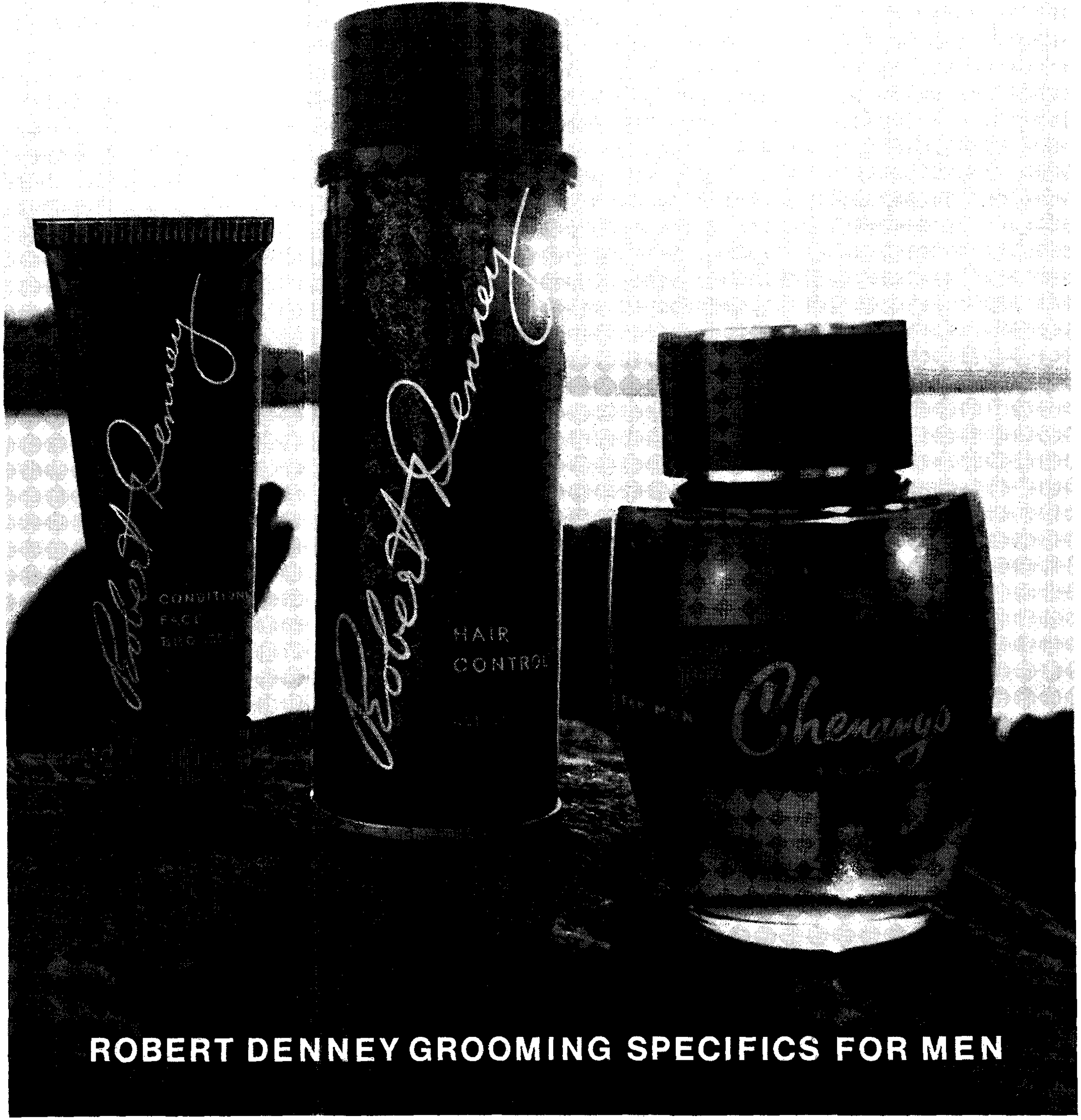
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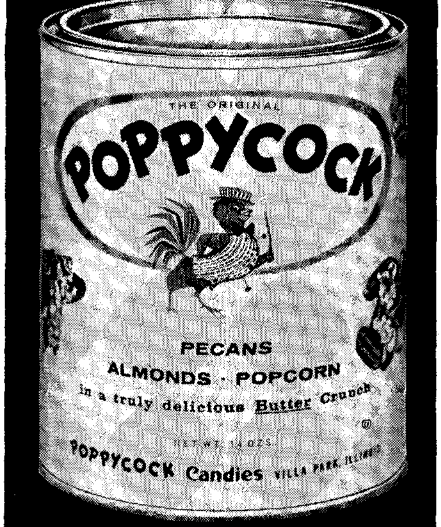
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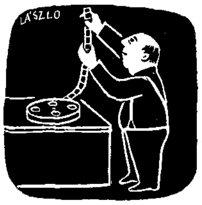
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Corrupt and the Primitive

"WHY must you die?" says Joanna to languishing Lord Peter, and he replies, "It makes sense to die. Only then does it make sense to live." The surging music testifies to the rich quality of his thought, and Lord Peter, perhaps stimulated by the music to still higher cerebration, goes on, "How incredible we human beings are! . . . One thinks on how beautiful life is. . . . Oh, people are such lovely things!" Joanna learns a lot more from Lord Peter—the bums' Oscar Wilde—when he explains to her that we must "make our lives works of art."



We have to suspend disbelief that we're actually hearing and seeing this kind of gibberish. I thought I was going to need the taffy pulled out of my head. I didn't bother writing about Romain Gary's "Birds in Peru," which concerned a frigid nymphomaniac goddess luring men to their doom (and was full of such great lines as "Take me"), because the theatre was empty when I saw it. But the house was packed for "Joanna," and though I kept listening for snorts, every time I heard one I could feel the breath on my hands. I hope some of the silent people were at least thinking bad thoughts. Explicitly, the movie is about the aimlessness of a young Mod girl's life in London and the pointlessness of her sleeping around, and the message is spelled out, and repeated, that one "must be committed to something." On the other hand, it's the kind of Mod fashion-show movie in which you expect the clothes to be on sale in the lobby, along with picture postcards of the parks and the fountains and the yacht. The photography is disgustingly pretty, but the movie attempts a fancy rationale; the baroque, we are informed in a statement within the film, represents rebellion against classicism. (This can be translated as: Anything in the movie can be explained away as not meant to be taken straight.) But classicism is scarcely the enemy of film, since it has so rarely been even approximated in film. And the baroque of "Joanna" is the already conventional enticement for swinging-London movies. It's the beautiful people leading the easy life, with dabs of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and Godard and "8½," with sartorial assists from "Bonnie and Clyde," and with posters of the usual deities—Brando, Dean, Monroe. The characters are out of Elinor Glyn via forties Hollywood. It turns out that the dying lord has been befriending a swank black racketeer who has "a streak of violence." Joanna gets pregnant by this beautiful black, and though he goes to prison for ten years, she decides to have the baby; she's learned the lessons that the lord wheezed out to her (though they must surely have been familiar from nursery and classroom). I tell this appalling plot only to make a plain point—that we are getting the howling banalities of the past brought back in creamy Panavision and fruity DeLuxe color and enough Mod clothes to choke a clotheshorse, and they're brought back not with irony but with moronic solemnity. There's a less publicized side of the generation gap: *we* remember this stuff from the last time around. Mod filmmakers, it appears, have just discovered the Rubáiyát and are working their way toward "The Razor's Edge." This movie has the trivial narcissism of old *Collier's* and *Cosmopolitan* stories, and the Rod McKuen songs pour on inspirational tonic. Movies are still providing what even the ladies' slick magazines have abandoned in fiction. (And now, trying to be with it, those magazines applaud the dazzling originality of these movies.) The movie is decorated with such conceits as a lament that the emancipation of women has led to nothing more than promiscuity—this in a movie that introduces the heroine in bikini panties. It's as if Hugh Hefner were to denounce Bunnies for wearing tails. Joanna (Genevieve Waite) is an odd, passionless, blank little bunny-bird with a voice out of Glynis Johns. The camera never discovers any soul in her; she's embalmed in infantilism, and we're supposed to find her adorable. And what a perfect fulfillment for a bunny—to multiply.

Michael Sarne, the spokesman for commitment who wrote and directed "Joanna," is twenty-nine years old and is said to be a former pop singer and composer, book and film critic, journalist, and photographer. This commentator on the emancipation of women is credited with the photograph of his heroine—nude with necktie—that appears in the film and in the advertising. He doesn't even have a head stuffed with old movies; his borrowings and references are already secondhand movie memories, not obsessive for him and not part of the mythology of his characters' lives but just new standard commercial-movie equipment for "now-generation" movies—the kind of movies that buy and sell and attack "amorality." He's got the soft-edge mind to go with his luxuriously blurred cinematography. His facile, splashy, rotten style makes a shallow, romantic director like Claude Lelouch seem positively austere. "Facile" means in this case that Sarne can do so many things not worth doing; "Joanna" is a monument to cheap ambition. At the risk of being crude, I here note the wish that Mr. Sarne would add "writer-director" to the list of his former occupations.

ALTHOUGH I am far from being an enthusiast of John Cassavetes' kind of moviemaking, after seeing something like "Joanna" one may think back on the glum, naïve realism of "Faces" with respect, if not quite affection. When his "Shadows" came out, almost a decade ago, it was generally thought of as a group improvisation rather than as a first film by John Cassavetes. But from bits of his two intervening, commercially produced films ("Too Late Blues" and "A Child Is Waiting"), and now from "Faces," in which he apparently had full control, it is clear that either he made "Shadows" or working on "Shadows" made his style. Cassavetes' method is peculiar in that its triumphs and its failures are not merely inseparable from the method but often truly hard to separate from each other. The acting that is so bad it's embarrassing sometimes seems also to have revealed something, so we're forced to reconsider our notions of good and bad acting. In 1961, I commented on "Shadows," "As the creative effort of a group, it has the rawness and insistence of a form of psychodrama, but it has a special fascination—it reveals a good deal about what actors think is the content of drama (and what they think life is)." In "Faces," the people are older and richer, and the milieu is southern California rather than New York, yet not only is the method the same (though the technique is infinitely smoother and the *cinéma-vérité* style photography is generally handsome and effective) but the attitudes are the same. The heroine, after a night of extramarital sex, experiences the very same pathos and guilt and disgust that the

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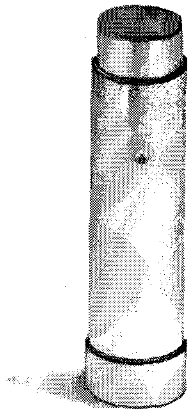
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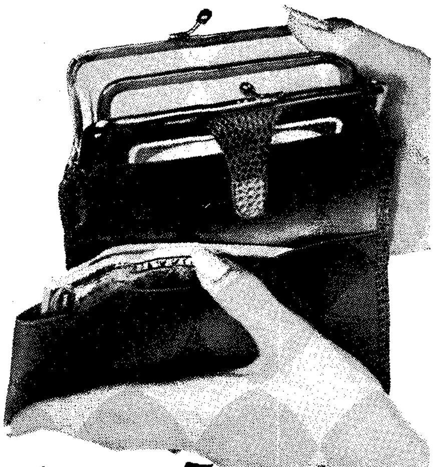
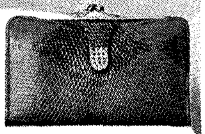
virgin in "Shadows" experienced when she was seduced. In fact, nobody seems to have got very far, except downhill. "Faces" is going to be a big success and it doesn't need critical generosity, so, still awarding Cassavetes high marks for doing something "interesting," I would like to point out some of the *limitations and implications of the* method.

Cassavetes' approach to making a film is not unlike Andy Warhol's in "The Chelsea Girls" and Norman Mailer's in "Wild 90" and "Beyond the Law;" by depending on the inspiration of the amateurs and professionals in their casts, they attempt to get at something more truthful than ordinary movies do. And the actors act away. The movie equivalent of primitive painters may be moviemakers like these, who expect the movie to happen when the camera is on. Their movies become the games actors play (and this can be true even when there is a conventional script, as in "Rachel, Rachel"). They are likely to go for material that they feel is being left out of commercial films, but they make their movies in terms of what impressed them in their childhood—the stars—and ignore the other elements of movies. In Warhol and in Mailer, the best moments may be when the actors have a good time performing for the camera. Cassavetes has a good, clear sense of structure; he uses a script and allows improvisation only within strict limits, and, as a result, "Faces"—which is like an upper-middle-class, straight version of "The Chelsea Girls"—has the unified style of an agonizing honesty. Many professional and non-professional actors have something they're particularly good at, and in this kind of movie they may get a chance to show it: in "Shadows," the heroine's flirtatiousness, the quarrelling of the two men in the train station; in "Faces," Lynn Carlin's comic rapport with John Marley in her first scene. And there are nuances and inventions we get from such scenes which in context seem remarkable—seem to be unlike what we get in ordinary movies. But these actors may be inadequate or awful in the rest of the film, because, working out of themselves this way, they can't create a character. Their performances don't have enough range, so one tends to tire of them before the movie is finished. It's my feeling that nothing makes one so aware of acting as this self-conscious kind of willed realism, and I think we may overreact to the occasional small victories because we sit there waiting for the actors to think up something to say and do. The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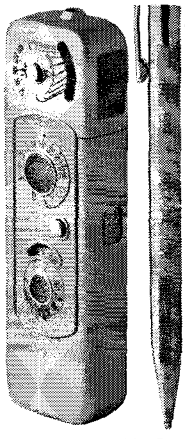
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actors dominate, as they do on a stage, and they can bring something like the tedium of dull people on the stage to the screen. But what actors think is true to life, and what, given the impetus to be sincere and the opportunity to improvise, they come up with, is very much like what the public thinks is true to life.

Glowering with integrity, determined not to pander to commercial tastes, Cassavetes has stumbled on a very commercial idea. His great commercial asset is that he thinks not like a director but like an actor. His deliberately raw material about affluence and apathy, loneliness and middle age, the importance of sex and the miseries of marriage may not say any more about the subject than glossy movies on the same themes, and the faces with blemishes may not be much more revealing than faces with a little makeup, but the unrelieved effort at honesty is, for some people, intensely convincing. When it's done as psychodrama rather than as entertainment, they seem to accept all this bruising-searing stuff, the sad whore and the tender hustler, and the false-laughter bit, and the-lies-people-live-by, etc. Watching the kind of drunken salesmen one would have sense enough to avoid in life can, I suppose, seem an illumination. Watching a fat, drunken old woman fall on top of a man she has just begged for a kiss can seem an epiphany. There are scenes in "Faces" so dumb, so crudely conceived, and so badly performed that the audience practically burns incense. I think embarrassment is not a quality of art but our reaction to failed art, yet many members of the audience apparently feel that embarrassment is a sign of flinching before the painful truth, and hence they accept what is going on as deeper and truer because they have been embarrassed by it. Cassavetes' people are empty, lecherous middle-aged failures, like Benjamin's parents and their friends in "The Graduate," seen not in terms of comedy but in terms of bitterness and despair—a confirmation of the audience's anxieties. The theme of "Faces" is exactly the same theme as that of many now fashionable films—sex as the last quest for meaning in this meaningless, godless, etc., life, or "We who are about to die want to try everything." But the aging people and the Los Angeles setting (which, of course, makes it all seem suburban) have the ghastliness and monotonousness of the commonplace. The heroine is the most banal of all statistical entities—"housewife." And no matter how much is written on

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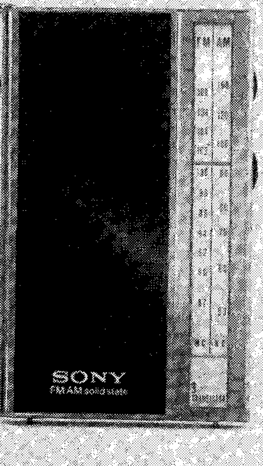
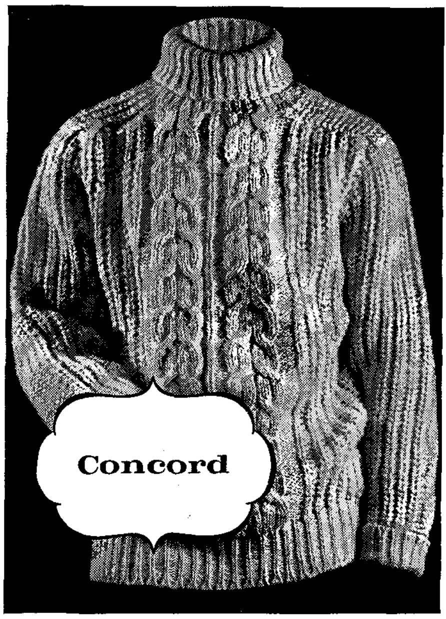


Alan Paine



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aesthetics people think something is good because "I've known people just like that. It's so true to life."

Artists use their technique in order to express themselves more fully; the actors in "Faces" strip away technique as if it were a falsehood that stood between them and "reality." This idea has great popular appeal; it's like the theory of character in "The Boys in the Band"—that when you peel away the protective layers of personality you get to the real person inside. "Faces" has the kind of seriousness that a serious artist couldn't take seriously—the kind of seriousness that rejects art as lies and superficiality. And this lumpen-artists' anti-intellectualism, this actors' unformulated attack on art may be what much of the public also believes—that there is a real thing that "art" hides. The audience comes out shaken and in no mood for levity—as I discovered when I attempted to cheer someone up by remarking that if people's lives were so empty, wasn't it lucky that they had a little money to *ease the pain? I was reprimanded with* "The pain is due to America and money." (A) I don't believe it, and (B) just about every "serious" movie lately has been saying it. But audiences really seem to want to hear it. I have tried to describe the audience reaction rather than just my own because that reaction may be important to the future of movies. A movie like "Joanna" makes one want to throw up, but "Faces" makes a sacrament of throwing up modern life and American society. Like a number of new forms of theatre, "Faces" is being taken as a religious experience. It's almost a form of self-flagellation to go to a movie like this—"to see yourself," which, of course, means to see how awful you are. And the hushed seriousness with which people respond (to what is really not much more than the routine sorrows of middle age or a bad office party) seems almost hysterical. They come out chanting the liberal forms of "Mea culpa." —PAULINE KAEL

•

We make no pretense in setting forth a literary great, but have attempted to make the content of this book as clear and concise as possible for you, the reader.

Any errors in grammar, punctuation, or syntax is strictly our individual approach to the matter, and we beg your leave if a sense of correctness has been inviolate.—*From the preface to "North American Falconry and Hunting Hawks," by Frank Lyman Beebe and Harold Melvin Webster.*

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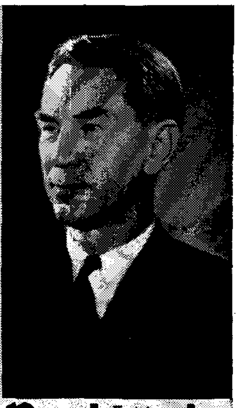

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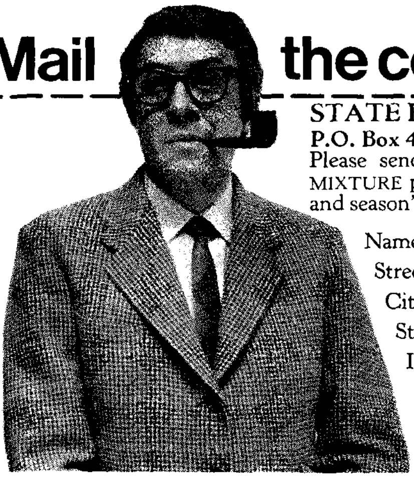

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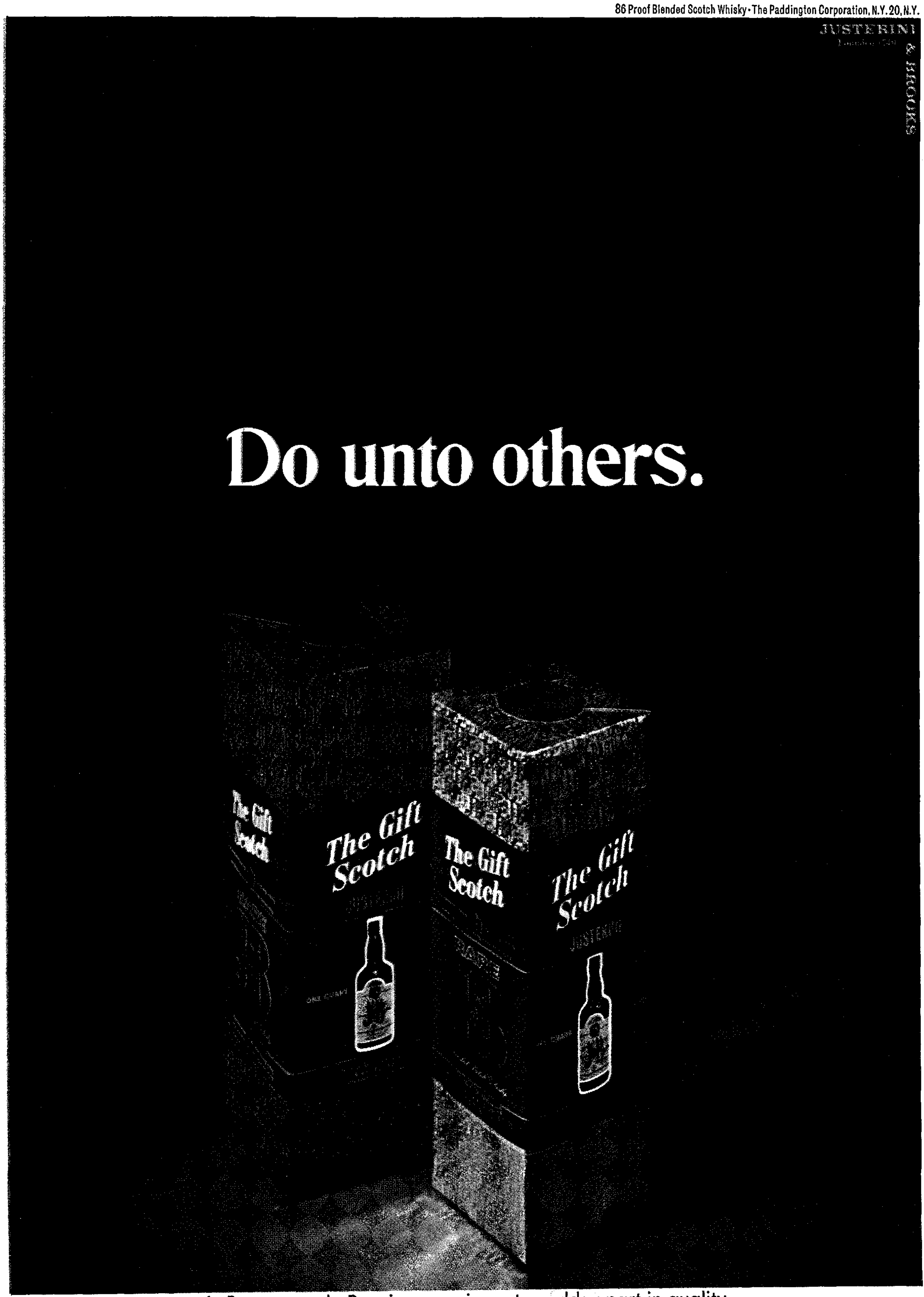
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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

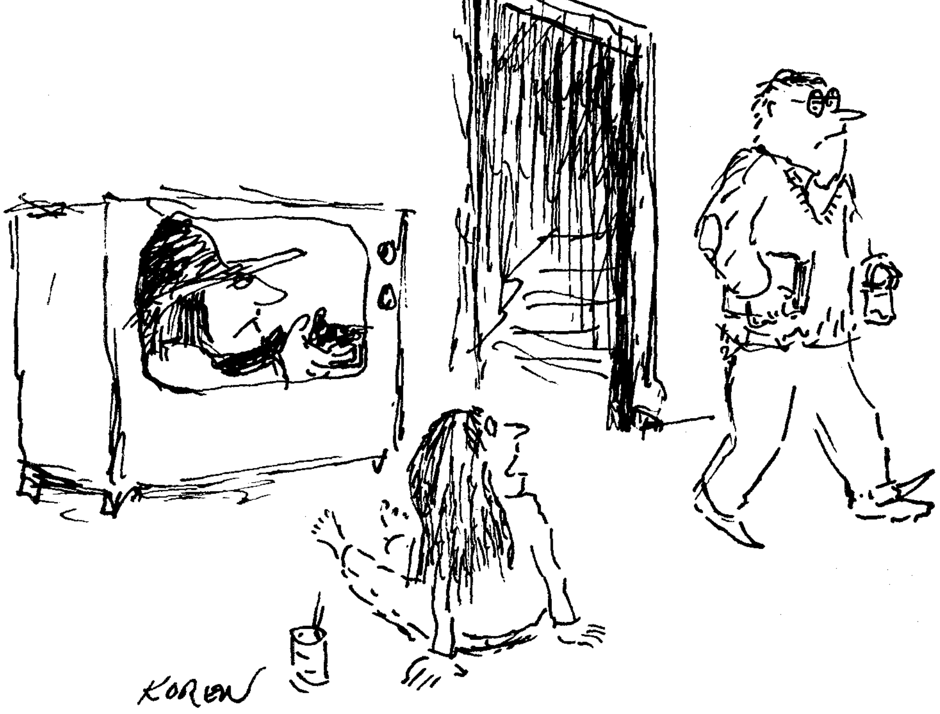
THE CASE OF MRS. CARTER

THE case of the woman whom I'll call Linda Mae Carter—Mrs. Joseph Carter—first came to the attention of Dr. Louis Cohen, an internist in Topeka, Kansas, on the morning of February 24, 1962. It was brought to his attention by a colleague on the staff of the Topeka State Hospital. Mrs. Carter, his colleague told him over the telephone, was thirty-three years old and the wife of a skilled machinist. The Carters had one child, a boy of three. Mrs. Carter had been a patient at Topeka State for almost three months. She had been admitted on November 29th for evaluation of a progressive disabling disease tentatively diagnosed as amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. She was further disabled by two hip fractures that had failed to mend properly, and by a severe mental depression. The hospital was discharging her that afternoon. There had been no improvement in her physical condition, and a recent psychiatric diagnosis had described her as a hysterical personality with neurotic or psychotic potentialities, but the hospital felt that she would be more comfortable at home with her family. Continued hospitalization seemed useless, and might even be damaging to so young a woman. The only trouble was that the Carters had no regular physician. Might he refer Mrs. Carter and her husband to Dr. Cohen? Dr. Cohen hesitated. It sounded like a discouraging case, but he couldn't very well say no. He told him to go ahead.

"That was a Saturday," Dr. Cohen says. "I heard from the Carters on Monday. I called my office from the hospital—Stormont-Vail Hospital—as I always do after my morning rounds, and my nurse gave me the morning calls and messages. One of the calls was from Joseph Carter. His wife wanted to see me—sometime that day, if possible. Well, right then was as good a time as any, so I asked my nurse to call and say I'd be over directly. I got there around ten o'clock. It was a fairly new house on an unpaved road in a kind of development way out on the north side of town. Carter was at work by then, and a neighbor girl opened the door. They had got her in as a combination nurse and babysitter. She took me into the bedroom. Mrs. Carter was lying there flat on her back in a hospital bed. She was a nice-looking woman with pretty black hair, but her face was as white as a sheet and she was nothing but skin and bones.

"I introduced myself and sat down by the bed, and we talked for a couple of minutes. Mrs. Carter had no particular reason for calling me. I mean, nothing new had happened since Saturday—since she left the hospital. She simply wanted to meet me, and she hoped I could do something to help her. Nobody else had been able to, she said. I said I'd do the best I could. We talked a little more, and then I examined her. It was pathetic. She was really disabled. She was doubly disabled. She was flat on her back because of her fractured hips, but that was only part of it. She was also immobilized by a permanent contraction of the muscles of her legs and abdomen. Her body was pulled as taut as a bowstring. And not only that. Every now and then, she told me, her muscles would suddenly pull even tighter, and she would go into a spasm. I knew what she meant, and I could imagine how it must have felt. It would have been a seizure like the spasms in tetanus or in strychnine poisoning. A powerful convulsion. Those symptoms—the stiffness and the spasms—were manifestations, of course, of the disease that was thought to be amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis is a degenerative disease of the central nervous system. It's somewhat on the order of multiple sclerosis—what they used to call 'Lou Gehrig disease.' Well, I examined her as carefully as I could in the circumstances, and I must say I wasn't particularly impressed by the amyotrophic-lateral-sclerosis hypothesis. One of the usual manifestations of that disease is muscle fasciculations. That's a spontaneous muscular quivering. It's like the deliberate twitch that a horse gives when he wants to shake off a fly. Another, though less frequent, manifestation is a positive Babinski reflex. Babinski's reflex is an upturning of the big toe when the sole of the foot is stroked. A turned-up toe is an indication of damage to the pyramidal tract of the brain and spinal cord. Also, there is usually some spasticity in the lower legs. But Mrs. Carter had a negative, or normal, Babinski, and I found no suggestion of either muscle fasciculations or spasticity.

"So I had my doubts about amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. And yet I couldn't absolutely rule it out. The only certainty was that I needed to know a great deal more about this case than I did. Even the general nature of Mrs. Carter's trouble was not entirely clear. She seemed to be the victim of some central-nervous-system disease, but maybe not. Maybe that was only the way it looked. I remembered that the



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State Hospital had described her as a hysterical personality. I didn't find her very stable myself. Actually, she was rather hostile. She was more or less hostile all the time I was with her. Still, we talked. We talked about her illness. And the more we talked, the less her hostility bothered me. By the time I left, it hardly bothered me at all. I could understand why she acted that way. I mean, I had an inkling. It wasn't until I dug into her medical history and saw just what she'd been through that I really understood."

Mrs. Carter's trouble began in 1959. One day in early August of that year, she stumbled and fell while getting out of the family car. She wasn't hurt, but the accident unnerved her. It was her conviction that it hadn't been an ordinary accident. There was something wrong with her legs. They had a funny feeling. This impression persisted, and as summer ended and autumn came on she identified the feeling as a stiffness. It was a sudden tightening of the leg muscles, and it seemed to occur at moments of emotional stress. Mrs. Carter had a job at that time as a clerk in a Topeka business office, and she became aware that any little excitement—a teasing remark by one of her fellow-workers—might bring on a stiffening contraction. The spasms lasted for several minutes, and while they lasted her legs were locked at the knee. She could walk only with a painful stiff-legged lurch. Around Thanksgiving, the spasms became more frequent. They also lasted longer, and it seemed to take less and less to bring them on. The telephone, the doorbell, a shout—any unexpected noise would throw her into a spasm, and she found that she was especially susceptible just before a menstrual period. Even a sudden quickening of pace would often excite a seizure. She developed a frantic fear of falling, and refused to ride on escalators or to go through revolving doors. She began to cry at the slightest provocation. Shortly after Christmas—in January of 1960—she called a physician recommended by a friend, and made an appointment for a consultation.

The physician Mrs. Carter consulted was an internist whom I'll call Dr. Warren. He asked her the usual questions and then performed the usual comprehensive examination. The results of the examination were unequivocally normal. There was no evidence of any fundamental physical derangement. It was equally clear, however, that Mrs. Carter was physically disabled. Dr. Warren resolved this per-

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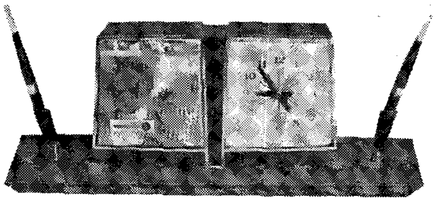

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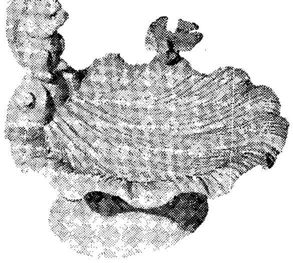

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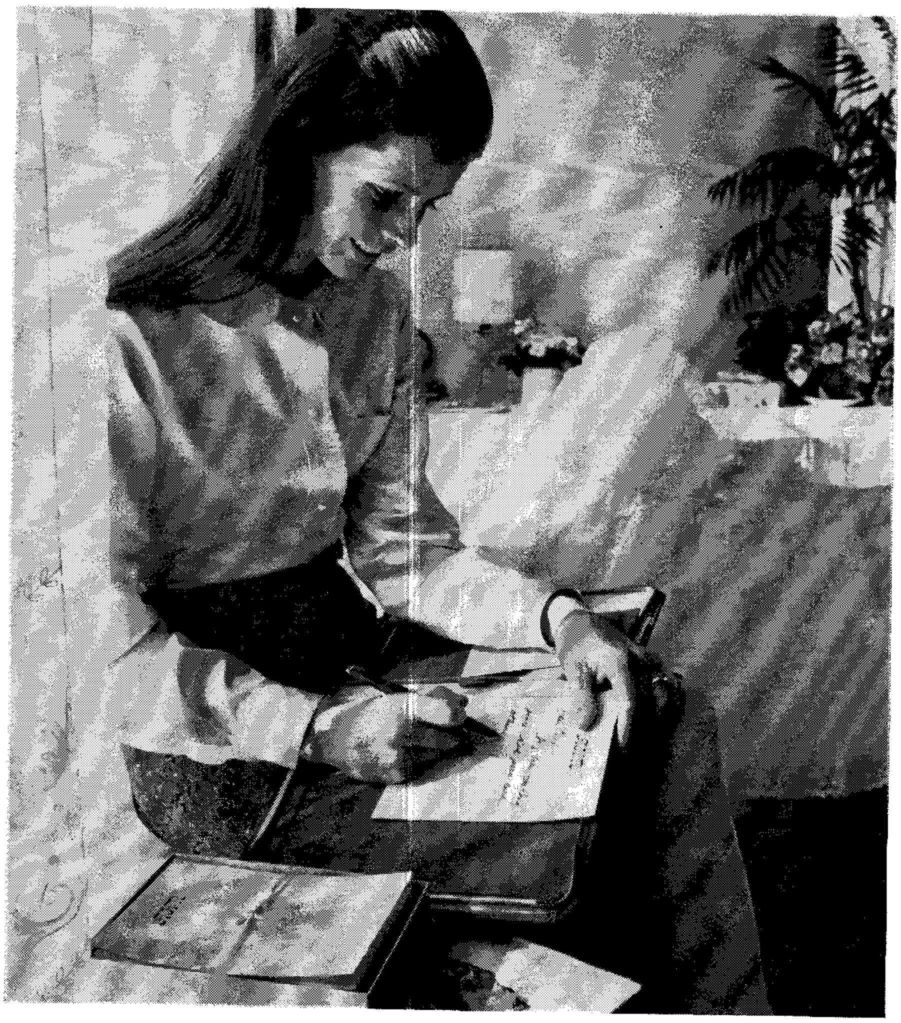

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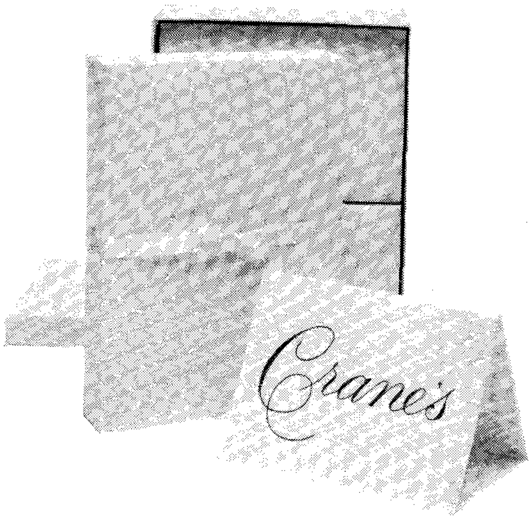

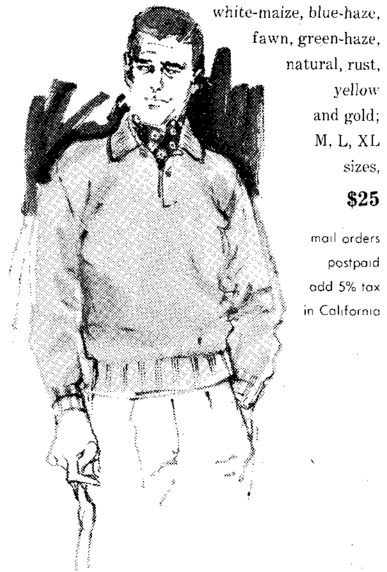

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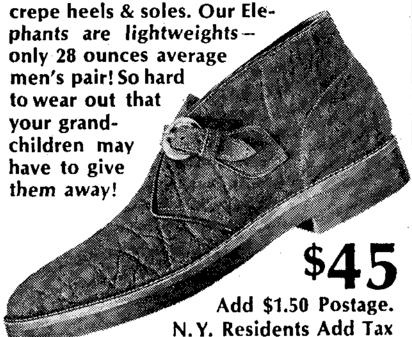

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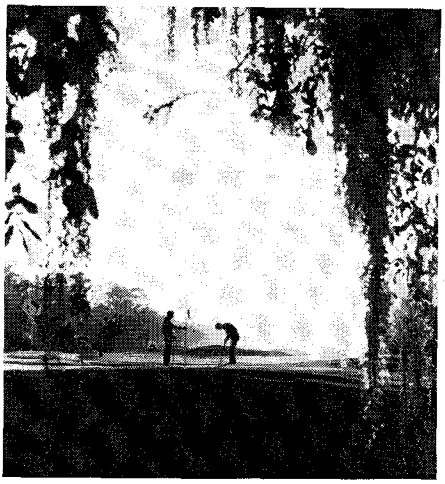
plexity in the standard modern manner. It was his impression, he told Mrs. Carter, that her trouble was functional rather than constitutional in origin. A psychiatric examination was therefore indicated. If Mrs. Carter wished, he would be glad to refer her to a psychiatrist in whom he had every confidence. Mrs. Carter thanked him, took the name of the recommended psychiatrist, and went home.

Mrs. Carter considered calling Dr. Warren's psychiatrist. She discussed the matter with her husband and thought about it for several days. She wanted to call, and yet she didn't. The idea of a psychiatric examination was somehow very disturbing. The days, the weeks, the months went by, and she never made the call. Instead, toward the end of July she telephoned Dr. Warren again and made another appointment. The reason for the consultation was a new set of muscular symptoms. In addition to the spasms that locked her knees, she now had begun to suffer from similar spasms in the muscles of her neck. The muscles there were tender, and they often ached. So did those in her shoulders. Dr. Warren examined her again. The examination confirmed her new complaints. It also further confirmed his impression that her symptoms were psychogenic. He gave her a prescription for phenobarbital to ease her nervousness, and urged her once more to consult his psychiatric colleague. Mrs. Carter said she would.

But she didn't. Nor did she call on Dr. Warren again. With the help of phenobarbital, she continued on her own for three months longer. Then, in November, she consulted another friend and telephoned another physician. I'll call him Dr. Rushing. His impression of Mrs. Carter and of the nature of her illness was much the same as that affirmed and reaffirmed by Dr. Warren. He, too, concluded that what she needed was psychiatric treatment. However, before passing her along to psychiatry, he thought it might be prudent to arrange for a neurological consultation. Mrs. Carter had no objection to that, and a few days later she was admitted for observation to Stormont-Vail Hospital. The observing neurologist returned her to Dr. Rushing with a report that entirely confirmed the latter's understanding of the matter. There was no evidence of any neurological disease—no aberrant reflexes, no abnormal modalities of sensation, no synaptic ambiguities. On the other hand, the neurologist added, there was abundant evidence of "emotional



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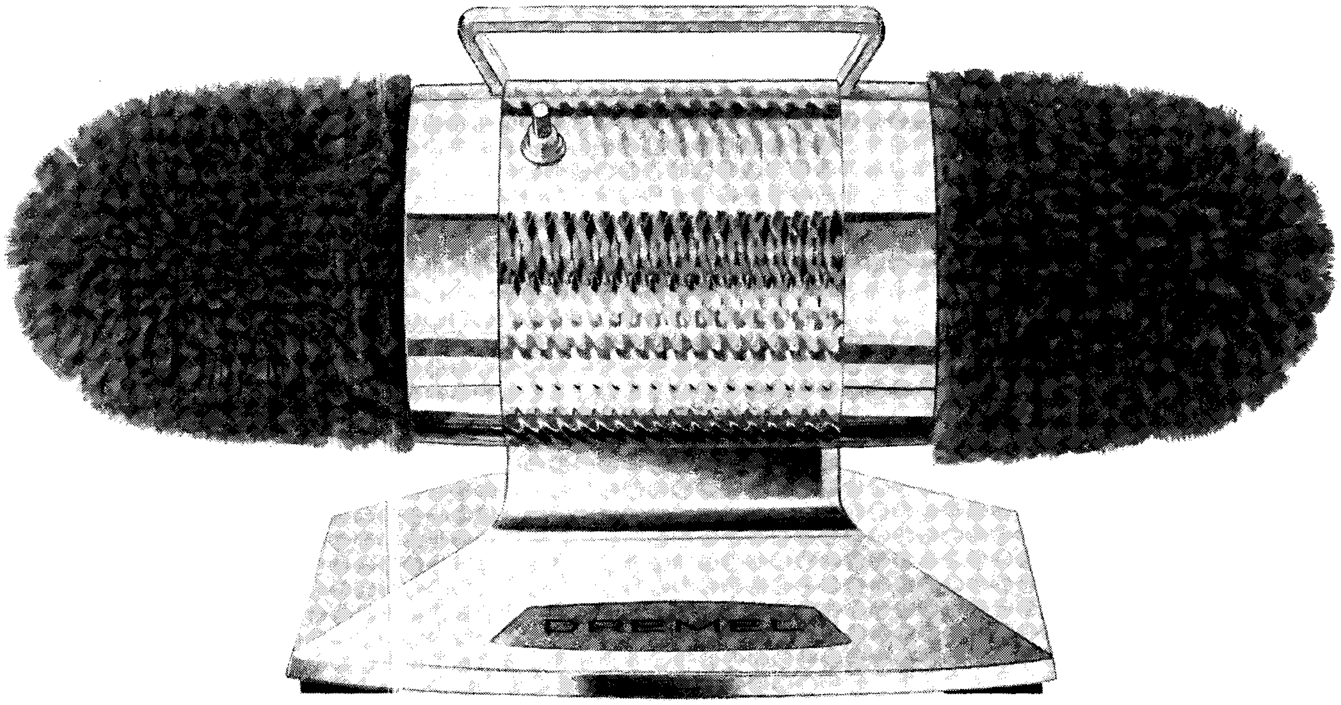

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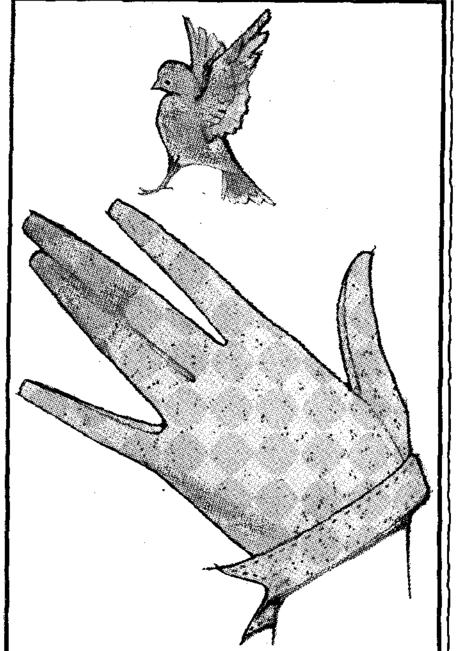

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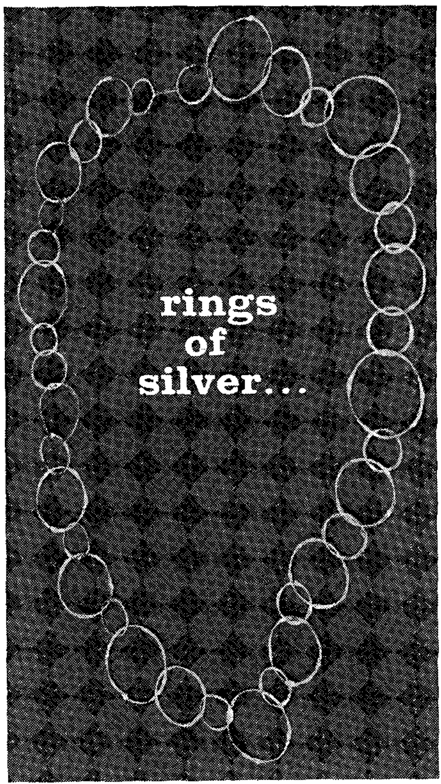

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illness . . . lying somewhere in the neurotic range, with components of anxiety, hysteria, and the possibility of a little depression." Psychiatric evaluation was strongly recommended.

Dr. Rushing conferred with Mrs. Carter the following week, and he succeeded where Dr. Warren had failed. Mrs. Carter agreed to let him refer her to the municipal Family Service and Guidance Center of Topeka for psychiatric examination and counselling. Her name was put on the waiting list there, and when the Center called her, early in January of 1961, she responded to the call. The results of the examination were a gratifying justification of the neurologist's apprehension and the suspicions of Dr. Warren and Dr. Rushing. Mrs. Carter was emotionally ill, and the specific character of her illness was diagnosed as a "conversion reaction, or schizophrenic reaction, schizo-affective type." She was instructed to return to the Center for a psychotherapeutic consultation. She returned for two or three consultations with a designated staff psychiatrist, and then—losing interest or patience or confidence—dropped out of the course. A week or two later, around the middle of March, she called another psychiatrist, a man in private practice, and arranged for an office consultation. Her physical condition by then had conspicuously worsened. The psychiatrist noted that she arrived on the arm of her husband, and was unable to walk across the room without help. He also noted that she "kept her handkerchief over her face at all times" and that her general behavior was "inappropriate." She was, in addition, "quite uncoöperative." At the end of the consultation, Mrs. Carter asked for a prescription for phenobarbital. The psychiatrist, detecting in her manner a hint of possible dependence, refused. Instead, he gave her a prescription for mephenesin, a muscle relaxant and a non-addictive drug, and urged her to resume her consultations at the Family Service and Guidance Center. But nothing came of either remedy. Mrs. Carter ignored his advice, and the mephenesin failed to control the crippling muscle spasms. The spasms spread from her legs to her thighs and upward to her abdomen, and the seizures became more violent and more frequent. Early in April, she found it necessary to resign her job. She was practically immobilized by almost daily seizures.

The accident in which Mrs. Carter suffered the first of her two hip fractures occurred on June 21st. That

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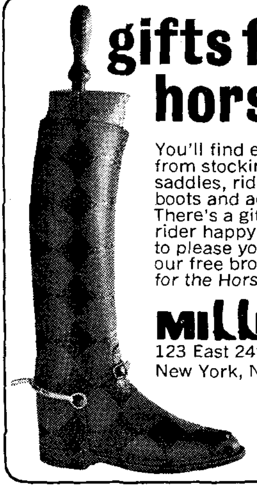

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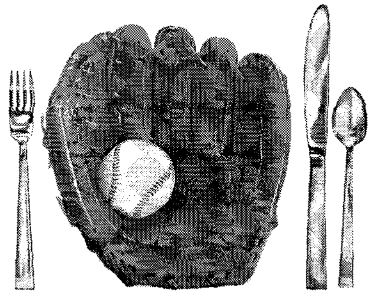

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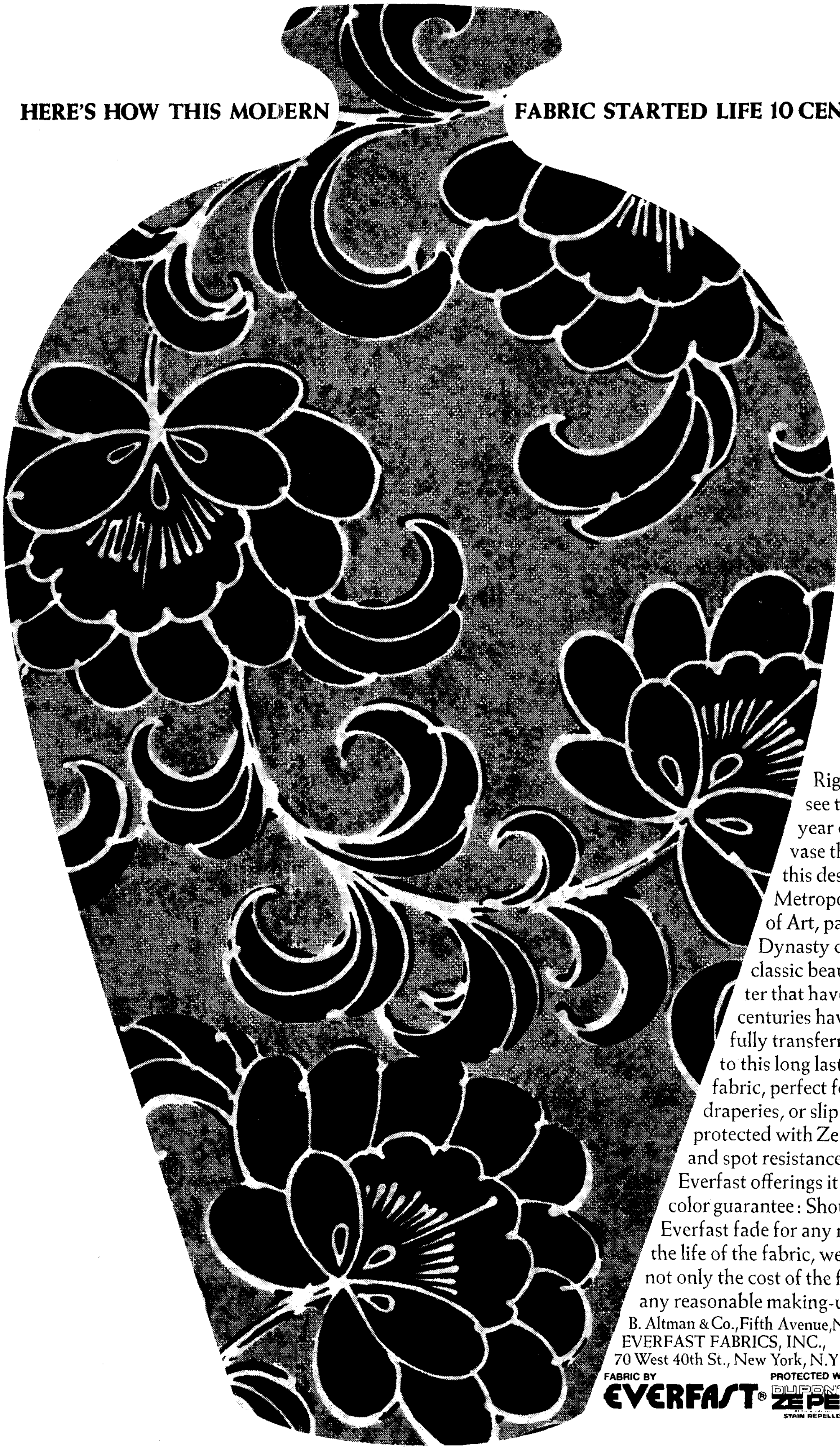

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morning, as usual, she awakened early, at about six-thirty, and, as usual, asked her husband to help her out of bed. His help had become essential. Her muscles were now so tightly drawn that she couldn't bend at either the waist or the knees. Carter picked her up like a log, swung her gently around, and lowered her feet to the floor. Her heels found a purchase and he raised her stiffly erect. Her body gave a sudden spastic wrench. There was a crack like the sound of a snapping twig, and Mrs. Carter screamed. Carter stood transfixed. Mrs. Carter screamed again, and then began to moan. Carter laid her back on the bed and ran to the telephone and called the Topeka ambulance service. Mrs. Carter was carried into the emergency room of Stormont-Vail Hospital at about seven-thirty. An X-ray examination revealed an intracapsular fracture of the left hip. The bone was set, and fixed in place with a flanged, triangular five-inch length of stainless steel known to surgery as a Smith-Petersen nail. Mrs. Carter remained in the hospital for almost two weeks. Her hip appeared to be mending normally, and on July 4th she was discharged to convalesce at home.

Mrs. Carter spent the summer on her back in bed. The muscle spasms and the spells of crying continued. Her emotions were stretched as tight as her leg and abdominal muscles, and they were equally sensitive to even the slightest jar. She was still confined to bed when the accident in which she suffered her second hip fracture occurred. That was on October 14th, around seven o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Carter had awakened that morning with a soreness at the base of her spine that radiated into her right hip. She asked her husband to massage it. She had experienced this soreness several times before and had found that a gentle massage would relieve it. Mrs. Carter lay on her back, and her husband kneaded her hip and upper thigh. After two or three minutes, she asked him to massage her spine, and moved to turn on her stomach. Her body arched in a spasm—and Carter again heard a crack like the sound of a snapping twig. Mrs. Carter screamed.

An X-ray examination at Stormont-Vail Hospital, to which Mrs. Carter was again conveyed by ambulance, revealed an intracapsular fracture of the right hip. It also revealed that her fractured left hip was unhealed. The Smith-Petersen nail had not been strong enough to withstand the wrench of almost daily muscle spasms, and the

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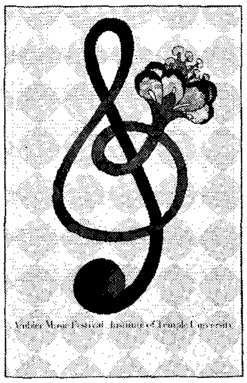

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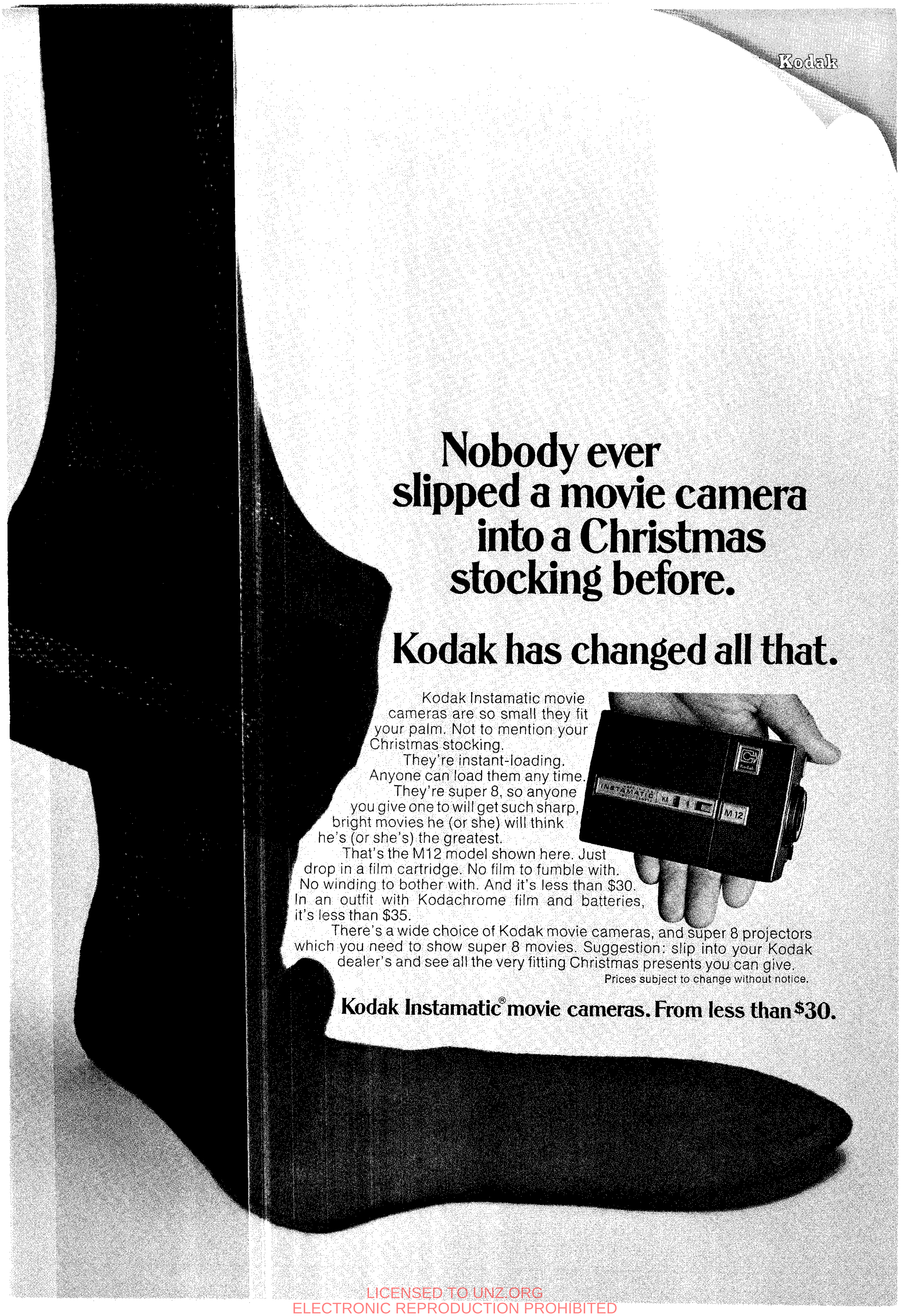

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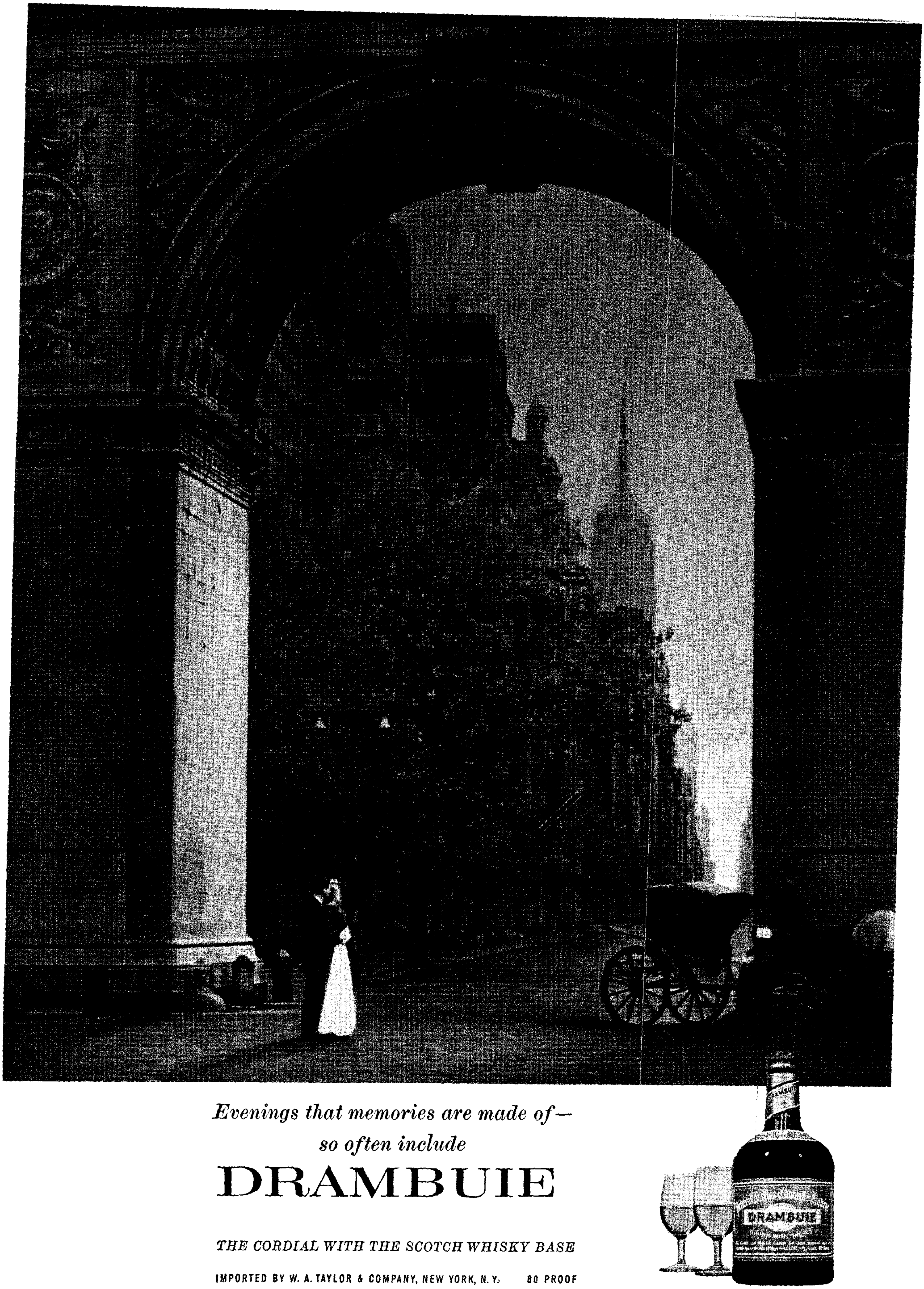

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IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 80 PROOF bone ends had gradually pulled apart. The attending surgeon had planned to fix the new fracture with another Smith-Petersen nail, but the evidence of the second X-ray immediately changed his mind. He used instead a system of Hague pins. A Hague pin is a stainless-steel bolt with threads at one end to receive a securing nut. The pins chosen by Mrs. Carter's surgeon were about six inches long and just over an eighth of an inch in diameter. He fixed the right hip fracture with three Hague pins, and then removed the loosened nail from the other hip and replaced it with a bone graft and another set of three pins. It was during Mrs. Carter's convalescence from that double operation that a tentative diagnosis of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis was offered as a possible supplement to the continuing psychiatric evaluation. Mrs. Carter remained at Stormont-Vail until November 29th. That was when she was admitted to Topeka State Hospital. A few weeks after her arrival there, she suffered a series of spasms so violent that her fractures were again undone. The spasms were, in fact, so violent that they bent the six Hague pins. The pins still held, but the damage now was irreparable. A normal union of her broken bones could never be achieved as long as her spasms continued, and Mrs. Carter was all but completely helpless.

IT took Dr. Cohen several days to root out and review Mrs. Carter's medical history. His findings left him sympathetic but confused. In a memorandum he made at the time, he noted, "Fantastic as it may seem, the possibility must be considered that this patient has fractured both hips during violent muscle spasms of psychic origin. Metabolic bone disease must be considered, and appropriate studies are recommended to rule out this factor. Although the history is against this, a convulsive disorder must be ruled out. Repeat neurological evaluation is thus suggested." Dr. Cohen contemplated this briar patch of diagnostic contradictions, and then, with more hope than expectation, arranged with his colleague at Topeka State Hospital for a thorough reëvaluation of the neurological evidence in their file on Mrs. Carter. Meanwhile, he did what he could to make her less uncomfortable. The means he finally settled on was a muscle-relaxant drug known to pharmacology as chlorzoxazone. Its impact, though slight, was perceptible. Chlorzoxazone (in doses of five hundred milligrams three times a day) had n

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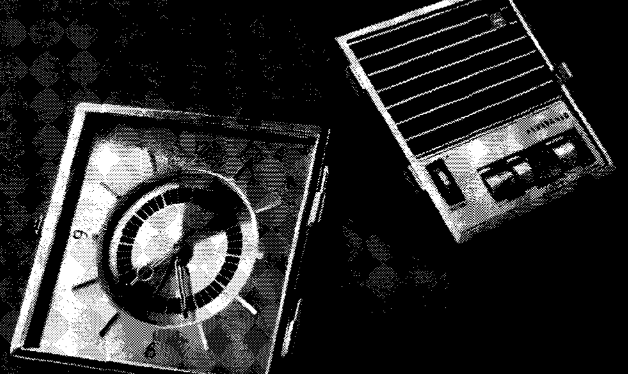

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effect on the shackling muscular rigidity, but it somewhat tempered the ferocity of the periodic spasms. That was a small but not insignificant blessing.

A report on the Topeka State review of Mrs. Carter's case reached Dr. Cohen on May 10th. It took the form of a letter from his colleague on the hospital staff and (in its essentials) read, "We had an interesting panel discussion. . . . The neurology consultants were unable to make a diagnosis accounting for all the clinical symptoms and signs. There are many features about the patient that did not fit within the frame of the so-called amyotrophic lateral sclerosis group. The patient did not show any atrophy of muscles or muscle fasciculations, and apparently did not suffer from anterior horn [of the spinal cord] degeneration. The hip fractures did not show any degree of healing. The osteoporosis of both hips was still observed. . . . An electromyogram [a recorded depiction of muscular contraction] was normal. Serum sodium, potassium chloride, calcium phosphorous, alkaline phosphatase and acid phosphatase, BUN, Creatinine, uric acid, LDH, LAP, blood sugar, SGOT, SGPT, and CRP were all within limits of normal." Dr. Cohen read the report without elation. Its value was almost entirely negative. Osteoporosis, the one pathological finding, is an abnormal porosity, or rarefaction, of the bones. Bones thus weakened may sometimes fracture spontaneously. There was, however, no reason to believe that osteoporosis was a significant factor in Mrs. Carter's hip fractures. Her fractures were spontaneous fractures, but it was an aberrant force of muscle, rather than a weakness of bone, that brought them about.

Dr. Cohen added the Topeka State report to his file on Mrs. Carter and resumed his diagnostic search. It now took him exclusively to the library. In spite of the lack of neurological evidence, he was increasingly inclined to feel that Mrs. Carter's trouble was basically neurological, and the literature he searched was largely in the field of neuromuscular disorders. His explorations led him through many clinical journals and through the ranks of many clinical investigators, and among those many investigators the name of one turned up so often that it fixed itself in his mind. This was a member of the neurology section of the Mayo Clinic named Donald W. Mulder. There was nothing relevantly revelatory in the writings of Dr. Mulder that came to Dr. Cohen's attention, but they had

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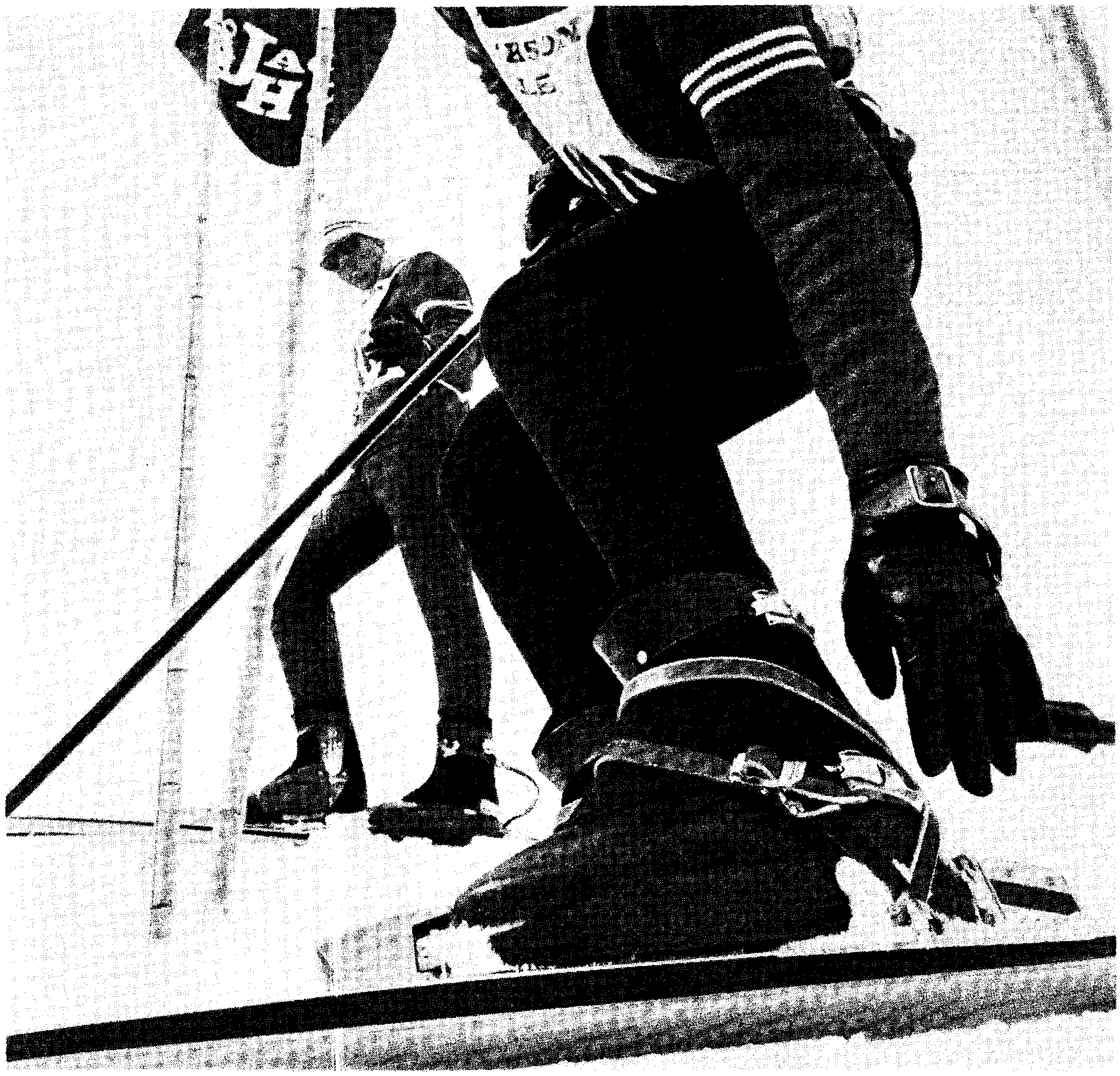

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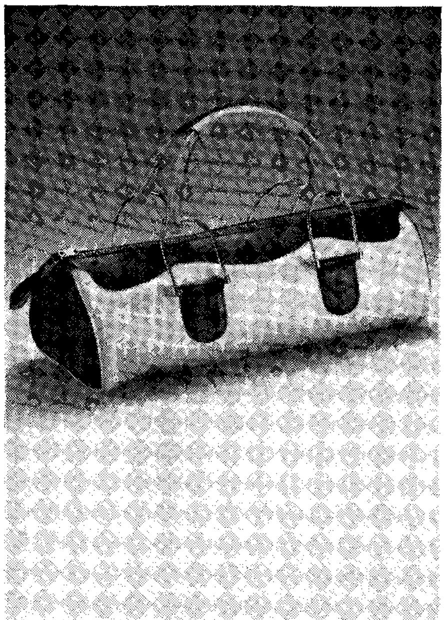

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a decisive impact. He emerged one evening from a Mulder paper with both a sense of resignation and a sudden flash of hope. He faced and accepted the probability that an accurate diagnosis of Mrs. Carter's trouble was beyond him. It might not, however, be beyond the reach of Dr. Mulder.

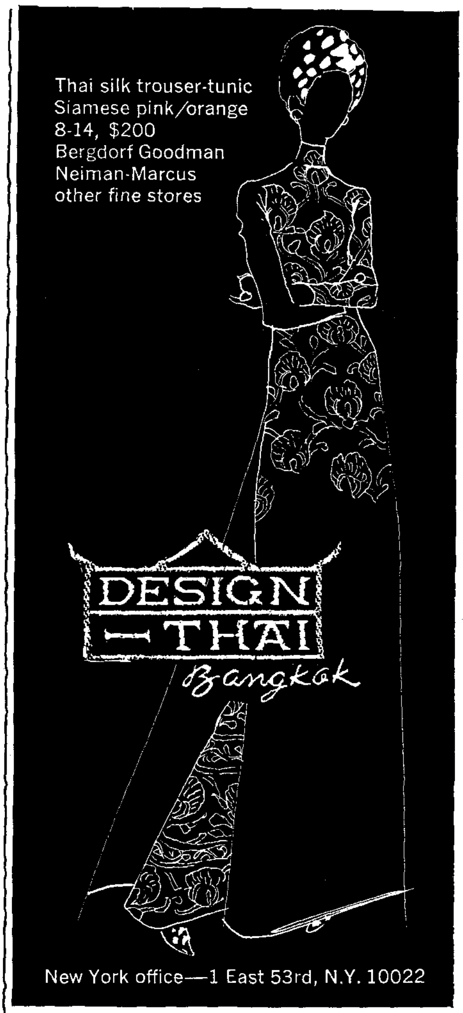
Mrs. Carter and her husband knew the Mayo Clinic by reputation, and since its reputation is an inspiring one, they responded to Dr. Cohen's proposal with an almost euphoric approval. The only problem was Mrs. Carter's total immobility, but Mr. Carter provided an answer to that. They could make the trip by trailer. Rochester, Minnesota, the seat of the Mayo Clinic, was not much more than five hundred miles from Topeka.

On June 5th, Dr. Cohen sat down and wrote an introductory letter to Dr. Mulder. He had, he said, a "very interesting" patient whom he would like to refer for diagnosis and possible suggestions for treatment. He then related her appalling history—the devastating muscular contractions, the pathological hip fractures, the contradictory diagnoses—and described the treatment she was now receiving. It was his feeling, he went on to say, that she might have an aneurysm pressing on the pyramidal tract of the spinal cord, or a "space-occupying lesion." He ended his letter with a warning that Mrs. Carter "would have to be admitted directly to the hospital" and that she would arrive by trailer.

Dr. Mulder's reply was prompt and eagerly affirmative. It was also brief and to the point. Dr. Mulder was looking forward to seeing "this very interesting patient," and arrangements were being made for her admission to the neurology service at the Methodist-Worrall Hospital, in Rochester, on Monday, June 11th. He would keep Dr. Cohen informed of Mrs. Carter's progress.

The Carters reached Rochester on June 10th, and Mrs. Carter was admitted to the hospital the following morning. She remained there under observation and examination until July 3rd. On July 14th, Dr. Mulder's progress report came through, and it was indeed a report of progress. It introduced Dr. Cohen to a disease of which he had never heard, and to a drug so new that it was not yet on the market.

Dr. Mulder began with an expression of thanks for the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Carter in neurological consultation. He and his colleagues were very much interested in her prob-



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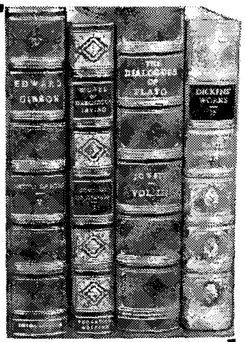

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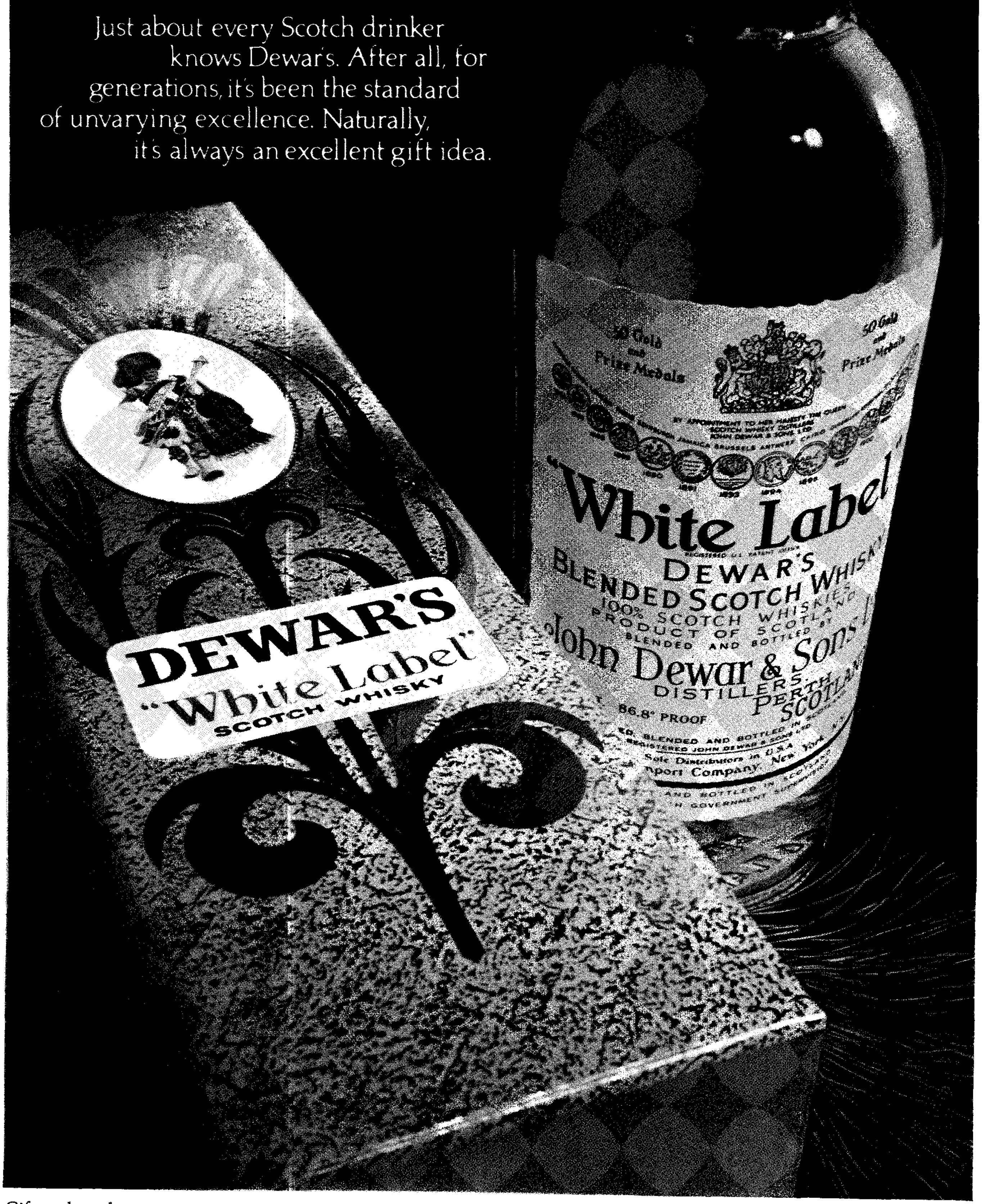
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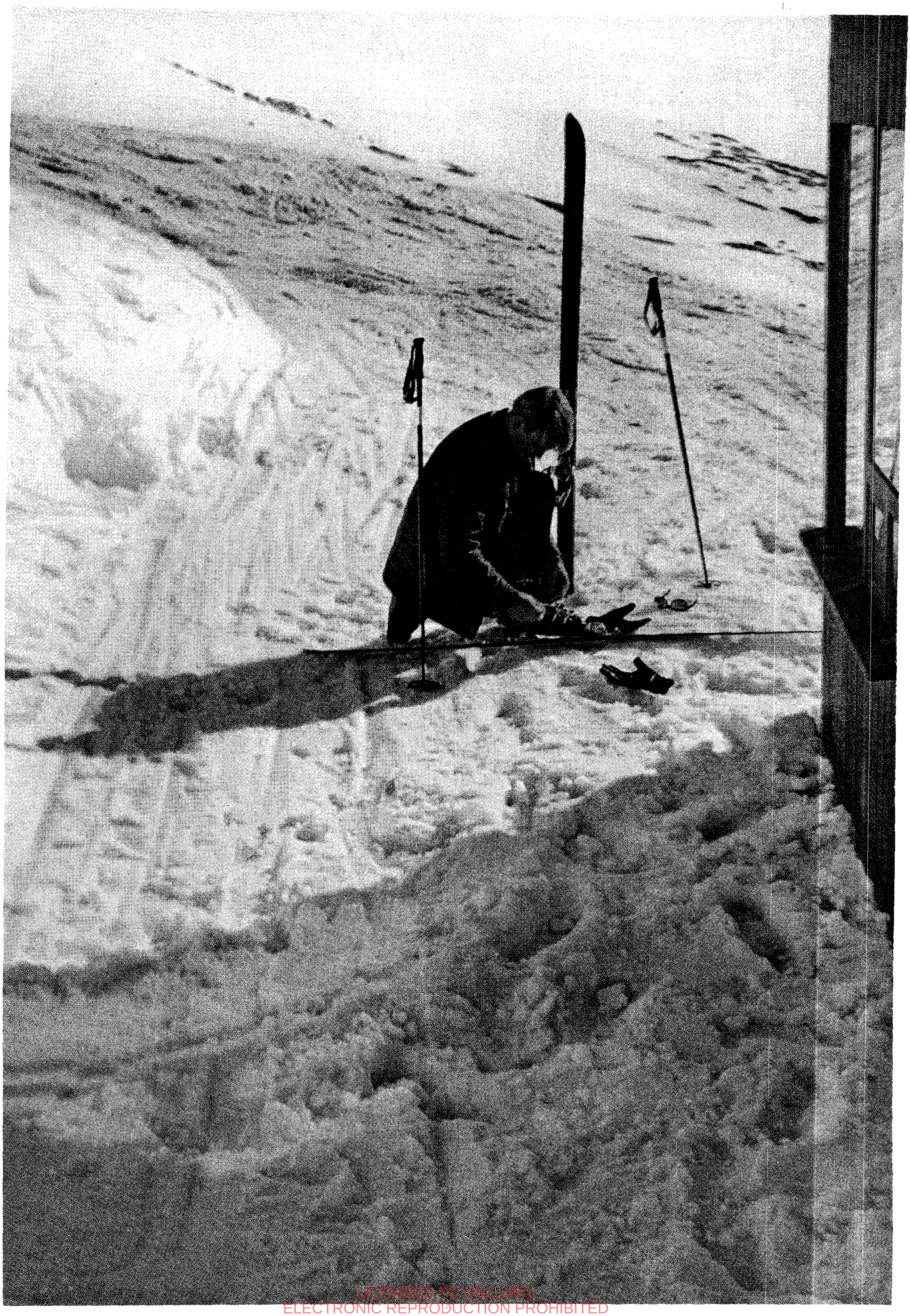

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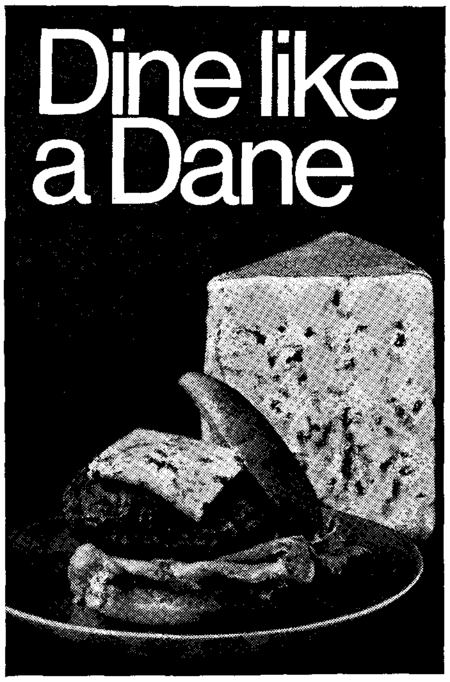

Feast well. Lavish your next burger with tingly, tempting Danish Blue cheese. Nothing gives sizzling beef a more delicious tang-up. One bite will convince you that this marks the end of the plain burger and the start of the Dane burger. Danish Blue adds zing to salads, casseroles, soups too. So indulge yourself. After all, one Dane good feast deserves another. Try the other Danish cheeses, too.

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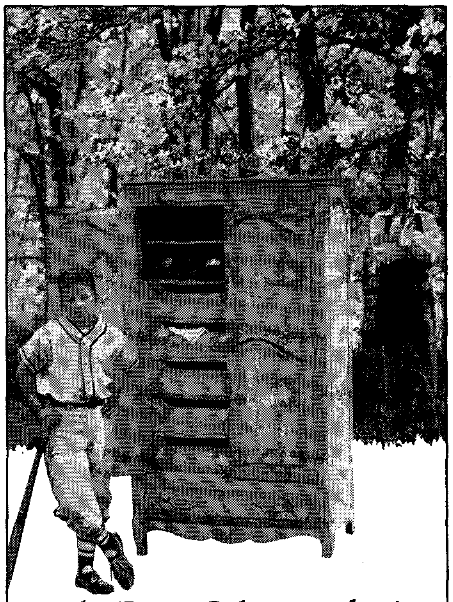

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lem. It was provocatively reminiscent. Nevertheless, the possibility that she might be suffering from a spinal-cord tumor or spinal-cord lesion "with secondary muscle spasm" was routinely considered. The indicated tests—an X-ray examination of the muscle tissue, an X-ray examination of the spinal cord, and an examination of the spinal fluid—were made. The results, however, were all essentially normal. That returned them to their first impression. It was their conclusion that Mrs. Carter's clinical syndrome might best be classified as being the "stiff-man's syndrome." This syndrome had recently been found to respond to a new drug called Valium, and Mrs. Carter had been so treated and with apparent success. He would see that Dr. Cohen received a supply of the drug. He wished Dr. Cohen and Mrs. Carter well, and hoped to be kept informed of the latter's progress.

Dr. Cohen's decision to solicit help for Mrs. Carter at the Mayo Clinic was more than just a happy one. It was providential as well. The Mayo Clinic was then the only medical center in the world where the stiff-man syndrome could be both readily diagnosed and efficaciously treated. Few physicians even now have ever heard of it. The syndrome is known at the Mayo Clinic because it was there that it was first recognized as an entity. It also was first successfully treated there, and it was named by Mayo investigators.

Its discoverers were two Mayo neurologists—Frederick P. Moersch and Henry W. Woltman. They announced their discovery in a report to the *Proceedings of the Staff Meetings of the Mayo Clinic*, entitled "Progressive Fluctuating Muscular Rigidity and Spasm ('Stiff-Man' Syndrome): Report of a Case and Some Observations in Thirteen Other Cases," in 1956. It was not a hasty announcement. The report began, "In the summer of 1924, an Iowa farmer, aged 49 years, came to the Clinic because of 'muscle stiffness and difficulty in walking.' " It continued:

> His disability . . . had begun insidiously in 1920 with episodes of tightening of the muscles of his neck. Gradually, these attacks had increased in frequency, in severity, and in duration. The tightening had spread to include the muscles of the shoulders and upper portion of the back. In March of 1923, after a fall, which had appeared to have no serious consequences other than to confine the man to bed for a few days, his muscular condition had worsened. His neck muscles had remained rigid most of the time,

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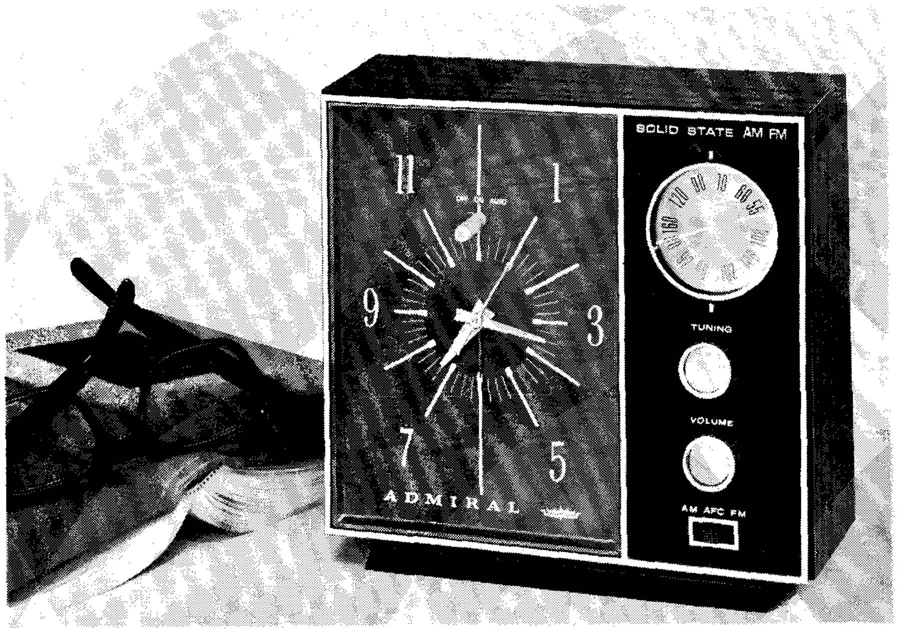
and his head could be brought forward only with great effort. Also, the abdominal muscles and, to a lesser degree, those of the lower part of the back and those of the thighs had partaken of this same stiffness or tightness. Moreover, the rigidity had been punctuated by intermittent and moderately painful spasms. As might be expected, this behavior of his muscles had interfered with walking. His gait had become slow and awkward and, when spasms had supervened, he might "fall as a wooden man." He had observed that noise, a sudden jar, or voluntary movement often precipitated these spasms. To arise from a seated position he frequently required assistance. . . . Nothing helpful to diagnosis was learned from routine physical [and] neurologic examination. . . . We could not make a diagnosis, but the unusual condition interested us no end and, to associate it with a memorable and descriptive term that could not be taken by anyone to be final, we nicknamed it the "stiff-man syndrome." In the absence of a diagnosis, and without knowledge of specific treatment, we observed the effects of bromides, of intramuscular administration of magnesium sulfate, and of sedation with barbiturates, but these helped only temporarily. . . . We were not privileged to examine this patient again. . . . He reported last in 1932. . . . He could be on his feet, but he was weak and could take only a few steps unassisted.

This ends our account of that case, but the clinical picture so imprinted itself on our minds that in the course of the following years we recognized the same syndrome in . . . thirteen other cases.

The records of these fourteen cases were similar. There was some variation in rapidity of onset, in degree and extent of muscular rigidity, and in associated spasms. Some patients complained slightly of pain that occurred with the spasms, and in four instances pain was of major importance. A critical review of the records suggested no common cause. . . . Of our fourteen patients, ten were males and four were females. The age of onset of the illness varied from twenty-eight to fifty-four years. . . . It is worth noting that the malady frequently was considered to be functional, especially in its early stages. Of our fourteen patients, four came to us without previous diagnosis. In five cases, a diagnosis of "functional condition" had been made by the referring physicians, and one of these patients had been given several electric-shock treatments to no avail. We, too, considered the possibility of a functional disorder in these five cases, and in several we pursued psychotherapy, including hypnosis in one case, before realizing our error. The previous diagnosis made in the remaining five cases was chronic tetany [a convulsive muscular disorder of metabolic origin] in two, and, respectively, dystonia [a disturbance in muscular tonicity], stroke, and arthritis in three. . . . In six cases the muscles of the trunk were first affected, in four cases the muscles of the neck and shoulders, and in the remaining four, the muscles of the limbs. Of these latter four cases, the legs were first involved in three, and a leg and the ipsilateral arm in the fourth. In all instances, the affliction spread to in-



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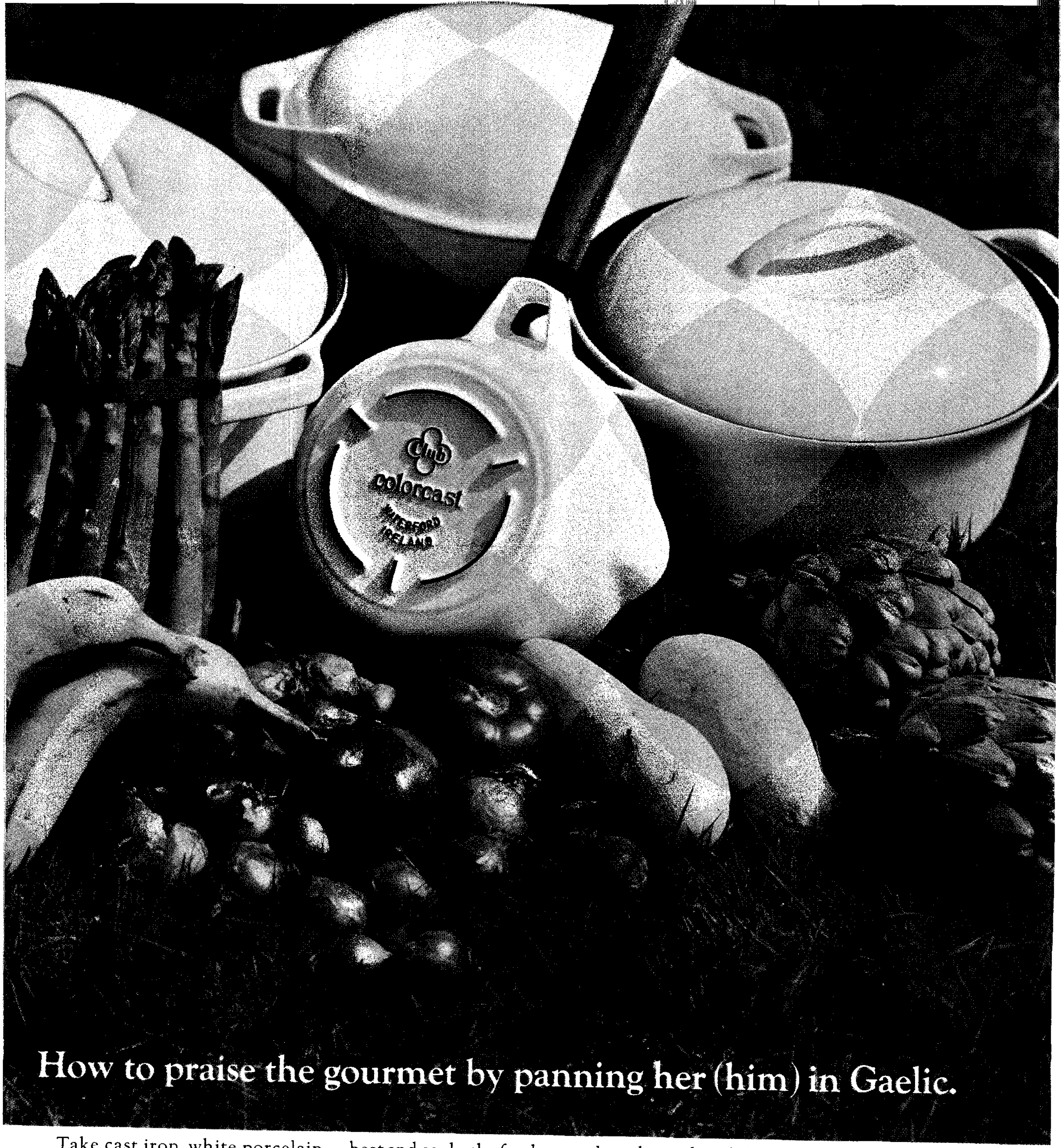

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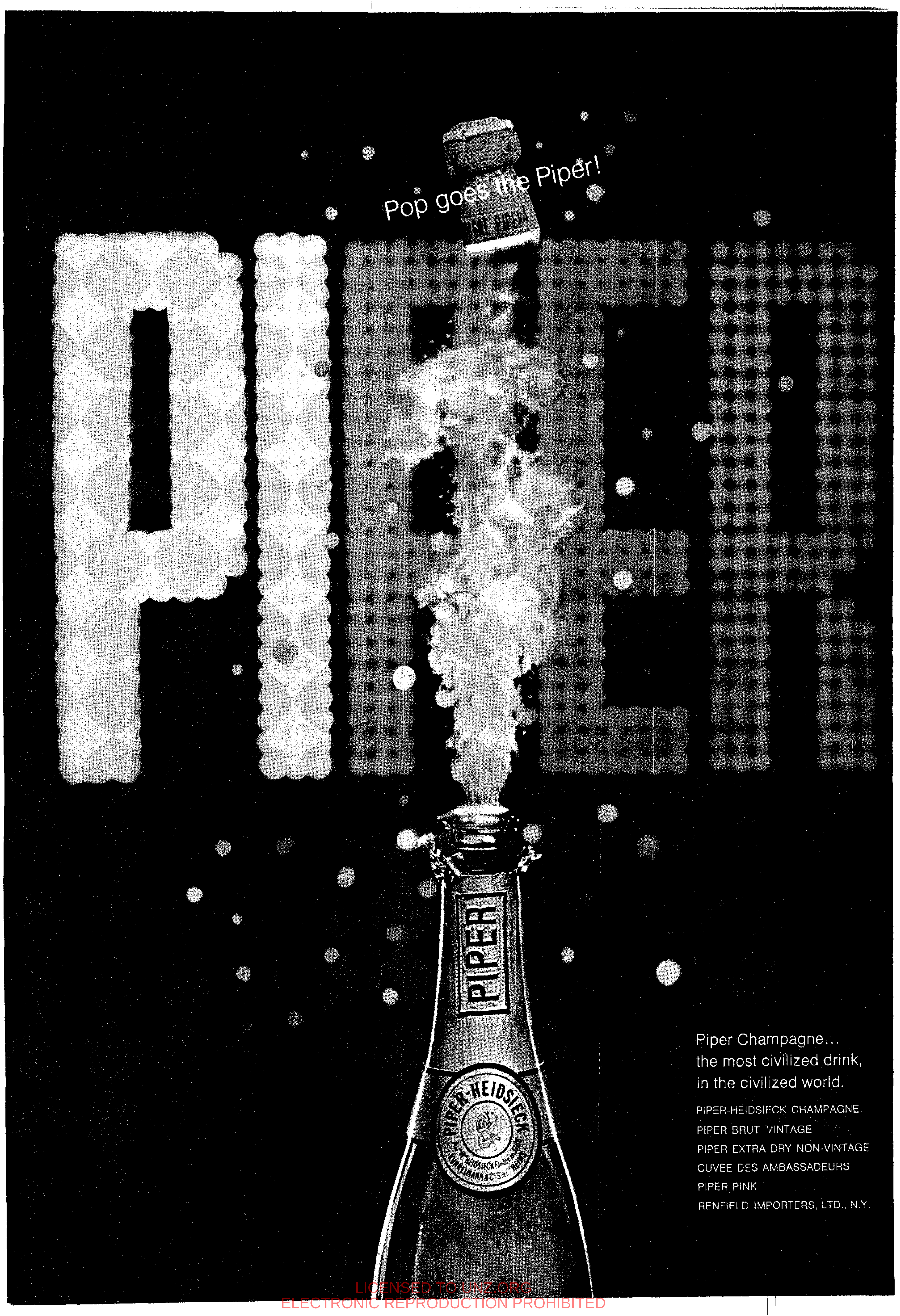
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clude other muscles. . . . Routine physical examination of the patients did not help toward diagnosis. Neurologic examination of the patients demonstrated only fluctuating muscular rigidity and spasm. . . .

Thus our story ceases for the present. The threads are there but, in spite of their being woven into a fairly constant pattern, the completed design awaits added study. Whether the rigidity occurred reflexly by way of the spinal cord, or whether it represented involvement of the basal ganglia, we could not decide. . . . Because of the fluctuating intensity of symptoms and because four patients had reducing substances in the urine, a metabolic basis for the malady should be considered.

The completed design of the stiff-man syndrome still awaits added study. It is generally accepted that the disease has its seat in the spinal cord, and that both the creeping rigidity and the volcanic spasms are brought about (like the convulsions in strychnine poisoning and in tetanus) by a disturbance in the polarizing elements called synapses, which separate one cell from another in the neuron chains along which nervous impulses travel. This disturbance, it is thought, manifests itself as a suppression of synaptic inhibition, and a kind of neuromuscular anarchy results. The nature of that fundamental disturbance, however, remains a total mystery. The years since the publication of "Progressive Fluctuating Muscular Rigidity and Spasm" have produced just two real certainties about the stiff-man syndrome. One of these, the discovery of a Mayo Clinic neurologist named Frank M. Howard, is that a drug variously known as diazepam, Valium, and 7-chloro-1,3-dihydro-1-methyl-5-phenyl-2H-1,4-benzodiazepin-2-one has the power to throttle its symptoms. The other is that the stiff-man syndrome is not a phenomenon peculiar to the American Middle West. Clinicians have reported cases in other parts of this country and in Britain, Germany and Spain. In the spring of 1962, when Mrs. Carter made her instructive visit to the Mayo Clinic, the number of cases of stiff-man syndrome on record was twenty-three. She brought the total up to twenty-four.

DR. COHEN was out of town when Mrs. Carter returned from the Mayo Clinic. He didn't see her until the day he received Dr. Mulder's revelatory letter. Mrs. Carter was another revelation. Her response to diazepam had been complete. The muscle spasms had ceased, and her leg and abdominal muscles were normally relaxed. Moreover, for the first time in almost three

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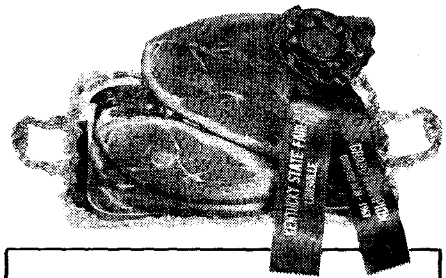
years she was able to make herself comfortable.

"Not only physically comfortable," Dr. Cohen says. "She also seemed to be more comfortable in her mind. She was beginning to stop just lying there and waiting for the next spasm to hit. She was beginning to hope. And so was I. With those terrible spasms under real control, her fractures would finally have a chance to mend. She would probably always be a cripple. That was almost certain. But she might someday be able to walk a little. It all depended on diazepam. The only trouble was that diazepam wasn't on the market yet. It didn't become generally available in this part of the country until about 1964. Mrs. Carter had a supply on hand. Dr. Mulder had fixed the dosage at fifteen milligrams four times a day, and he had given her enough tablets to last for three or four weeks. After that, it was up to me. I wrote to the people who made it—the pharmaceutical firm of Hoffmann-La Roche, in Nutley, New Jersey—and they wrote right back. They were very much interested in the case I described, and they would be glad to provide me with a regular supply of Valium—that's their brand name for diazepam—for experimental clinical use.

"Which they did. They worked out the amount I needed, and every month or so they sent me something like five hundred five-milligram tablets, and I rationed them out to Mrs. Carter. I followed the dosage set by Dr. Mulder. It was fairly heavy. Sixty milligrams a day is a lot of diazepam. But it takes that much to do the job in the stiff-man syndrome. And it did a wonderful job. Mrs. Carter continued to respond. Her hips began to knit, and in less than a year she was up and walking with the help of a walker. Her progress was all I had hoped for. There was only one incident—one interruption. That one was plenty, though. I don't know if you've ever seen a Valium label, or one of the ads for Valium. There's a paragraph there headed 'Side Effects.' The last sentence reads, 'Abrupt cessation after prolonged overdosage may produce withdrawal symptoms similar to those seen with barbiturates, meprobamate, and chlordiazepoxide HCl.' The reason for that paragraph is a number of experiences very much like mine. And mine was one of the scares of my life.

"It happened in the second year of treatment, in December, 1963. I don't know how it happened—and it doesn't matter. But there was a slipup here or there or somewhere, and we ran out of



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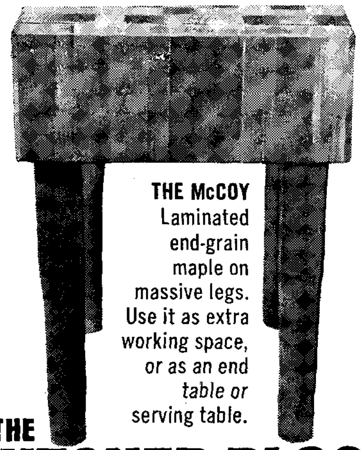

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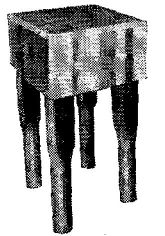

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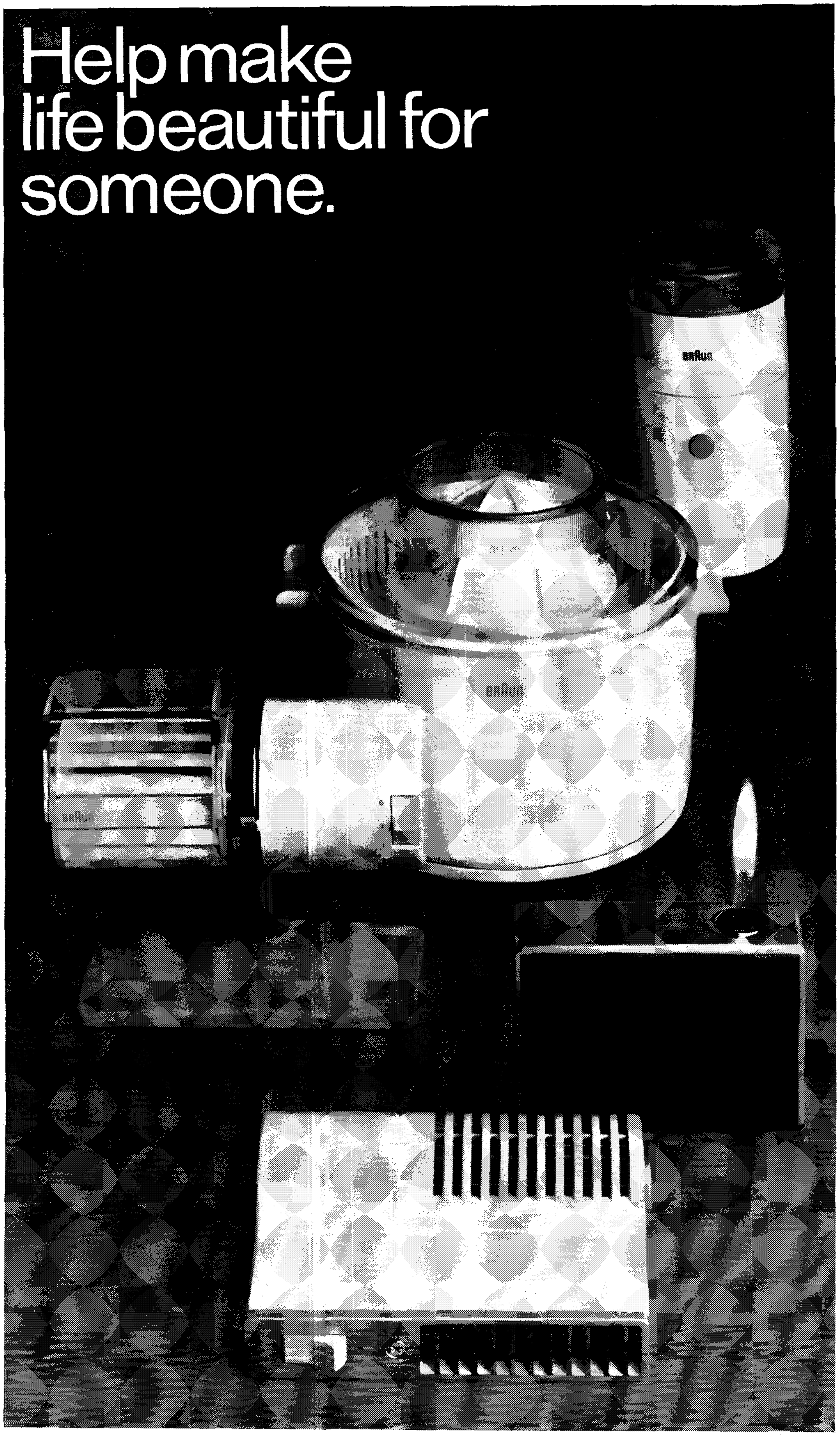

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diazepam. I sent an airmail letter off to Hoffmann-La Roche, but I wasn't particularly worried. I didn't think that a couple of days off diazepam would seriously revive her symptoms. And they didn't. She seemed to be all right—for a day or two. She was much the same as ever. She then began to act a little anxious, and there was some tremor and twitching. I still wasn't really worried—only a bit uneasy. Then, all of a sudden, I got a call from Mr. Carter. His wife was having convulsions. For a moment, I thought he meant a return of the stiff-man spasms. But it wasn't that. I realized a moment later that he was describing a status-epilepticus seizure, and I told him I'd get out there as fast as I could. Status epilepticus is a series of epileptic-like seizures, and it represents a real medical emergency. The seizures often come so fast the patient has no chance to breathe. There are several drugs that are more or less effective in controlling status epilepticus. The drug I used was sodium pentobarbital. It worked well enough. Then I called an ambulance and got her to the hospital. She had no more seizures that day or that night, and the next morning a new supply of diazepam arrived by special-delivery airmail.

"So it turned out to be just an incident. The effect of diazepam is practically immediate. There was no harm done. There was no setback. There were no aftereffects. Mrs. Carter continued to improve. In a few more months, she could walk around the room by holding on to the furniture. Then she was doing the cooking again, and even a little housework. And then she got to the point where she could walk just leaning on her husband's arm. They even go out now and then. The last time I saw her, she was talking about getting a job."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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"Yes, yes," replied the car owner.

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—*Ossining* (*N.Y.*) *Citizen-Register.*

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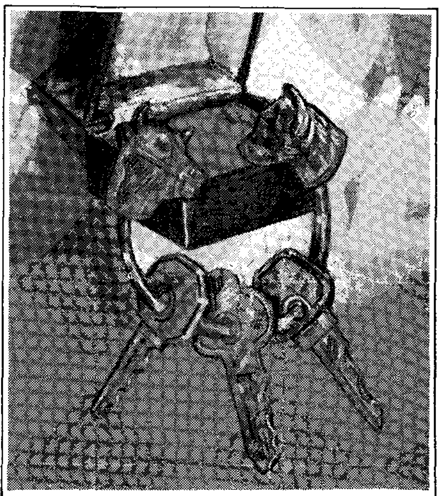
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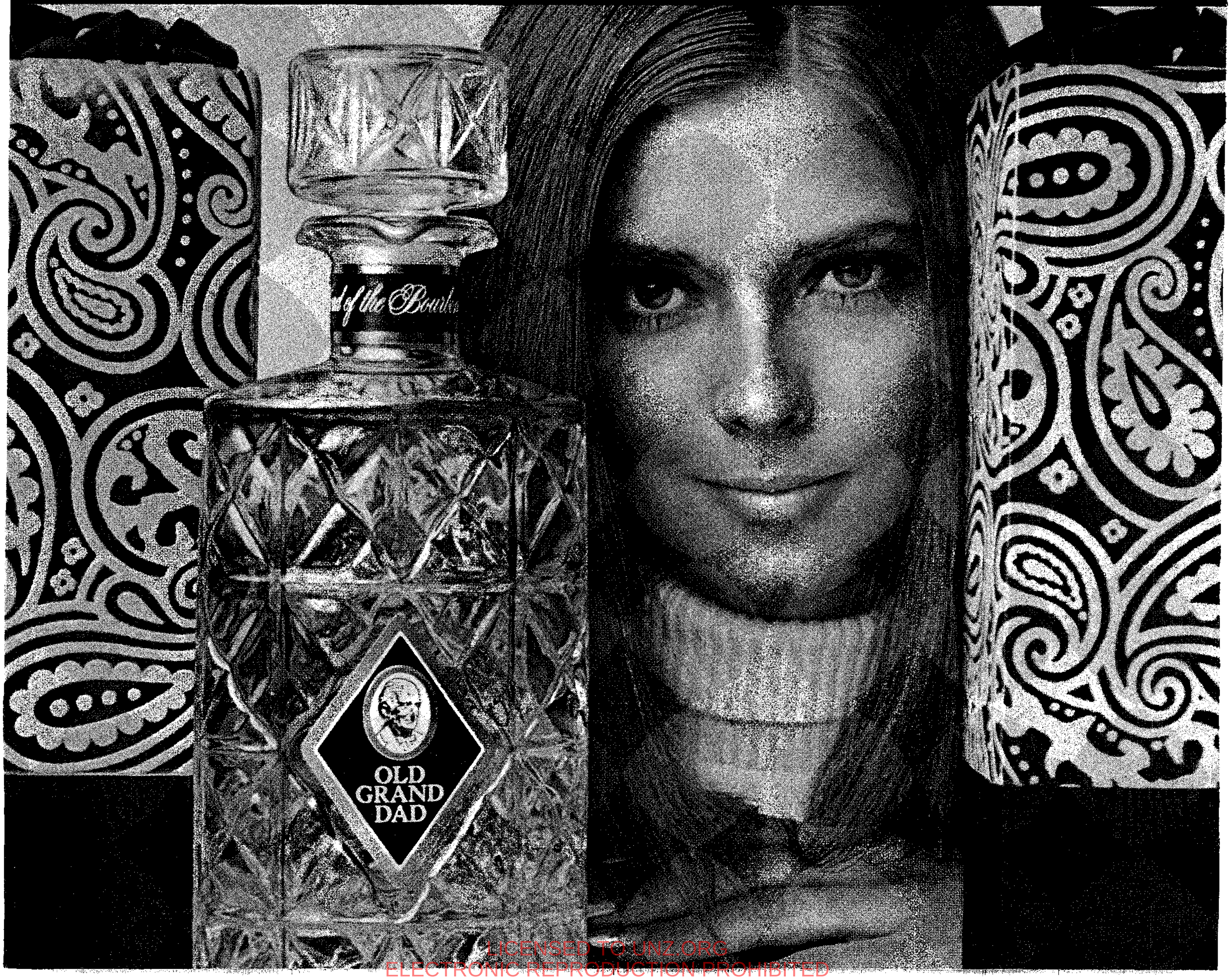
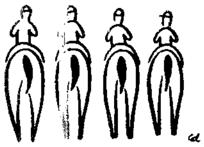


THE RACE TRACK

December Song

THERE'S always a certain sadness as things come to an end, and especially during the final few days of the racing season on Long Island. There's even regret that there will be an end to watching horses of more than ordinary mediocrity on afternoons even gloomier and chillier than the one at Aqueduct last Saturday. As a matter of fact, there was a lot of lively racing at the Big A last weekend, notably in the Stuyvesant Handicap, at a mile—a race once won by Man o' War. This time, the Woodside Stud's Spring Double, who got away slowly and was last of the ten runners for half the distance, went lickety-split through the pack on the turn for home and won going away by four lengths from Mile's Fancy. Principe was third and that old campaigner R. Thomas was fourth. Spring Double, who has done most of his running this season in Jersey, is trained by J. Bowes Bond. Bowes and his brother Bernie are headliners in the most successful brother act on the Maryland tracks; when one doesn't win, the other does. To me, the surprise of the race was that Principe, who was so prominent in the Gallant Fox the previous Saturday, had no speed until the last furlong.



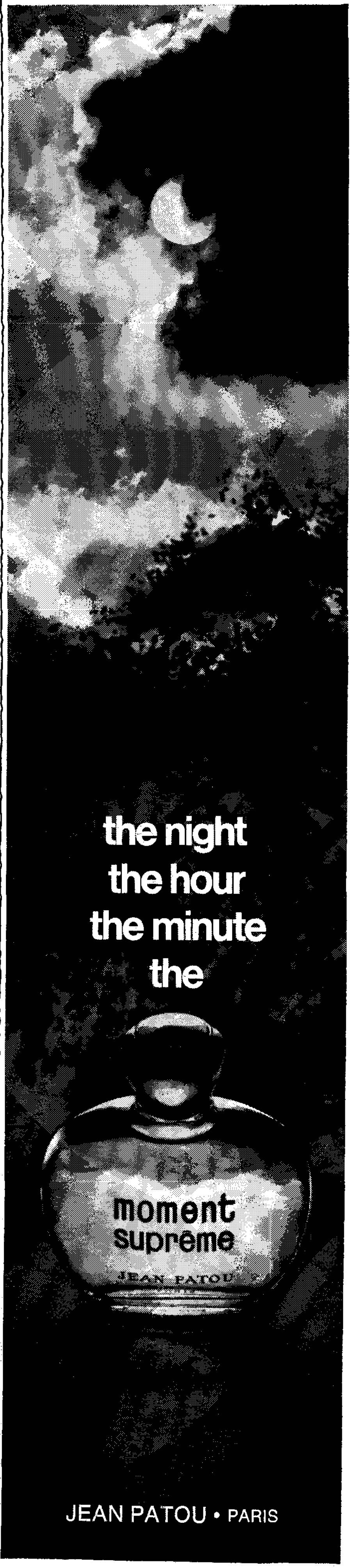
POLITELY's farewell to racing was what most of the crowd at Aqueduct on Thanksgiving Day hoped it would be. The applause as she went into the winner's circle after the Firenze Handicap was almost as enthusiastic as it used to be for Kelso, her old stablemate. Carrying 131 pounds, and giving from seventeen to twenty-four pounds to the ten other fillies and mares, she followed the pace of Parida, who carried 111, to the far turn, where she took the lead. She went on to win by a couple of lengths from Obeah, Serene Queen, and Straight Deal, who finished noses apart behind her. Shortly, she will be shipped to Mrs. Richard C. du Pont's farm in Maryland. In the four years she was in action, Politely won twenty-one of her forty-nine starts and $552,992. This was her best season—eight firsts in fourteen tries, $317,473 in purses, and such stakes as the Delaware Handicap, the Matchmaker, and the Ladies' Handicap.

AN interesting item earlier in the week was the long-awaited appearance of Rafale, who was top of the list in Argentina last year, where she won the Gran Premio Carlos Pellegrini, in which she beat the best colts down there, and, before that, half a dozen *clasicos* and *premios* in a row. A big, handsome bay filly by Court Harwell out of Sudestada, she was bought by John W. Galbreath for his Darby Dan Farm from Haras Comalal at what are said to have been very fancy private terms. According to Horatio Luro, who trains her, it has taken her a long time to become acclimated here. In fact, she had to go all out to win by a head from Jaikyl, who finished ninth in the Stuyvesant four days later.

ED NELOY, who trains horses for the Wheatley Stable, for Ogden Phipps, and for his son Ogden Mills Phipps, wound up the Eastern season with a run of successes such as horsemen dream about. On November 2nd, Wheatley's King Emperor won the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity; on the ninth, Wheatley's Funny Fellow won the Roamer Handicap at Aqueduct; on the sixteenth, Ogden Mills Phipps' Beau Brummel won the Garden State Stakes in Jersey; and on the twenty-third, Funny Fellow won the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct. The prize money totalled $376,856. Although Funny Fellow has only one eye (the right one was hit by a stone or a clod in a race at Arlington Park last summer and had to be removed), he has been running better than a lot of horses with two, particularly in the longer races. At Belmont Park, in October, he won the Lawrence Realization Stakes at a mile and five furlongs, and finished a bang-up second to Quicken Tree in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles. His finish in the Gallant Fox, at a mile and five furlongs, was spectacular. He gave weight to the nine other starters, was far behind the leaders up until the stretch turn, and won by a neck. Offhand, I'd say that Neloy has a likely runner for the rich handicaps next year.

BY the way, this department recently submitted that Dark Mirage was the best three-year-old. Well, last week the *Morning Telegraph-Daily Racing Form* poll picked her, too.

—AUDAX MINOR



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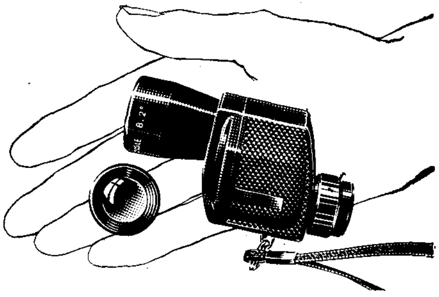

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MUSICAL EVENTS

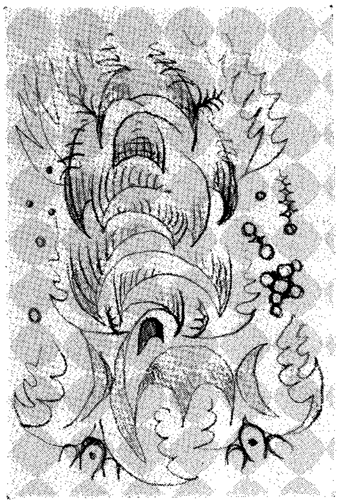
Shadow and Substance

MYTHS, I suppose, should be dark and mysterious. The stage designers Adolphe Appia and Gordon Craig thought so way back when Wagner's Ring was fairly new, but the Bayreuth establishment would have nothing to do with their ideas. Now, three-quarters of a century later, the Ring is almost everywhere presented on a shadowy stage, its realistic elements reduced, as far as possible, to symbols. There will undoubtedly be other changes of fashion as time goes on. At the moment, we are still in the neo-Bayreuth era and Günther Schneider-Siemssen's sets for the gradually accumulating Ring at the Metropolitan Opera House are—or so far have been—studies in black and white, dimly though skillfully lit, and full of the sort of creepy murkiness that makes little children afraid of the dark. The basic symbol—which apparently is going to be visible in every opera of the series—is a large ring, appearing sometimes as a platform on which the singers stand, at other times as a more obvious stage decoration; in the first act of "Die Walküre," for example, it might easily be mistaken for the branches of a tree or the horns of a helmet. I do not particularly like this ambiguity. But elsewhere I find the symbol meaningful, especially since the ring in question (a symbol of the unity of nature) is broken from time to time, mending itself permanently, I am told, when Brünnhilde gives the more portable ring back to the Rhine Maidens at the end of "Götterdämmerung." The Met has now got as far as "Das Rheingold," and, though chronology has been reversed, we can congratulate ourselves on having half the Ring, or almost half ("Das Rheingold" is short), to see and hear. The Met's "Rheingold" not only has a ring in every scene, it has a neo-Bayreuth stove lid inside the ring in the second and fourth scenes. The first scene has a hollow rock in the center of the stage, through or around which the Rhine Maidens and Alberich dart, the girls suspended by the customary wires and swimming like so many barracudas.

CHRISTMAS
SUSAN

The Met "Rheingold" I have lately heard is a von Karajan production, which is to say that it is wonderfully cast, well proportioned, rather subdued in orchestral sound, and yet full of the excitement that this famous maestro can produce. The singers were all splendid, and Sherrill Milnes, as Donner, and Donald Grobe, as Froh, were much more splendid than the ones usually heard in these comparatively minor roles. Zoltán Kelemen was an Alberich with a big voice and convincing character. The two Giants, Fasolt and Fafner, were done superbly by Martti Talvela and Karl Ridderbusch. They had thundering voices, and handled their bludgeons like kindling wood. Thomas Stewart made a stylish Wotan, though he seemed just a little tired from the strenuous rehearsal that preceded the performance. Andrea Velis did his bit as Mime excellently. The women were no less impressive. Josephine Veasey, as Fricka, brought to us a voice of great warmth and power—almost too much warmth, in fact, for Wotan's shrewish wife. Simone Mangelsdorff looked pretty and made use of an attractive lyric-soprano voice as Freia, Lili Chookasian was properly imposing as Erda, and the three Rhine Maidens (Lilian Sukis, Edda Moser, and Anna Reynolds) sang effectively. The Messrs. Grobe and Kelemen and the Mesdames Veasey, Mangelsdorff, Moser, and Reynolds were being heard for the first time here. Gerhard Stolze, also making his first appearance, was the Loge. His Loge is not the usual highly animated, mercurial figure. With his bald head, his heavy-set body, and the red robe designed for him by George Wakhevitch, he looks very much like a Buddhist monk—a crafty Buddhist monk—and he uses the talents of a master actor to bring out all the shady, wheeler-dealer aspects of the role. Purely as a singer, he is not of the very first rank, but that does not matter. He uses what voice he has with extraordinary skill, and always to the advantage of his characterization. I enjoyed this "Rheingold." The only major flaw that I could detect was the crudity of the amplifying system used to project the hammering of the Nibelungs. Instead of the clanging of anvils, we had—at least from where I sat—the sound of a croupy loudspeaker being warmed up for a political speech.

LAST Friday night, the Metropolitan displayed a new Figaro in its production of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia,"



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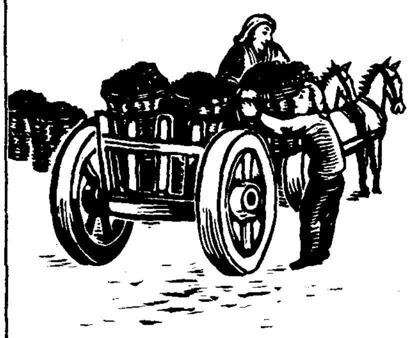
and he turned out to be the finest Figaro I have heard or seen in many a year—certainly the finest the Met has had in a couple of generations. This was Sherrill Milnes. Mr. Milnes has nothing to do with the familiar benign, fatherly figure who seems to dote on the Count and Rosina. He is a youthful rascal, light on his feet and quick in his changes of mood. And his voice—a big, lusty baritone with a ringing top as well as all the agility of tongue needed for the patter—gives the role a whole new dimension. Add the Rosina of Teresa Berganza and you have a pretty distinguished "Il Barbiere."

AMONG conductors, Lorin Maazel remains something of an enigma. He is evidently a popular figure in Berlin, where he does most of his conducting, and I, for one, would welcome some popularity for him here, since American conductors of distinction are going to become rarer when Leonard Bernstein leaves the field. But Mr. Maazel is still a half-perfected phenomenon—a maestro capable of great insight at times, and a rather mediocre one at others. I cannot explain his problem. Surely a man who has held a baton in his hand since childhood ought to be an expert of experts by his late thirties. But then there are, as is well known, always special difficulties for the ex-infant prodigy, and perhaps these are what are plaguing him. I have heard him conduct a Beethoven symphony in a pretty haphazard manner. Yet early this year I heard him conduct Bruckner's Third Symphony with a profundity of understanding and a grandeur of style found only among the greatest of maestros. Last Tuesday evening, he brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Philharmonic Hall with a program devoted entirely to works by Richard Strauss. It began with that delightful item the Orchestral Suite from "Der Bürger als Edelmann"—once part of a Max Reinhardt spectacle, another part of which eventually became the opera "Ariadne auf Naxos." Robert Sabin, once an editor of *Musical America*, remarked to me some time ago that you could tell the degree of sophistication of any concert- or operagoer by his attitude toward Strauss's delicate, allusive compositions, which include this little suite. If the hearer doesn't get them, he is to be rated pretty low on sophistication. I agree. You have to know a good deal about music, and about Strauss's music in particular, to fully appreciate the "Der Bürger als Edelmann" suite. You also have to be



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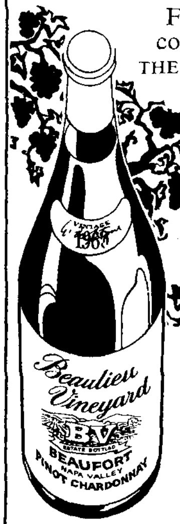

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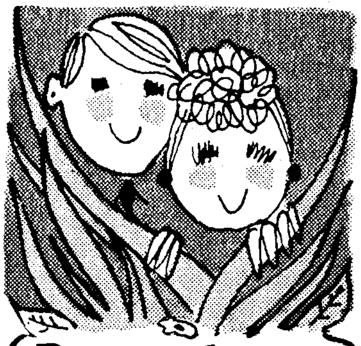

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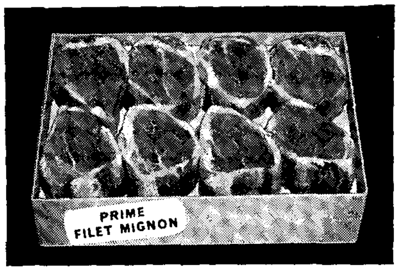

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a conductor of unusual ability to put it over, and Mr. Maazel proved quite equal to the task. But after the intermission he conducted the "Don Quixote" Variations, and here he was not so fortunate. Not that the performance was an entirely poor one. Samuel Mayes, the cellist, and Joseph de Pasquale, the violist, played their roles as the Don and Sancho Panza beautifully, and the Philadelphia Orchestra is nearly impervious to faults of any kind. Nevertheless, there were muddy passages in Strauss's ordinarily transparent scoring, the scene depicting the sheep was taken at a pace that eliminated any pastoral feeling, and the playing of the orchestra in rapid passages was often rough by Philadelphia standards.

LAST Wednesday night, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, who ordinarily conducts the Minnesota (formerly the Minneapolis) Symphony, appeared in Philharmonic Hall at the head of the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Skrowaczewski is a thoroughly competent maestro, if not a particularly glamorous one. He gets a lovely sound from the strings, and his sense of phrase is impeccable. He knows how to wait for a climax, he is not afraid of a rubato in Romantic music, and under him the horns are accurate in their attacks—a sure sign of a dedicated conductor. His program opened with something called "Funeral Music for String Orchestra," by Witold Lutoslawski, who is said to be one of the more progressive Polish composers. This turned out to be a serial work relying heavily on the tritone. (That's the interval between B and F—a restless one, which in the days of the Gregorian chant used to be known as the *diabolus in musica.*) I thought it well written, utterly clear, immensely skillful, and entirely boring. This was followed by Karol Szymanowski's Second Symphony, a likable though rather diffuse and overlong composition in the post-Wagnerian style, reminiscent of Scriabin and, occasionally, of Strauss. It is a work that is seldom performed, and I was glad of the opportunity to hear it, even if it certainly did not seem a masterpiece. The concert wound up with a rather gentle and understated reading of Tchaikovsky's Fourth.

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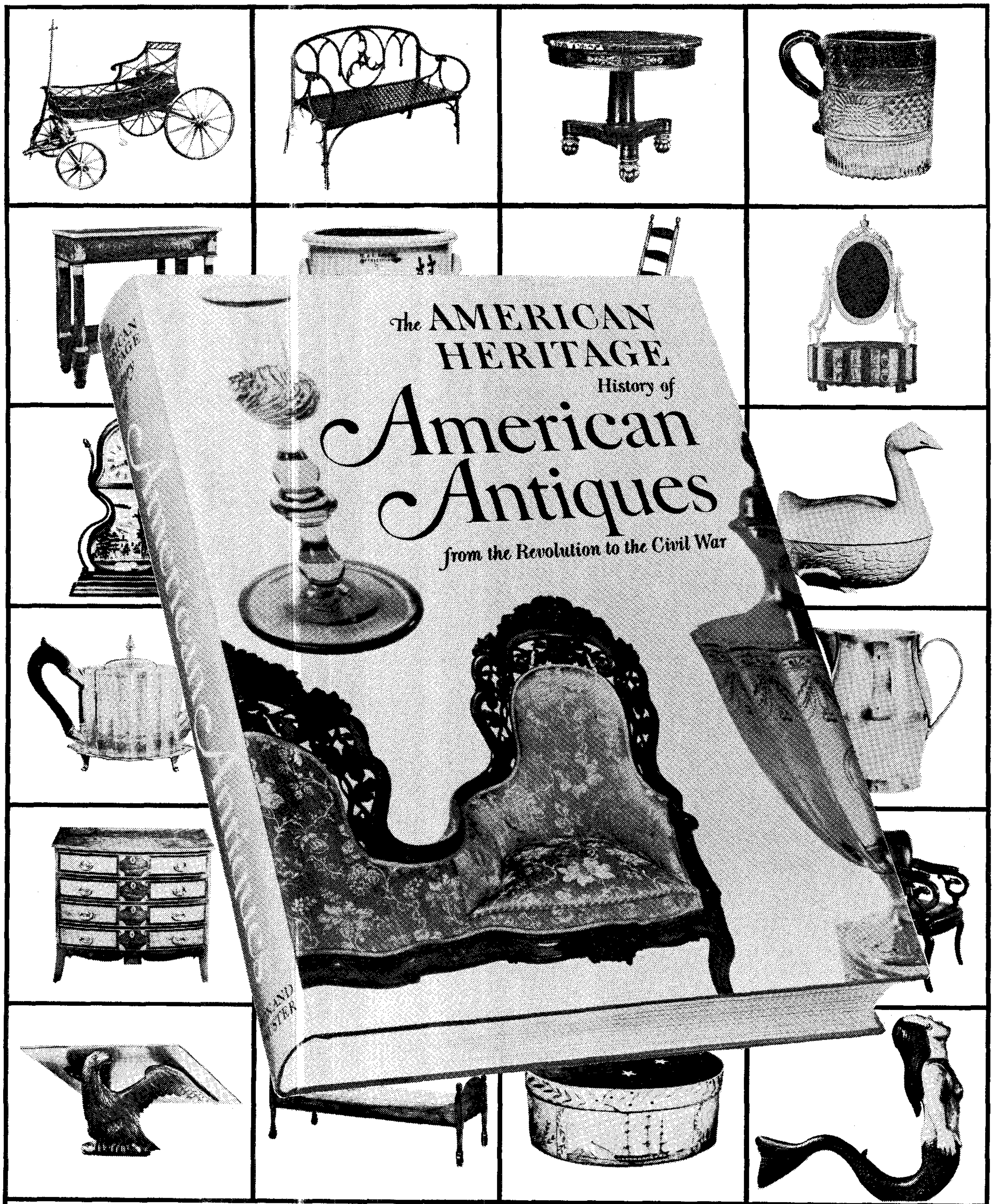
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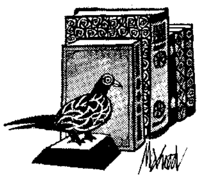
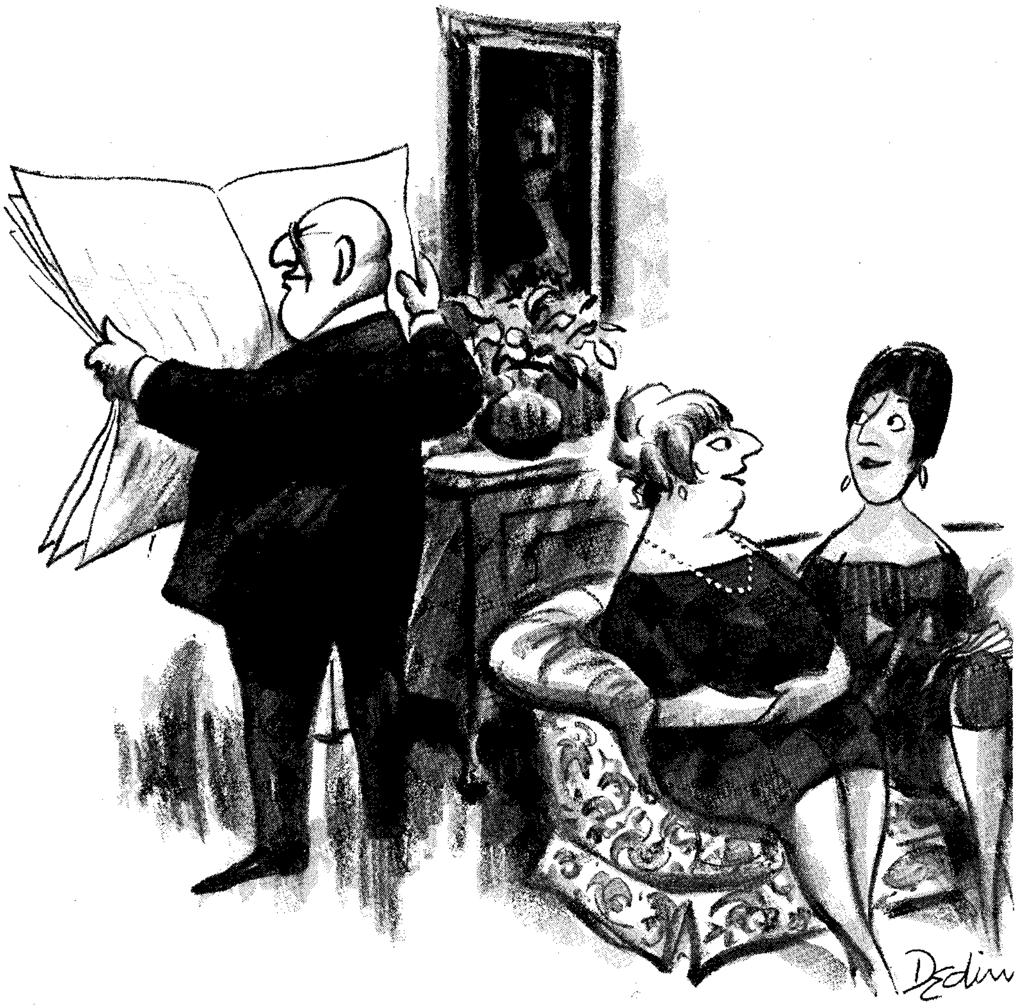


S. N. Behrman's sparkling first novel, "The Burning Glass" (Little, Brown), runs from the summer before the Anschluss through the first months of the Second World War, and so, although its characters are the victims rather than the makers of history, it may properly be called a historical novel. The settings are Salzburg when Toscanini was conducting, New York when the Ambassador Hotel still stood, and Hollywood when the movie business had become the marketplace and refuge of half the talent in the Western world; the characters are rich, handsome, or clever, and they exert professional, theatrical glamour or private, personal charm. When we meet the unheroic protagonist, young Stanley Grant, he is sailing to Europe on the Normandie. His first play, produced on Broadway, has been a hit, and that achievement has put him into the glittering international society in which he finds himself, but Stanley—from Xenia, Ohio, where his poverty-stricken, unsophisticated Polish-Jewish immigrant parents had fetched up—often wonders what he is doing amid so many alluring, complicated people. It is the sort of question that Behrman's readers never get a chance to ask themselves, for Behrman speedily coöpts his audience into dazzling company; before we know it, we are accepting these witty, remarkable, extravagant personalities as our due.

Stanley's mentor, Alexander Löwe, nicknamed Kaetchen, fifty-six, and an all-around man of the theatre, is the beloved friend, guide, understander, caretaker, and appreciator of many of the characters. He is a beguiling creation, a wholly persuasive embodiment of urbanity and cosmopolitanism; a Jew born in Czernowitz, he is at home everywhere. Though the lines are bright and many of the scenes and situations hilarious, "The Burning Glass" is infused with a melancholy conviction that things mostly do not work out, and Kaetchen shows—as Stanley, because of his youth, cannot—how one comes to terms with the non-working-out of things, and how a man makes the best of that bad business, life. Then, too, through the variety of his sophisticated works of corporal mercy, Kaetchen binds the novel together. "The Burning Glass" demonstrates two gifts a playwright can bring to fiction—structure and concision. There is no waste; though there are Heaven knows how many idiosyncratic individuals, everyone has a function. Behrman, the playwright, can "do" a character very quickly. His physical descriptions are fast, and usually funny, too, so the novel, though not very long, seems "big." He manages another trick—not theatrical but one at which historical novelists often fail: he introduces real people (the Windsors in Salzburg, Samuel Hoffenstein in Hollywood) without poking holes in the fabric of fiction.

Kaetchen not only demonstrates the opportunities for resigned goodness and focusses several plots and subplots but serves as judge. He sets norms for Stanley, and possibly for the reader as well. It seems to me that Kaetchen judges Stanley too harshly, and that Behrman, through Kaetchen, occasionally picks on Stanley. Kaetchen feels that it is morally all right for an American millionairess, pregnant by the bisexual younger son of an English duke, to have an abortion, but he insists that Stanley marry a woman he does not love, because she is carrying his child. Kaetchen then reproves Stanley for chasing women who are unavailable and neglecting a woman who has proved all too available. Stanley's wife, Eileen, is the standard convert who becomes more Catholic than the Pope, only she is a Catholic who becomes more Jewish than any Jew—at least, in the book. Treating her as seriously as they do, Behrman and Kaetchen seem at first to be missing an opportunity for comedy, but they are not. Kaetchen is worldly, pagan goodness, and Eileen is goodness rooted in religious faith. A woman with every virtue and scarcely any charm, she,



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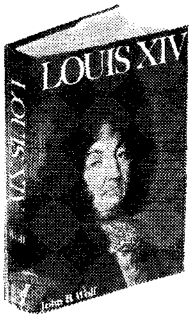
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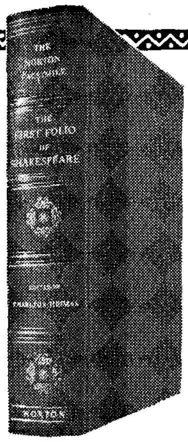
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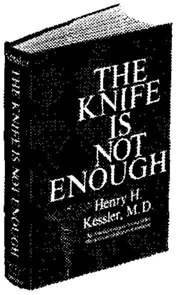
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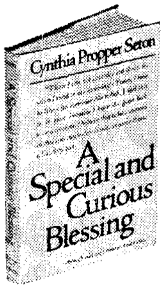
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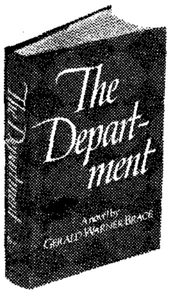
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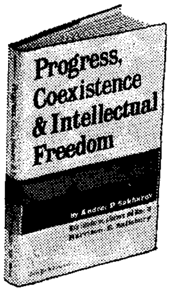
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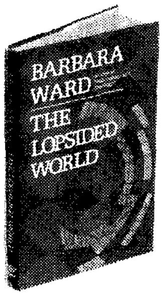
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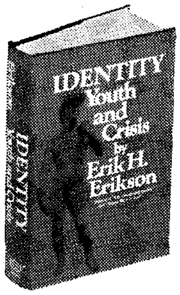
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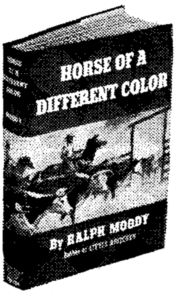
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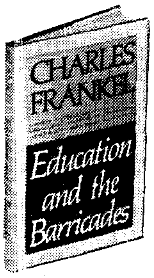
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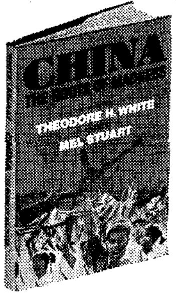
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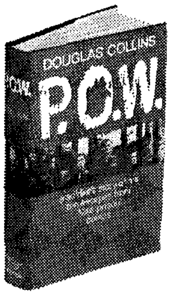
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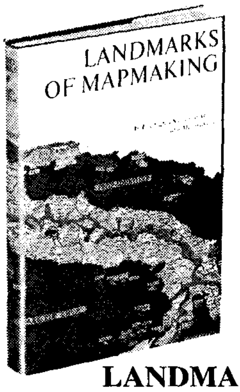

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too, is a standard-setter, though her standards are beyond the reach of any of the other characters. Behrman's people often pose questions and embody problems. Eileen's problems are those of a religious person out of step with a secular society. She is unhappy and she does some ridiculous things, but she is not ridiculous. Stanley is a collection of quandaries. His most urgent anxiety, when we first meet him, concerns whether he can write a second hit. (He can; it is Mr. Behrman's own "End of Summer.") But even after two hits, his complexion remains bad, he feels that his social charm is forced, and he can never get the women he wants. In Salzburg, swarming with Nazis, Stanley discovers that he belongs to a despised and persecuted group, and being Jewish becomes for him like Stendhal's pistol shot at a concert—a coarse matter impossible to ignore. Stanley never arrives at any good solution for being Jewish without believing in God (he seems to have no gift for religion), and I am not certain how Behrman intends us to read Stanley's final assault on the problem of his Jewish identity—as despair or as a brave new start. The novel documents rather than argues about the fact that Stanley lives in an epoch preoccupied with a stupid question called nationalism, racism, or ethnicity and that to a stupid question there is no intelligent answer.

Some of Stanley's problems—at least, as Behrman sets them up—are not present-day ones but the difficulties writers have always faced. Do you, thinking of Shelley's "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," emphasize "unacknowledged" or "legislators"? Most people emphasize the first, and most powerful people usually regard writers as a form of high-class help. The same sort of illustrious crowd (Stanley among them) that waits in Irving Thalberg's outer office waited, more than two thousand years ago, to see Maecenas; the beauty who calls Stanley her "poet," jilts him, but nonetheless expects him to write a play for her behaves like a Provençal lady of eight hundred years ago; the young millionairess who thinks Stanley is so delightful that he ought to *marry her paid companion is only* slightly too blunt in expressing a millionaire view of social realities. Stanley imagines that the perhaps fraudulent parvenu psychiatrist who appears in "End of Summer" and in "The Burning Glass" carries all—men and women—before him because he is so self-confident, but it is really his function as much as his personality that enables

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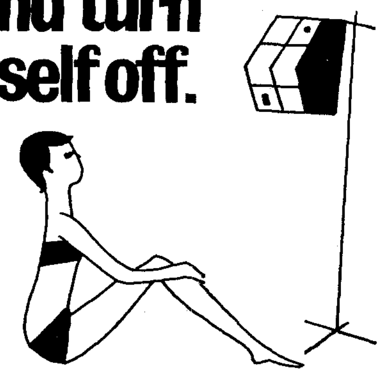

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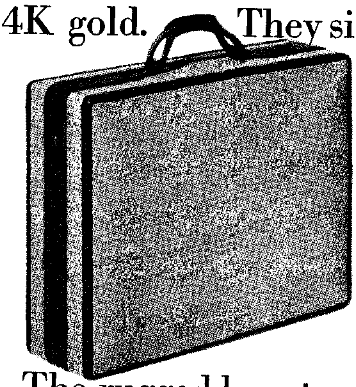

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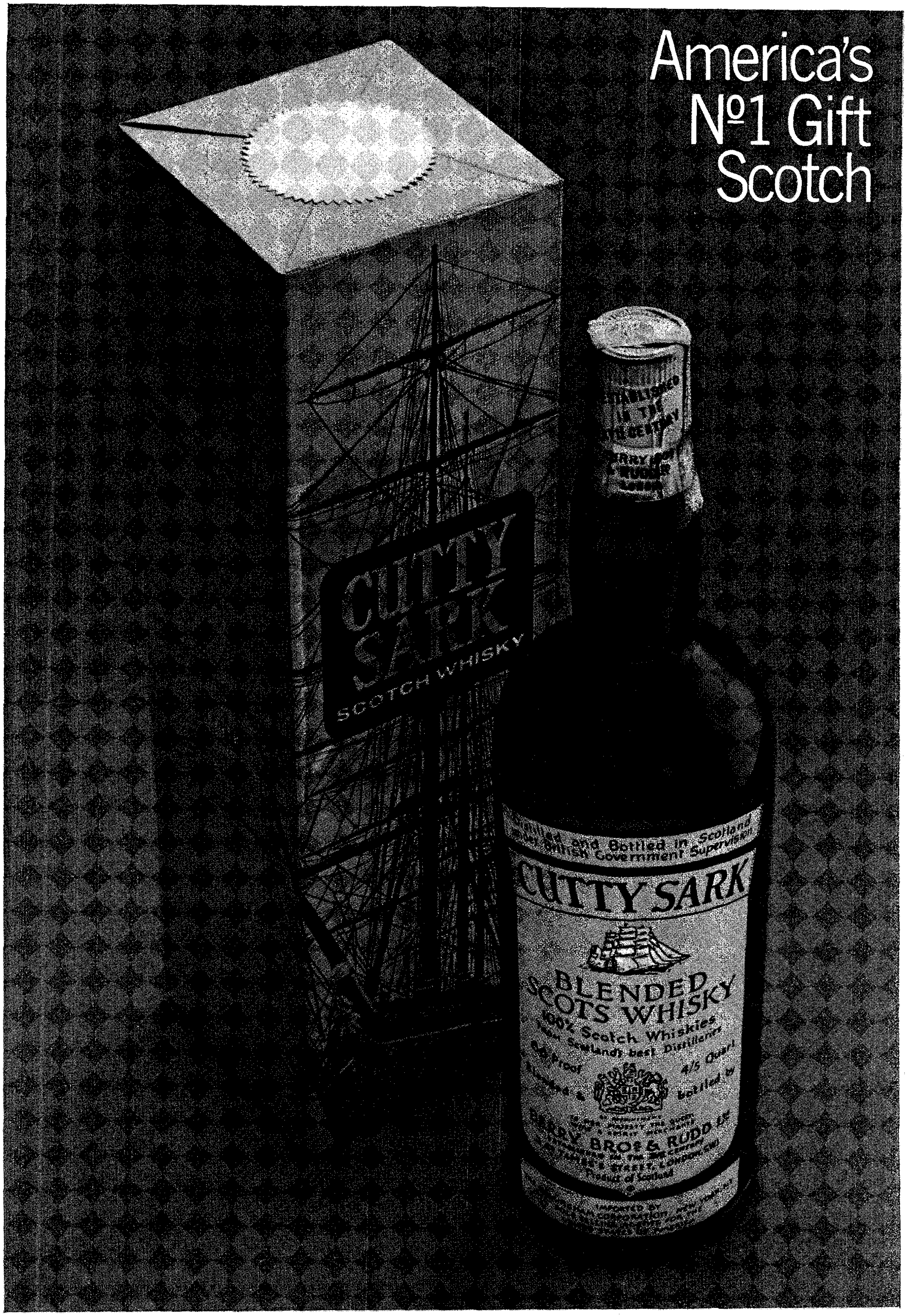
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE KEEPER, by Audrey Laski (Norton). Colin Gregory is lonely, agnostic, a failed academic, and potentially queer—in short, a typical product of twentieth-century Western civilization. When his uncle, Lord Saltire, sends him to study and resettle the Company of the Lord, a community of religious fanatics in an isolated part of Wales, the initial conflict between different life-styles is bitter, and at times violent. Yet simpleminded bigotry is the companion of security, and Gregory is attracted as often as he is repelled by the Company, helpless pawns in the hands of God and of their leader, the Keeper of the Books of Rules and Dooms and Records. Mrs. Laski's tale is completely convincing and immensely entertaining, even as she calls into question the values of a freethinking and man-centered world that has thrown its emissary into a state of pathetic confusion and uncertainty.

MAKING GOOD AGAIN, by Lionel Davidson (Harper & Row). Three lawyers—an Englishman with a manic-depressive wife, a German who deliberately was never a Nazi, and an Israeli who was once a member of the Frankfurt bar—convene in Munich to settle the estate, now sweetened by restitution, of a rich German Jew believed to have died in a concentration camp. This is essentially a story of suspense, but Mr. Davidson is in manner, tempo, and tone an apt and interesting pupil of Graham Greene, and he has given his entertainment a bottom of human doubt and human certitude.

GENERAL

1913: AN END AND A BEGINNING, by Virginia Cowles (Harper & Row). A jogtrot through the last year of the prewar era in England, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, France, and the United States, and a quick look at the events that en-

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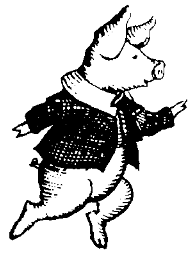
Fall books



ONE IS FOR THE SUN
Lenore Blegvad; illustrated in full color and black-and-white by Erik Blegvad. The sights, sounds, and pleasures of a child's world are captured in joyful pictures and simple rhymed text that counts to ten—and then to ten million. Ages 4-8 $3.50

THE JOKING MAN
James Flora; illustrated in color by the author. Charlie and his friend find out who's responsible for the rubber park bench and all the other hilarious happenings in their town in this wonderfully zany story. Ages 6-9 $3.25

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Victor G. Ambrus; illustrated in full color by the author. An old Hungarian folk tale about a brave little cockerel who outwits the greedy Sultan, retold with verve and humor. Ages 5-8 $3.50

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James Houston; illustrated by the author. A boy and his grandfather pit the wisdom of old age and the strength of youth against the forces of nature on a perilous journey. Ages 7-11 $3.25

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Eloise Jarvis McGraw. A mature novel about a girl who spends the summer after high school graduation sleuthing for her lawyer-uncle and establishing herself as an individual. Ages 12 up $4.75

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Sesyle Joslin; illustrated by Enrico Arno. Victoria's search for the letters stolen from her wallpaper and from all her books leads her into adventures that rival Alice's in this remarkable fantasy. Ages 9-12 $3.95

TOBIAS, THE MAGIC MOUSE
Jacob Bech Nygaard; illustrated in color by Ib Spang Olsen; translated by Edith Joan McCormick. A droll, mischievous story in which Tobias, made wise by eating the moon's green cheese, sets out to right wrongs. Ages 7-10 $3.50

Illustration from *The Adventures of Paddy Pork*

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livened it—the first performance in London of "Der Rosenkavalier," the last royal wedding in Germany, the tercentenary of the House of Romanov, the arrival of the tango in Rome, the French government's accordance of the right to wear trousers to Mme. Jane Dieulafoy in recognition of her archeological triumphs in Persia, the unveiling of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase" at the New York Armory Show, and the institution of the five-dollar day by Henry Ford. It was also, perhaps more significantly, the year in which Walter Hines Page, the American ambassador to Great Britain, wrote prophetically to President Wilson, "What are we to do with this England when economic forces unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands?" Illustrated with many photographs. Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

MISSION TO HANOI, by Harry S. Ashmore and William C. Baggs (Putnam). The authors, prominent journalists, made two trips to Hanoi in the last two years on behalf of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and with the authorization of the State Department, in an attempt to learn Ho Chi Minh's conditions for negotiating. When they brought back the conditions, which were surprisingly reasonable, they found negotiations sabotaged by the "duplicity" of the State Department and the President. Their story, which is written in a tone of sadness rather than anger, is subtitled "A Chronicle of Double-Dealing in High Places." The second half of the book is taken up with a chronology of American involvement in Vietnam, assembled by Elaine H. Burnell, which documents the sorry record since 1964.

ENCOUNTERS WITH LENIN, by Nikolay Valentinov (Oxford). In 1904, the author, a young student of philosophy who had already been imprisoned three times as a revolutionary, escaped from Russia and made his way to Geneva, where he became an intimate of Lenin. This friendship between the thirty-four-year-old Lenin (who was even then known to his comrades as "the old man") and the young disciple lasted a bare six months, at the end of which the two fell out over a philosophical argument that, though highly theoretical in nature, nevertheless touched the nerve center of each man's motivating force—Lenin's belief in the infallibility of one's own

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self and will, and Valentinov's humanist reverence for the spirit of inquiry and dissent. Short as the period was, it gave Valentinov an unequalled insight into Lenin at a crucial period in his life, for 1904 was the year in which Lenin had just broken with the Mensheviks and was forming his own Bolshevik party, based on the rigid doctrine of a centralized, non-democratic, and monolithic authority. Valentinov tells about all this from inside the revolutionary councils and, it almost seems, from inside Lenin's head. He also had eyes for other things: he tells us what Lenin looked like, how he dressed and ate and drank, how he could spew out abuse for hours, how he loved athletics and kept himself in shape, what he thought about specific classical authors and his contemporaries, and what remarks he let drop about his childhood and the days of his revolutionary novitiate. A fascinating memoir, wonderfully well written, and, in sum, a frightening portrait of one of the men who made our world. Illustrations.

HUGO WOLF: A BIOGRAPHY, by Frank Walker (Knopf). A revised complete edition of an exhaustive study that will probably remain the definitive one in English. The subject, who lived from 1860 to 1903, was, as most people know, one of the greatest of Austrian lieder composers. He was also a man cruelly plagued by fate. Highly eccentric and impulsive from earliest youth, he contracted syphilis (then an incurable disease) at seventeen and suffered its ravages all his life, dying in a madhouse after persistent delusions that he was director of the Vienna Opera. (The delusions set in after a quarrel with Gustav Mahler, who *was* director of the Vienna Opera.) He spent a number of years as a savage, highly prejudiced music critic on the *Wiener Salonblatt*, having aligned himself with the Wagnerian, anti-Brahmsian faction, which was then the unpopular position to take in Vienna. At one time he tried the difficult feat of having

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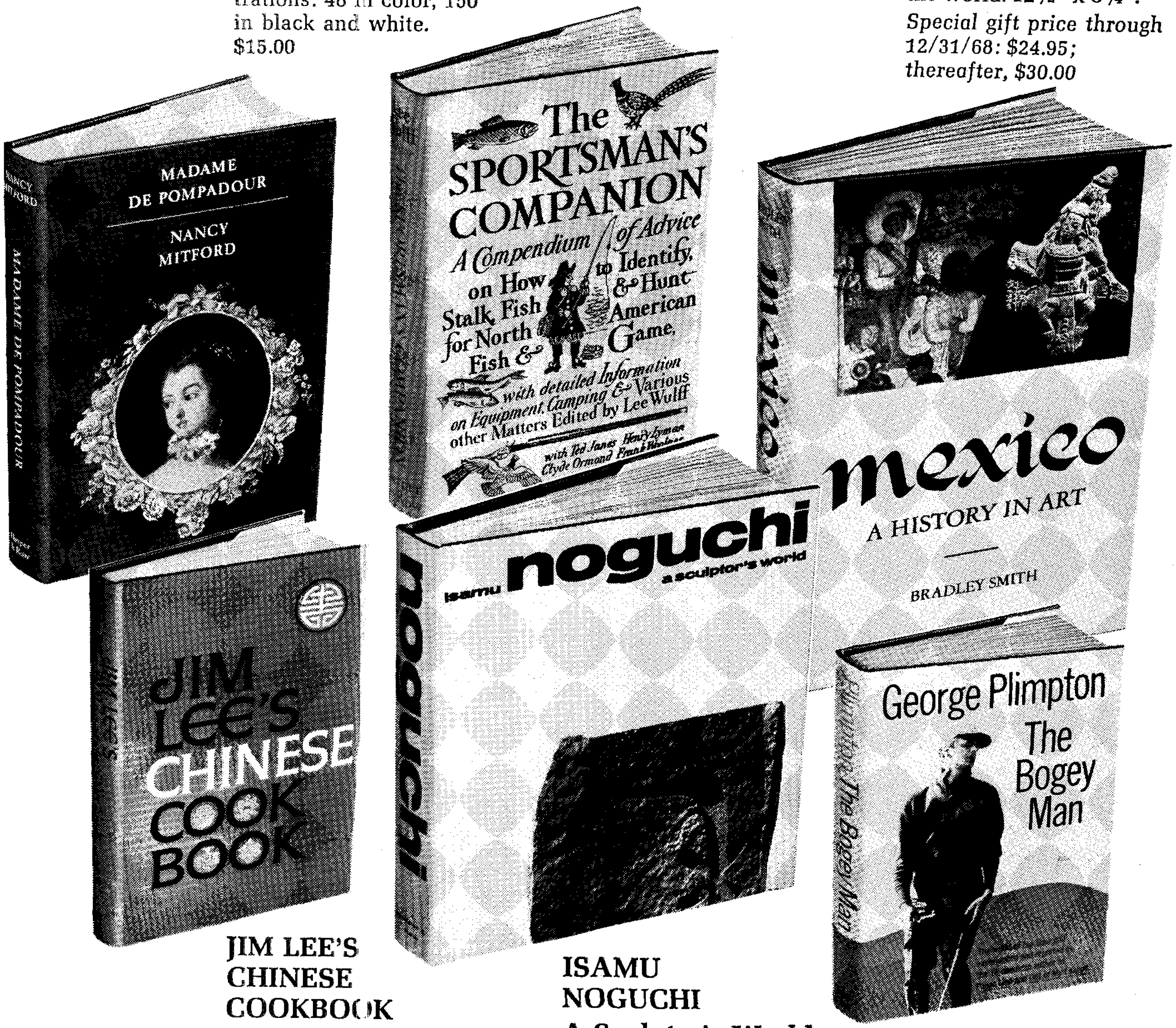
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THE COMPLETE WALKER, by Colin Fletcher (Knopf). An inducement to walking—or, more particularly, overnight hiking. Mr. Fletcher, who has travelled by shanks' mare all over the North American West, East Africa, and Japan, shares the understanding of W. H. Davies: "Now shall I walk/ Or shall I ride?/ 'Ride,' Pleasure said./ 'Walk,' Joy replied." But the joy of walking depends on the proper clothes and the right equipment and certain techniques, and Mr. Fletcher devotes the largest part of his book to a detailed discussion (with examples and anecdotal illustrations) of survival and sanitation, and of boots and tents and stoves and dehydrated foods and sleeping bags and water containers and flashlights and everything else that may (or must) go into the hiker's pack. He is also aware that the hiker must have a place to hike, and he lists a couple of hundred helpful agencies in the United States and Canada. Good, comprehensive, interesting advice, with functional drawings and diagrams.

BLACK FIRE, edited by LeRoi Jones and Larry Neal (Morrow). More than six hundred pages of essays, poems, stories, and plays by militant American Negroes. The tone is consistently violent, hysterical, scatological, and racist (against all whites, but particularly against Italians and Jews), and the few notes of sanity, humor, and self-doubt, or doubt about the Cause, tend to be drowned out. This anthology most resembles "Proletarian Literature in the United States," of 1935, and it suffers from the same fatal defect—the assumption that if the ship is really sinking, no skills are necessary.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY, by John le Carré (Coward-McCann). The small town here is Bonn, the time is the eve of a crucial meeting

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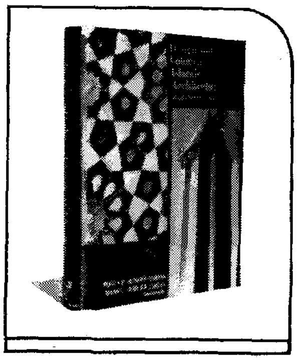

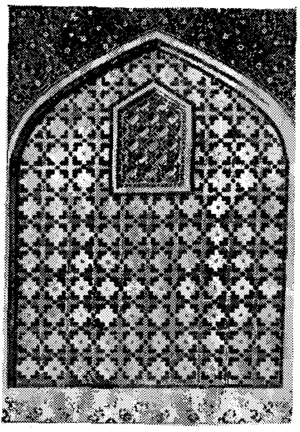

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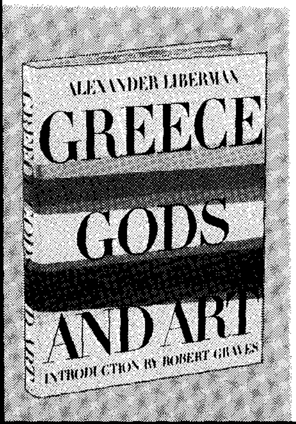
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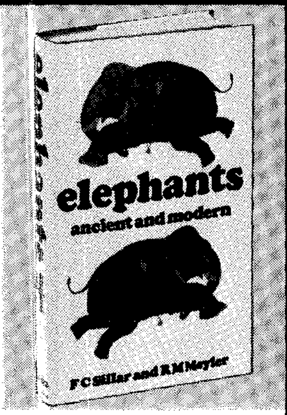
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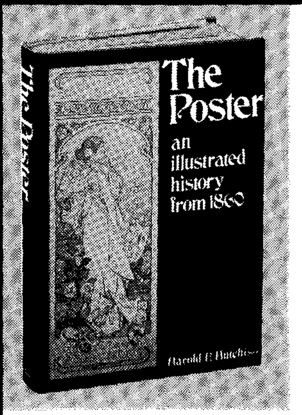
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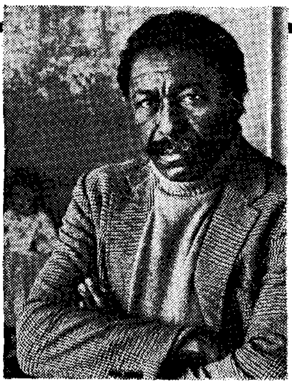

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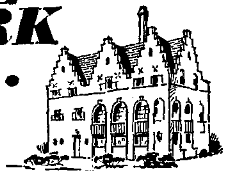

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DANCE OF THE DWARFS, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A superb horror story. It is brilliantly imagined, intellectually provocative, strangulatingly paced, and almost entirely credible. The scene is a forgotten corner of upcountry Colombia where the sun-baked llano and the jungle come together, and the personae include a young English field agronomist, a drunken Indian shaman, an enchanting Peruvian waif, two hunted officers of the Colombian National Liberation Party, three innocent mestizo llaneros, and the dancing dwarfs of the title—an unknown jungle presence that the worldly suspect are pygmies and that the superstitious know are malevolent spirits. The subject is the nature of fear.

•

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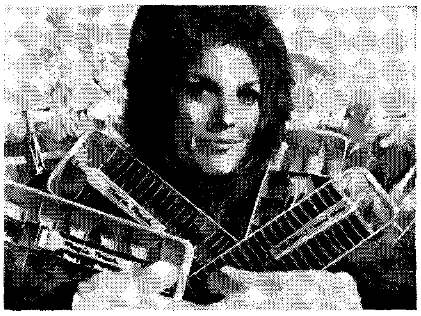

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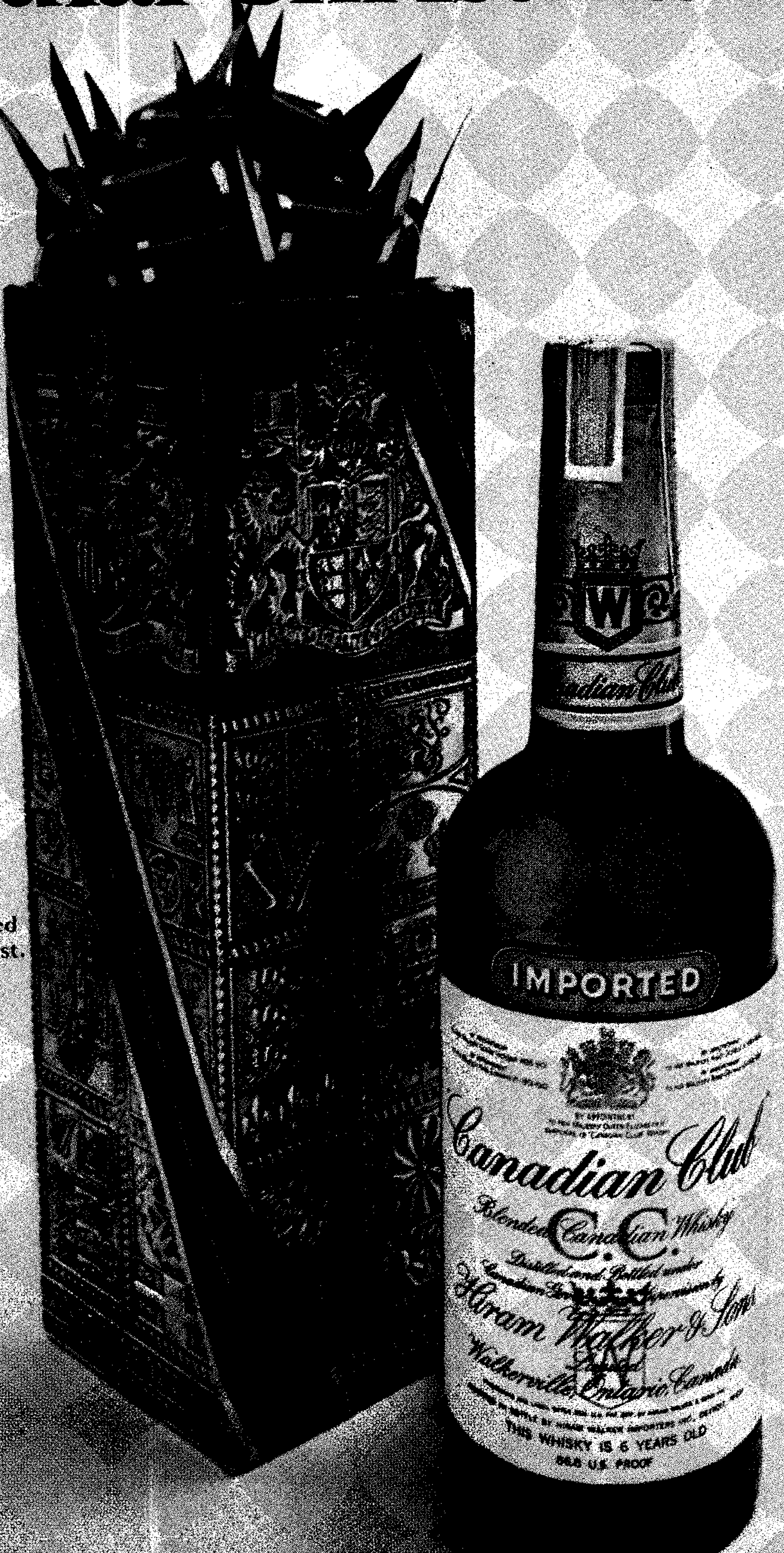
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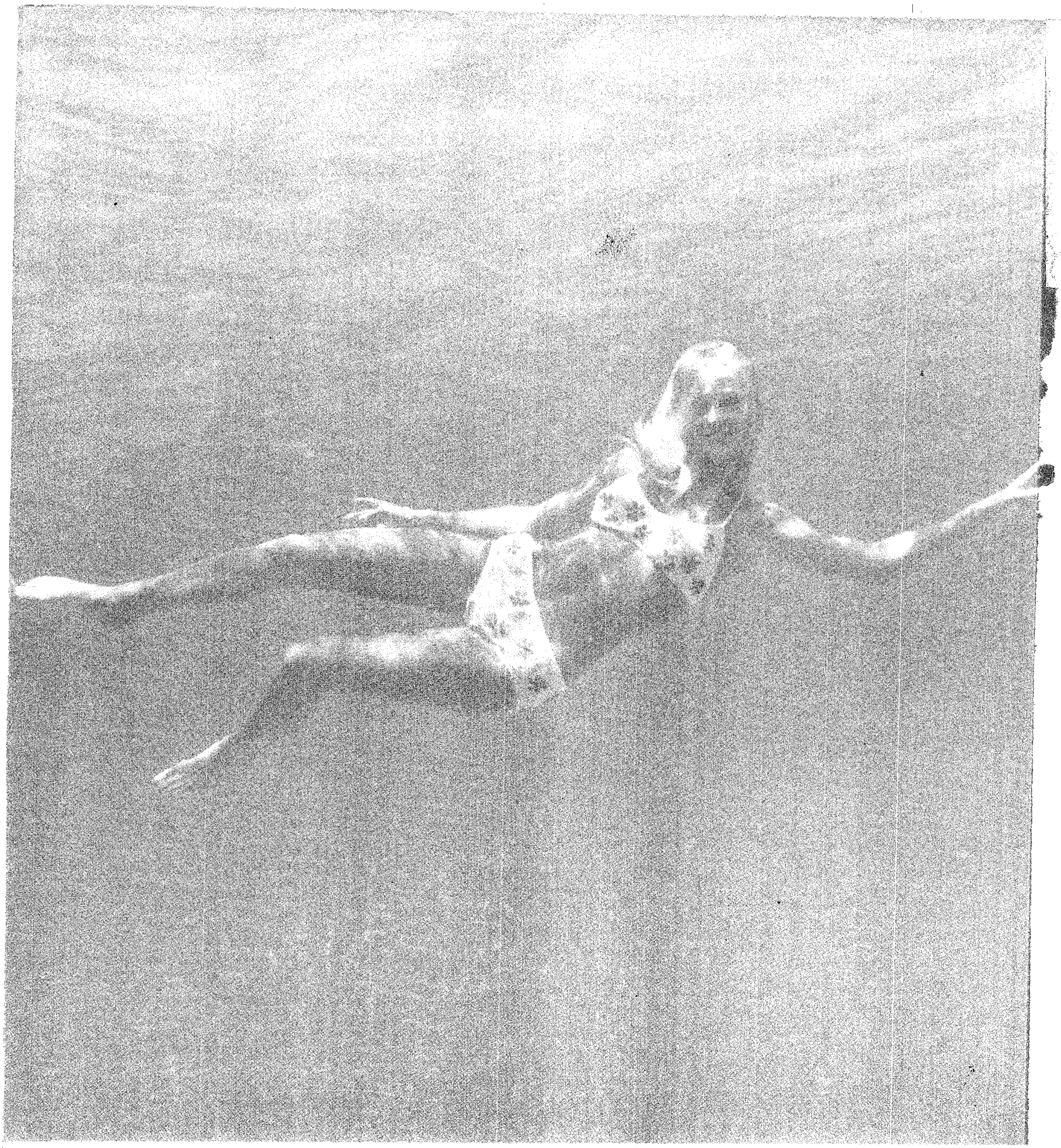

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